Over 830,000 Copies Sold Every Week

April 6, 1966

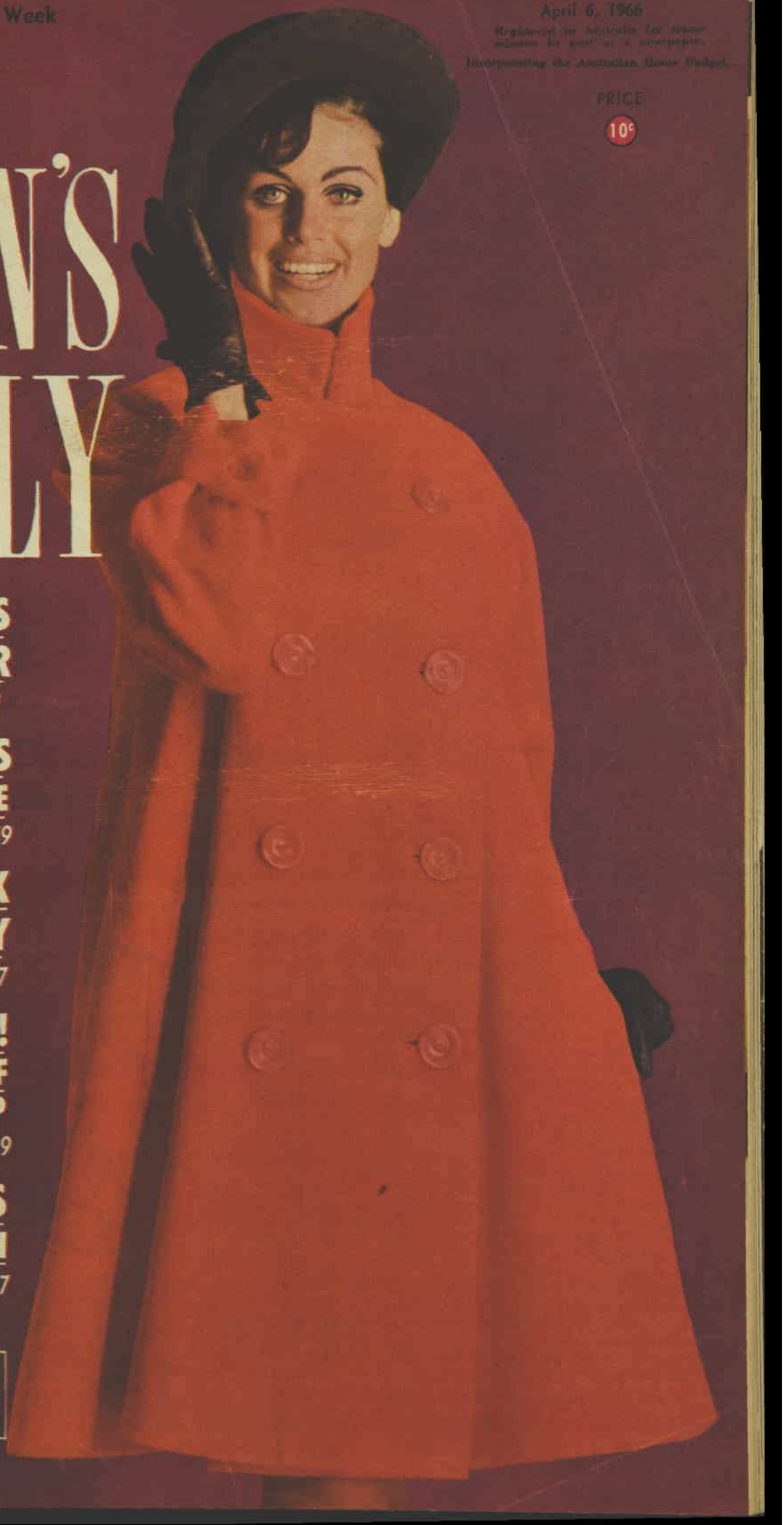
Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

PRICE 10c

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY



FASHIONS YOU CAN WEAR

Pages 4, 27, 29, 31

NEGLIGEES FIT FOR A BRIDE

To knit or crochet — Page 49

HOW TO TALK TO A BABY

By Jean Kerr — Page 47

THOSE HEMS! FINER POINTS OF TAKING THEM UP

Page 9

PRINCE CHARLES ON THE BUSH TELEGRAPH

Page 7

And . . .

16-page booklet on SIMPLIFIED HOUSEWORK

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972466

Who said Jill couldn't even make a cup of tea?



Jill captivates the "oldies"—and her boyfriends—
by buying one of the modern mountain-grown Quality Ceylon Teas.
These are lively, "with the times" teas
for the young and the young in heart.

QUALITY CEYLON TEA YOU CAN BUY*	AVAILABLE IN						
ANDRONICUS RED SEAL and GREEN SEAL	N.S.W.						A.C.T.
BOLIN'S COLOMBO BLEND				S.A.			
DALGETY & N.Z. LOAN LTD., ELMSHURST No. 1	N.S.W.	VIC.	QLD.			TAS.	A.C.T.
DAVID JONES' ST. JAMES SPECIAL and SPECIAL BLEND CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.		QLD.	S.A.	W.A.		A.C.T.
D. & J. FOWLER'S LION BRAND				S.A.	W.A.		
GIBSONS CHOICE CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.						A.C.T.
GRIFFITHS' TEA CHEST	N.S.W.	VIC.		S.A.		TAS.	A.C.T.
HARRIS' HEATHER, No. 10 IMPERIAL, No. 12 TEA TIPS, No. 91 DRUMMER BOY and No. 9 HONDI	N.S.W.						A.C.T.
HOY'S PURE CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.						A.C.T.
INGLIS KANDY CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.	VIC.	QLD.	S.A.	W.A.	TAS.	A.C.T.
LIPTON'S GREEN CANISTER and ROYAL CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.	VIC.	QLD.	S.A.	W.A.	TAS.	A.C.T.
LLOYD'S SUPER CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.						A.C.T.
MENDIS' PREMIUM QUALITY CEYLON TEA			QLD.				
MORAN & CATO'S PERFECTION IN TEA	N.S.W.	VIC.				TAS.	A.C.T.
REPIN'S SPECIAL CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.						A.C.T.
ROBERT TIMMS' REGAL SPECIAL and NURAYLIA	N.S.W.	VIC.	QLD.	S.A.	W.A.	TAS.	A.C.T.
ROBUR'S FINE TEA		VIC.	QLD.	S.A.	W.A.	TAS.	
SOUTHWICK'S HIGH GROWN CEYLON TEA			QLD.				
WOOD SON'S QUALITY CEYLON TEA				S.A.	W.A.		

*Firms, if phoned, will name nearest shop selling their brand

CLIP THIS LIST of Quality Ceylon brands and consult it when shopping.



Brands of Quality Ceylon Tea are served in rotation at the **CEYLON TEA CENTRES** Sydney and Melbourne, and **CEYLON TEA CORNERS** at Myers, Adelaide
Fitzgeralds, Hobart
Boans, Perth

QUALITY CEYLON TEA . . . the luxury you can afford

A570

The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Overseas prices of The Australian Women's Weekly: New Guinea, 2/3 or 23c; New Zealand, 1/4; Malaysia, 60c (Malaysian currency).

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 1686C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 481G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.
Printed by Compress Printing Ltd., of 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney, at 61-63 O'Riordan St., Alexandria, for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., of 168-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

APRIL 6, 1966 Vol. 33, No. 45

CONTENTS

Special Features
New Eye Make-up 24, 25
How to Talk to a Baby, *by Jean Kerr* 47
EASY DOES IT (Simplified Housework) Centre lift-out

Regular Features
Social 12, 13
TV Parade 19
Crozzle No. 3 33
Compact 35
Letter Box, Dorothy Drain 45
Stars 67
House of the Week 68-70
Teenagers' Weekly 91-94
Mandrake, Crossword 95

Fiction
Penelope (Serial — Part 1), *E. V. Cunningham* . 36
Hummingbird Business, *Lorimer Hammond* . . 37
The Tree, *Anne Holden* 39
Ishmael, *Rosemary Alexander* 43

Fashion
Vogue Patterns 27-31
Needlework Notions 40
Dress Sense, *Betty Keep* 50
Fashion Frocks 83
Butterick Patterns 95

Family Affairs
Gardening: Clematis 53
Cookery: Yoghurt 59, 60
Prize Recipe 60
Transfer 76
Collectors' Corner 79
Home Hints 81
At Home *with Margaret Sydney* 85

OUR COVER

● Fashion editor Betty Keep says women can be "with-it without being ridiculous" these days (see page 4); the Vogue patterns on the cover and pages 27-31 prove the point. The cover ensemble — coat and one-piece, slim-fitting dress—is by Fabiani of Italy. For how-to-order details, see page 27.

● Vogue couturier design 1577. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Pattern price of $1.60 (16/-) includes postage.

The Weekly Round

FEATURE to hearten and help every housewife is Easy Does It —the 16-page centre lift-out in this issue.

Divided into headings, including "How to Cut the Wasted Work," "The Right Kitchen For You," "Everything in its Place," "Ladies, Be Seated," "Be a Good Organiser," it tells how to use tested methods to save housework fatigue, help you relax while you work, and gain more leisure time.

Also, on page 15 of the booklet, there's "Shorten the thread to save your life," telling how to measure — with a reel of strong thread or string — how far you walk, even preparing a meal. And you'll be amazed at the mileage!

And you'll be doing much more than playing a game. You may be lengthening your life.



● *Every dog must have his bath-day, but Sable, a three-month-old poodle owned by Mrs. H. R. Beach, of Englefield Green, Surrey, England, has it in comfort—with a thick-pile towel to dry him out.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972467

IF you're over 35

There ARE fashions you can wear

(See pages 27-31)

● "How can WE wear the current fashions?" women over 35 are asking everywhere.

FOR the past few seasons, fashion news has focused more and more on the young.

The rise of designers who work only for the under-twenties has made mature women feel overlooked and neglected.

The young do have fun with fashion — the current trend is a revolt against too conservative dressing. I am not decrying the extraordinary young and talented designers. But an older woman **can** look with-it without looking ridiculous—if she has the fashion know-how.

You can't wear your dresses six inches above the knee, but you can wear your skirts short. When choosing the correct length, remember, a narrow skirt rides up when the wearer sits.

What is *your* correct length? Short or tall, lean or fat, grey-haired or blonde, your skirts must not be lower than the knee. There is nothing more dowdy or dreary than a too-long skirt.

If your arms are aging, they are best covered. Many current designs feature to-the-wrist and three-quarter sleeves. A number of patterns have two-way designs, sleeveless and with sleeves, so the older woman has a choice. Personally, I believe three-quarter sleeves are elegant.

It's still the shift

The most outstanding fashion garment for all age groups, shapes, and sizes is still the shift. But keep it short.

Then there's the new easy fit, Paris calls it the gentle fit. Again, this silhouette is youthful and becoming to all ages.

This line should fit comfortably over the bosom and the hips and be pared down close enough to the figure to be slightly revealing — never tight.

Other new items to flatter — the dress with the lowered waistline, a softer shoulder, and the new placket front closing.

Shoes are wonderful. Square-toed with junky, balanced heels. People with bad feet will bless them. They feel like gloves, look terrific.

If you want to brighten up an "old faithful" for another season, get yourself a pair of two-toned, op art flatties. They're in!

In Paris—we still look to Paris for inspiration—there is fashion for everybody and all ages. It is possible to be well-dressed without being a "Shrimp," a baby doll, or a rather thin youth.

Flattering dressing

On pages 27, 29, and 31 are such fashions — designs that are smart, but not too extreme.

Flip through the pages and notice the prettily shaped dresses and the smart suits and ensembles. The all-over look is flattering dressing for any age.

The two suits by Yves St. Laurent, Pattern Nos. 1571 and 1569, are both proof positive that top Paris couturiers still create beautiful and wearable clothes. Both designs, with their easy fit, could be worn by any age group.

Another ensemble I think is headed for success is couture design 1577, by Alberto Fabini, Italy's master tailor. The one-piece dress, with its slightly fitted line, is perfection, and the coat, with its dramatic tent silhouette, has an impeccable cut. Again I say it could be worn by most age groups.

Color, too, can be a flatterer; watch pale colors, and the new dramatic red, and don't forget white.

The first step in creating a well-dressed look is the right silhouette to suit your type. Fashion can be flattering and our pattern section traces the new look through every hour of the day—coats, suits, day, and evening dresses.

—BETTY KEEP



● *Happy family. Carl Ruhen, Mr. and Mrs. Olaf Ruhen, of Mosman, N.S.W., and Carl's Tongan bride, Tokilupe, with a length of decorative Tongan-made tapa cloth.*

NEW TONGA LINK FOR 'OLAFI'

● When writer Olaf Ruhen's son Carl left Sydney last year for a trip to Tonga, the family could have visualised nothing happier than Carl's homecoming: with his bride, Tokilupe, a daughter of two of Olaf's dearest friends, Captain David Fifita and his wife, 'Alapasita.

By JUDE AINSWORTH

OLAF RUHEN considers himself a citizen of the South Pacific.

It is his world; it concerns him intimately. Since his boyhood in Dunedin, New Zealand's South Island, he has been fascinated by Tonga.

His first trip there in 1962 was to write a book about the Minerva Reef survivors, and he has been in close touch ever since.

His Tongan friends affectionately call this massive man with the weathered face "Olafi," and his reputation guaranteed his son Carl a welcome as an honored visitor in Nuku'alofa.

Carl went for a short visit —and stayed for six months. He and his bride flew back to Sydney a few days after their marriage.

"It was the first wedding in Tonga after Queen Salote's funeral," said Carl. "My bride wore black. Everyone was in mourning for six months.

"It costs 60 cents for a marriage licence in Tonga. You can get a divorce by just applying for it, but the fee is 20 dollars," he said with a grin.

After writing short stories for several years, Carl is midway through his first novel. He plans to take Tokilupe home next year and use Tonga as a base for his writing.

Carl's one worry about settling in Tonga: "There is so much good fellowship it might be difficult to arrange for a writing sort of life with the privacy I need."

Tokilupe is a gentle girl, easily moved to tears or laughter.

Although Sydney was a shock to her after Tonga's calm, she feels so secure within the Ruhen family circle that she talks cheerfully about living in Sydney for a year or two before seeing her family again.

Tokilupe's father can be largely credited for the survival of 12 of the 17 men shipwrecked on Minerva Reef for 102 days. Helped by the other castaways, Captain Fifita built a raft with two other men and sailed it 380 miles to Fiji to alert rescue authorities.

An experienced seaman himself, Olaf felt an immediate kinship with the survivors when he arrived at the Fijian hospital where they were first taken.

"When they went back to hospital in Tonga, I practically lived in the hospital. This little girl used to bring me cups of tea; 18 she is now," Olaf said fondly, with a look at his daughter-in-law.

The family bonds grew closer when David and 'Alapasita came to Sydney in 1963 for the launching of Olaf's book "Minerva Reef" and stayed with the Ruhens.

With the Fifitas, Olaf and Madelein Ruhen went to New Zealand to launch the book there. At a kava ring ceremony in Auckland, Queen Salote's grandson made Olaf an honorary Tongan noble by giving him the Tongan name "Manusiu oe Pasifiki."

"My name means frigate bird. This bird ranges a long way for its food, and the Tongans think I go around the Pacific like the frigate bird, picking up pieces for my writing," chuckled Manusiu oe Pasifiki.

His wife was a Tongan name, too, "Heilala," a beautiful flowering tree.

In 1964, Olaf and Madelein went to Tonga for 14 weeks, to take part in an adventure that he and Captain Fifita had discussed over the breakfast table in Sydney — to spend a season hunting the hump-backed whale, in the old way, in a sailing boat with only a hand harpoon.

"Harpoon in My Hand" (recently published by Angus & Robertson) is Olaf's story of that adventure.

Besides whaling, the book is full of sidelights on Tongan life (for example, buses have regular routes but no schedules—they run when the drivers think there will be enough passengers waiting) and of fond recollections of the Fifita family.

"Everybody spoils me in Tonga! They are just the way you want people to be," said Olaf.

Very few Tongan women have jobs, aside from their work at home of making matting and tapa cloth.

Olaf commented: "Men do most of the cooking, anyway, and the gardening. What do women do? Mostly, they look pretty and they dance and sing. I think we're darned stupid letting women do everything else they do here."

In "Harpoon in My Hand," Olaf writes about the much-discussed Polynesian morality. Tonga is a strongly Christian society, where all activity comes to a halt on Sunday, he explains. Even swimming is forbidden. And courtships are run by rules that seem ironclad by European standards.

The Fifita girls are not allowed to go swimming without a chaperon, and no well-brought-up young woman would accept an invitation to go to a film unchaperoned.

"If her mother and father were not included in the invitation, the offer would be regarded with suspicion and rejected; indeed, the lad would be thought lacking in decency. To take his girl to the pictures might cost him the price of a dozen seats, for mother and father would not dream of going if it meant leaving the other girls unattended at home."

For the whaling expedition, the men reconditioned and equipped two borrowed boats, a former New Zealand fiord launch, the Kaimoana, and the Velata, a whaler, measuring 8½ft. across the beam and 32ft. long—"the size of Bligh's boat."

(Another Ruhen story of whaling is included in "South Pacific Adventure," a just-released Sun Books collection which Olaf edited.)

Preparing the boats was a low-budget operation, even using second-hand putty and nails. The whalers hoped for a catch, because in Tonga whale meat is a popular dish; an average-sized whale is worth about $1600.

At the end of "Harpoon In My Hand" I realised that in spite of their many encounters the Velata crew hadn't succeeded in killing a whale. Olaf writes, "It was not for me in that place in that year to catch a whale, but I tried. And in the total event I became possessed of something much greater: the friendship of fine men and a closer understanding."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972468

NEW YORK: "Psychiatry, psychoses, violence; five-year-old girls with painted nails."

AUSTRALIA IS BEST PLACE FOR CHILDREN — says mother



MRS. DE LAZAR, who returned to Sydney from New York (her first trip home for five years) to await the birth of her second child.

By GLORIA NEWTON

A YOUNG Australian mother who has been living in New York for the past five years is hoping she can persuade her doctor-husband to settle in Sydney.

"New York glamorous?" said Maureen De Lazar, echoing my question. "Yes, it is all that, but it also has terrible poverty, a harsh social and economic pressure, psychology, small, heated apartments—and fear.

"I don't want to bring my children up there."

Maureen, an attractive, vivacious brunette, who is staying in Sydney with her mother, Mrs. E. G. Acquaro, is the mother of 19-month-old Damian. She is awaiting the birth of her second child.

Dressed in an emerald-green and lace muu-muu, she sat at the open window of her mother's flat, high above Bellevue Hill, and inhaled the fresh air that flowed into the room.

"Fresh air and space," she said, waving her hand to the large, elegantly furnished room. "I didn't realise how much I had missed it.

"Pale-faced"

"When I stepped off the plane with my pale-faced son and saw the clear, healthy skins of the Australians, drank in the fresh air, and felt the warmth of the sun on my face, I knew that Sydney was the place to live in."

Maureen went to New York ten years ago and for two years worked as an assistant to the promotion manager of Saks, an exclusive 5th Avenue store. She later joined "Vogue" as assistant to the executive editor, and remained there until her marriage in 1961.

"It was exciting and rather wonderful then," Maureen said. "But I was very young, I had a good job, and I didn't mind the high pressure that is New York.

"But when you are married and a mother it is so different. The overheated apartments—necessary in a winter with a temperature that can drop to 11 degrees—are unhealthy.

"And fear. That is always with you. The drug addicts, the violence of the West Side is very frightening.

"You pay $50 to $60 a month more for an apartment on the East Side—it's the price for safety.

"But, even though I live there, I don't dare open my front door unless I check through the door's peephole or have the doorman call me.

"Apartment dwellers are all demanding doormen now.

"And the people. Australians are not as complicated as Americans. They are so much more easy-going.

"The American obsession with psychology and psychiatry is catching. Since I've been back I have found I am far too 'over-protective' toward my son.

"The American anxiety and preoccupation with the psychology of raising children is projected on to the children, which gives them a feeling of insecurity and produces aggressiveness.

Discipline

"Parents are frightened to discipline their children, because they feel it might sow the seeds of a psychosis which will appear in years to come.

"And they would be up in arms if they found a teacher physically disciplining their child; yet the children can do what they like to their teachers.

"There are times when you can almost see the children pleading for discipline — the only guidance they can get in the world that is so strange to them.

"When little boys reach the age of seven they are dressed in adult suits. It horrifies me to think I might have to do this with Damian — because you must conform.

"But I don't want a little adult, I want a little boy.

"Five-year-old girls are given miniature sets of adult cosmetics and encouraged to use them, and you see so many of them flaunting painted fingernails.

"Parents try to be buddies instead of parents and it is horrible to hear the children telling their parents what to do and hear the parents say, 'Yes, honey,' and do it.

"They become sophisticated adults in their teens and they have tasted everything. No wonder they are seeking new thrills in drugs."

Maureen, who speaks without a trace of an American accent, deplores the Australians who develop one within a few days of reaching New York.

"You don't acquire an accent unless you want one," she said, "and I feel an Australian should retain his individuality and not just become a copyist.

"I don't mean you should be aggressively Australian. That's just as bad.

"Some Australians I met in New York embarrassed me with the way they'd toss around such words as 'mate,' 'bonzer,' 'crook,' and 'dinkum.'

"They'd never use those words in Australia."

One of Maureen's closest friends in New York is well-known Sydney model Jean Newington, who is with the Ford agency.

Jean has just teamed with young French actor-turned-photographer Jacques Bonnet to produce some unusual and dramatic pictures of the world's socialites and celebrities.

"Jean, with a natural flair for make-up and hairstyle, creates individual styles to highlight the personality of each sitter," explained Maureen.

"Hoping"

"Jacques and Jean aim to try to find a human feeling that others may have passed over, and let the picture really speak out for itself."

Dr. Milan De Lazar, who is a faculty member of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, will be coming to Sydney in about six months' time to join his wife.

"I'm hoping, after he sees Sydney and meets the people here, he will decide to stay," Maureen said.

"He has liked and been impressed with the Australians he has met in New York and he told me that if I thought he would enjoy living here that's good enough for him. So here's hoping."

• Same girl, different picture

THIS photograph of Maureen De Lazar was taken in New York by brilliant young photographer Jacques Bonnet. Former Sydney model Jean Newington created special make-up and a hairstyle for the picture.

Jean met Jacques Bonnet in Paris several years ago and for the last year has worked with him as a fashion and beauty consultant, between the modelling assignments which still keep her busy in Paris and New York.

"As a model," says Jean, "I have learnt make-up tricks and enjoy using them on others for the benefit of Jacques' camera."

Jacques Bonnet was originally an actor and played several parts in French films before he began work on the other side of the camera.

In the last 18 months he has become well known in America for his photography, which is in great demand by American magazines. He is also a painter of some talent.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972469

Now! Enjoy a new experience



Woolworths RED CARPET SERVICE



At Woolworths, the only V.I.P. is YOU



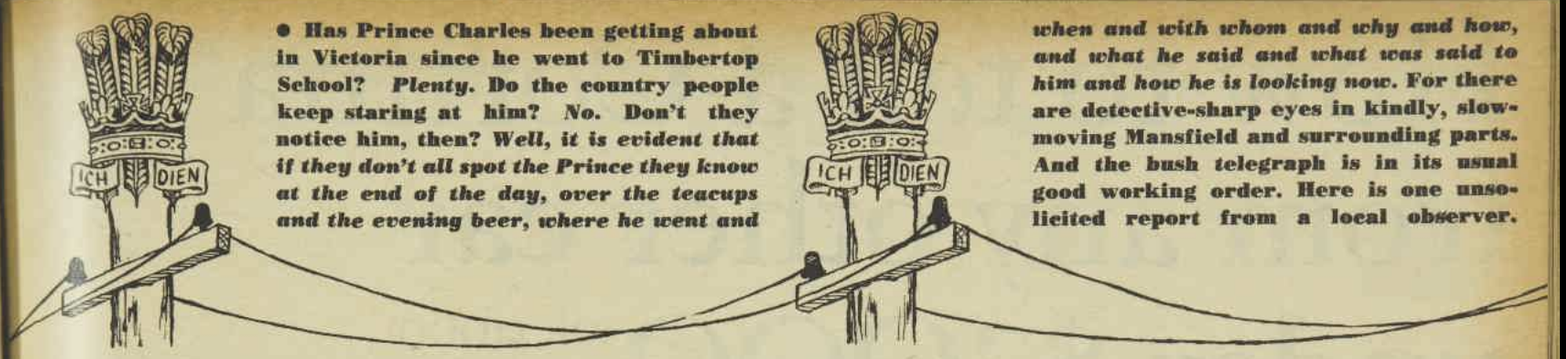
There's a happy new experience awaiting you at your Woolworths store or supermarket . . . it's Woolworths Red Carpet Service . . . it's service with a seeable and feelable difference!

We promise that every time you walk into Woolies, you'll feel like a Princess. Our salespeople have dedicated themselves to friendly courtesy; a pleasant, helpful attitude; attentive consideration of your personal needs at all times.

Come and see! Let Woolworths "Red Carpet Service" demonstrate that someone really cares . . . about YOU!

THE SERVICE WITH A DIFFERENCE... WOOLWORTHS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972470



● Has Prince Charles been getting about in Victoria since he went to Timbertop School? *Plenty.* Do the country people keep staring at him? *No.* Don't they notice him, then? *Well, it is evident that if they don't all spot the Prince they know at the end of the day, over the teacups and the evening beer, where he went and when and with whom and why and how, and what he said and what was said to him and how he is looking now.* For there are detective-sharp eyes in kindly, slow-moving Mansfield and surrounding parts. And the bush telegraph is in its usual good working order. Here is one unsolicited report from a local observer.

Prince Charles on the bush telegraph



● *The Prince at Timbertop.*

By ELLEN VICKORY HOWE

ON *MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7,* the first Monday of Prince Charles' stay at Timbertop, he went on his first outing from the school. It was a 56-mile round trip which included a 14-mile train journey and morning tea on a station property.

On that morning, well before the daily passenger train was due to depart for Melbourne at 8.5, he arrived unnoticed at the Mansfield railway station with his security officer, Mr. Derek Sharp, the headmaster of Timbertop, Mr. Michael Hanley, his wife and their three sons, Prince Charles' companion, Stuart McGregor, the Timbertop school matron, Sister Norma Bryant, and a Timbertop boy named Harris.

"HIS FACE DID SEEM FAMILIAR"

Not one of the railway staff realised that Prince Charles was waiting at the station entrance. He and Mr. Sharp went in unnoticed and settled themselves in the carriage.

At 7.55 a.m. Mr. Hanley asked the acting stationmaster, Mr. Hugh Nettleton, if he had checked to see who the passengers were.

Mr. Nettleton replied, "No," and added, "Usually there's no reason to."

Mr. Hanley then told him that Prince Charles was there, and he took Mr. Nettleton inside the carriage and introduced him.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanley and their three children waved goodbye on the platform.

The Hanley children were left at Mansfield, and then Mr. and Mrs. Hanley drove in the Volkswagen Kombi van (which is used for transporting the children of employees at Timbertop to school at Mansfield each day) to the railway station at Bonnie Doon, 14 miles from Mansfield, where they were waiting when the train pulled in.

Presumably the Prince travelled this section by train for the views and the experience.

Later Mr. Ern Sewell, the Bonnie Doon stationmaster, who had collected the tickets from Mr. Sharp, said, "I did look a second time at the lad, because somehow his face did seem familiar. I couldn't place his face, but I never thought for one moment he was Prince Charles."

At about 9.30 a.m. Prince Charles, Mr. Sharp, and Mr. and Mrs. Hanley arrived at "Wappan," the home of Councillor James Tehan, President of Mansfield Shire.

"Wappan" is a 7000-acre grazing property on the foreshores of the Bonnie Doon arm of Lake Eildon, six miles up an unsealed road.

The party had morning tea and visited the woolshed, where about 13,000 sheep are shorn each year.

After watching a sheep being crutched by one of the stationhands, Prince Charles took the handpiece and, with the stationhand helping to hold a sheep, crutched it himself.

Later he watched one of the stationhands inoculating sheep against Black's Disease and Pulpy Kidney.

The party got home to Timbertop for a late lunch.

ON THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, Prince Charles had his second outing from Timbertop when he visited a showing of the work of Sidney Nolan at the Shepparton Art Centre, 83 miles away.

He passed through Mansfield at 9 a.m. in the Hanleys' station wagon, driven by Mrs. Hanley, accompanied by Stuart McGregor and Mr. Sharp.

Between 10 and 10.30 a.m. Mrs. Hanley pulled up at a service station at Benalla.

She bought about £2 worth of petrol from the garage proprietor, Mr. Jim Watson. Mr. Watson also cleaned the windscreen, but he did not realise that Prince Charles was a passenger.

Mr. Sharp then left the car and bought ice-creams from Mrs. Watson at the garage cafe.

A garage employee, Mr. Dick Nottingham, walked behind the station wagon just as Mr. Sharp was getting back in and was the first person that day to recognise the Prince.

At Shepparton he was seen only by the director of the art gallery, and Mr. Sharp asked the director not to say that the Prince was there. The Mayor of Shepparton was informed that the city had a royal visitor only after he had left.

Wearing a green open-neck shirt and blue denim jeans, Prince Charles spent the morning of *WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23,* in Mansfield.

His first call was to the State School, where he was present at assembly (but not introduced to the children).

With Stuart McGregor and Mr. Sharp, he heard the bell go and saw the pupils assemble in the quadrangle, form up, and move to their classrooms.

IN SHOPS HE ASKS QUESTIONS

Just before 9.30 Prince Charles arrived in the shopping centre, driven by Mrs. Hanley in the Kombi van. She left to shop alone.

Prince Charles, still accompanied by Mr. Sharp and Stuart McGregor, spent about two and a half hours shopping. He spoke with most of the tradespeople in the town, who treated him like any other customer.

The Prince was not introduced to the people who served him, but he readily made conversation with them. The tradespeople all agree that he appears most interested in his surroundings, and he asks many questions.

He was ordering school supplies, and at the butcher, baker, and greengrocer he placed the orders himself.

His first call in the shopping centre was to the post office, where he registered his signature for a parcel from his mother.

The next call was to the police station next door. Here he was introduced to Senior Constable Ted Johns, who is the president of the Mansfield Football Club.

The club has issued an invitation to the Prince to play with the team, or, if he cannot do that, to attend practice sessions. Mr. Johns presented him with the No. 1 guernsey for the season.

Prince Charles visited most of the shops in the township, leaving orders and making direct purchases.

At Highton Butchery, he dictated the school order, then chatted for some minutes with the owners, Charlie Arthur, Jim James, and Doug Cameron. He appeared to be most interested, and asked such questions as —

"How many bullocks and sheep do you use each week? Do you kill the animals yourself, and where are they slaughtered? Do you rear them, or do you buy them already fattened?"

The party visited Volkering's Fruit Shop and Cafe, and all left the shop licking ice-creams.

While they were being served another customer asked Mrs. Volkering for a malted milk. When she had served this, the Prince asked, "What is malted milk powder made from?"

Mrs. Volkering was quite perplexed, as she admitted that she didn't exactly know. She excused herself for a moment, and returned with her husband, Bill, telling Prince Charles, "My husband will be able to explain it better than I can."

Hatless, the party walked into Col Heath's Men's Wear Store, and Prince Charles left the shop wearing a straw hat.

In Mrs. Rachor's disposals shop (where they bought one pair of khaki trousers) the Prince remarked that he was wearing sticking-plaster on his heel, as it had been blistered on a bush hike.

THE VISITOR SIGNED: "CHARLIE"

On *SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26,* on a hike from Timbertop to Mt. Stirling, Prince Charles called in at Arlberg House, in Mt. Buller Alpine Village.

He signed the visitors' book: "Charlie."

Stuart McGregor and his younger brother, Robert, were with him, and the proprietor, Austrian - born Max Otter, served them coffee and a snack. The Prince remarked that he had been skiing only three months previously at Arlberg in Austria.

Four days later Prince Charles made his visit to Timbertop's parent school, Geelong Grammar, at Corio

AFTER SEVERAL WEEKS at Timbertop, the Prince's appearance had changed somewhat. His pale pink skin was slightly tanned, but there were still traces of sunburn. His hair was several weeks longer, and it showed signs of general unruliness.

The Prince now showed none of the signs of nervousness and strain evident when he arrived, and people were remarking on his sense of humor.

The Hanleys have a holiday house at Jamieson, 24 miles from Timbertop, and Prince Charles stayed there on the nights of *MARCH 11 and 12* (Friday and Saturday) with Mr. and Mrs. Hanley, their three children, and Mr. Sharp. To give some privacy a caravan was parked opposite the back door.

On the way to Jamieson the party visited the little Merrijig State School. Merrijig has only this school, a hotel, and a post office, and is five miles from Timbertop.

The visitors were waiting outside the school when its only teacher, young Mr. Ralph Sinclair, returned from swimming in a hole in the Delatite River with his 16 pupils.

The children got dressed, and in the classroom their names were called out so that Prince Charles would know them. He asked them who had horses.

The Prince was puzzled to know how children in six grades could be taught in the one room at the same time, and he indicated that he would call back one day when classes were in progress.

Before he left he was introduced to the school's pet blue-tongue lizard.

On Saturday, at Jamieson, the Prince fished for trout in the nearby river, and he spent Sunday boating and fishing on Lake Eildon.

Twenty-four Timbertop students, including Prince Charles, were present at the Mansfield RSL Legacy Wood Day held on the property of Mr. Bert Walker on *SUNDAY, MARCH 20.*

The Prince was not readily distinguishable from the other students. He wore blue jeans and a rough shirt, and on one hand he had two strips of sticking-plaster.

The students worked from 10.30 to 2.30 with 60 local RSL members cutting and loading wood for war widows.

At lunch-time everyone sat on the ground and ate cold corned beef and potato, pumpkin, tomatoes, and onions, served by the Legacy ladies.

About 50 tons of stringy bark and pepper was cut, and most of it loaded.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972471

How to tell a Cortina from any other car under $2000. (OR £1000)



Put your family in it.

Ford

Yes, to tell a Cortina from the other cars all you need do is put your family in it. Or your friends.

Three in the back.

And *three* in the front.

There's loads of room — more, in fact, than in *any* other car under $2000 (or £1000).

And, on top of that, you get:

The biggest boot.

Armstrong 500-winning performance (Cortinas have won the last 3 Armstrong 500s outright). An all-synchromesh gearbox.

Disc brakes.

Exclusive Aeroflow ventilation.

Windscreen washers.

Child-proof locks on the two rear doors (prying fingers *cannot* open them).

And the lowest running costs of any car in Cortina's class . . . and *that's* including petrol, oil, servicing, parts, and resale value.

Finally, remember Cortina's price. There's not another car that gives you so much room and pleasure *for so little*.

Call in at your Ford Dealer and discover Cortina yourself. A car-ful of value with loads of potential. And a name that's built on success. From just $1738 (£869), tax paid.



BEST YEAR YET TO GO FORD CORTINA

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972472



THOSE HEMS!

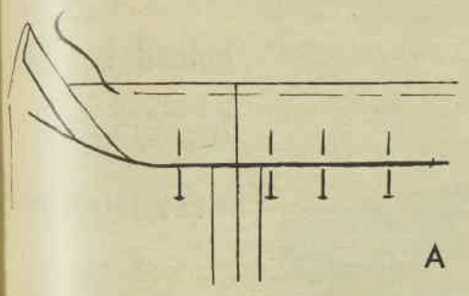
Finer points of taking them up . . .



DISMAYED at the thought of taking up hems for which current fashion sets the length at mid-knee level or above?

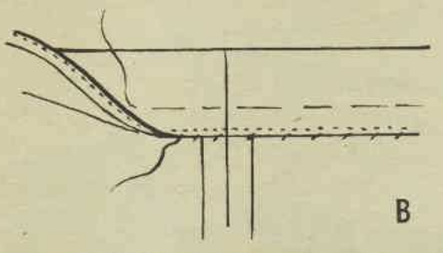
Here are simple, easy-to-follow directions (illustrated with sketches) for both dresses and coats. They will help the inexperienced dressmaker to shorten those too-long skirts — slim, flared, or pleated — the professional way, with the correct finish for each garment.

BASIC RULES FOR SHORTENING HEMS

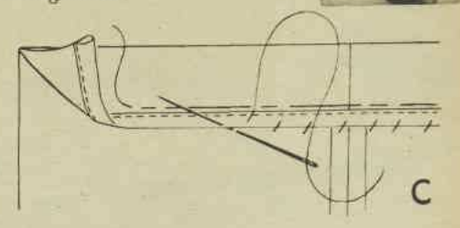


(A.) For the really professional look, let your hem down, press lightly, cut off any excess hem allowance, leaving a depth of 2½in.-3in. for straight or gathered skirts in light-to-medium-weight material. Using the previous hemline as a guide, turn up your new hem with pins placed at right-angles. Remember to match seamlines and centres after turning up hem.

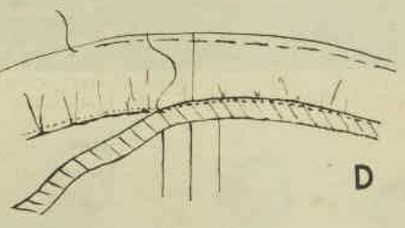
There are various types of hem finishes, depending on the style and the fabric. Here are the basic methods:



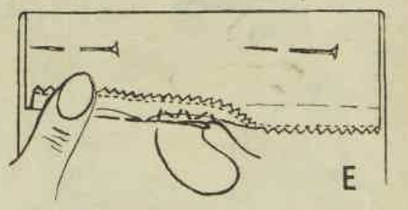
(B.) PLAIN HEM: Suitable for lightweight woollens such as frocking. Turn in cut edge of hem about ¼in., press with damp cloth, and machine-stitch. Baste (tack) hem in place. To slip-stitch hem invisibly, slip needle through edge of hem, pick up one or two threads of fabric, slip needle back into hem (do not pull the thread tightly).



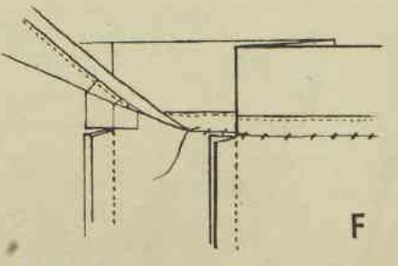
(C.) HEM WITH SEAM BINDING: Classic finish for all garments in heavy, easily frayed fabrics, with the exception of lined suits and coats. Encase cut edge with straight or bias seam binding (do not stretch bias binding on a straight hem). Slip-stitch hem to garment.



(D.) CIRCULAR HEM: Should be about 2in. wide to eliminate bulk. Having cut off the excess, make a row of gathering stitches along the cut edge. Pin the hem at each seam. Draw up gathers to fit, and distribute fullness evenly, using skirt seams as a guide. Unpin hem. Using a dampened cloth and a warm iron, shrink out gathers by steam-pressing from fold up to hem edge. Repeat the process several times if fabric is very heavy or skirt widely flared. Baste seam binding, or bias binding, to hem edge and slip-stitch hem.



(E.) TAILOR'S HEM: Especially good for jersey and problem fabrics, where the hem is apt to show. After cutting off excess, make a line of case-stitching ¼in. from hem edge, using about 10 stitches to the inch. Baste hem in place about 1in. from edge. Turn edge back about ¼in. and slip-stitch garment.



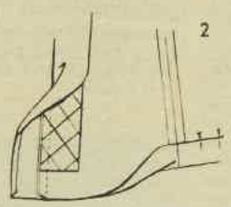
(F.) PLEAT IN SEAM: For this type of hem, with the exception of a vent-pleat in a skirt, cut off the excess and turn up to required length. Clip pleat seam at inner edge of hem. Press seams open in hem. Do not open seams above the hem, for they hold the folds of the pleat in place. Press. Stitch seam binding to edge. Baste, easing fullness. Slip-stitch hem.

HEMS IN PLEATED SKIRTS (not illustrated): Pleated skirts are hemmed before the pleats are pressed in, to make sure the lower edge is a straight on-grain line. For this reason, pleated skirts are always shortened from the top of the skirt.

SHORTENING HEMS FOR LINED COATS

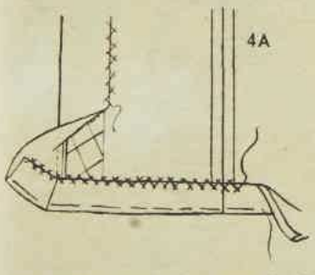
1

Prepare for hem adjustment as outlined in Basic Rules above, unpicking front facings, interfacings, and lining.



2 Mark new hem length, and cut off interfacings to fold of hem.

3 For coat with centre back pleat, follow take-up instructions in item F (below right) in Basic Rules.

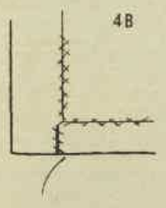


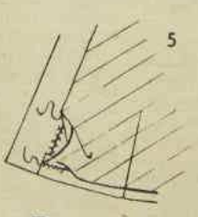
4(A)

Stitch new hem length into place, using herringbone stitch. Work from left to right. Insert the needle from right to left, first into the hem and then into the garment (the thread crosses diagonally over the hem edge). Do not pull the thread tightly; this makes a ridge. Turn facing to inside over hem. Herringbone-stitch inner edge of facing to coat and hem.

4(B)

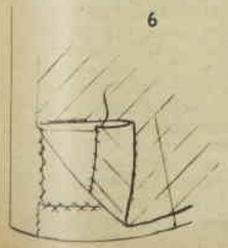
Slip-stitch lower edges of facing and coat together for expert finish.





5

For sewn-in lining: Slip-stitch lining to front facings. Turn under lining at lower edge to form a tuck and pin to hem ¼in. above lining edge. Baste ¼in. above lining edge. Turn back on basting and slip-stitch lining to hem; this allows ¼in. extra so lining will not draw.



6

For free lining: turn up hem lining ¾in. shorter than coat length and slip-stitch. Fasten to all seams by means of french tack. This stitch is used to join two fabrics together at a desired distance. Work blanket-stitch over strands of thread sewn between two fabrics, using needle backwards. Press, using damp cloth.

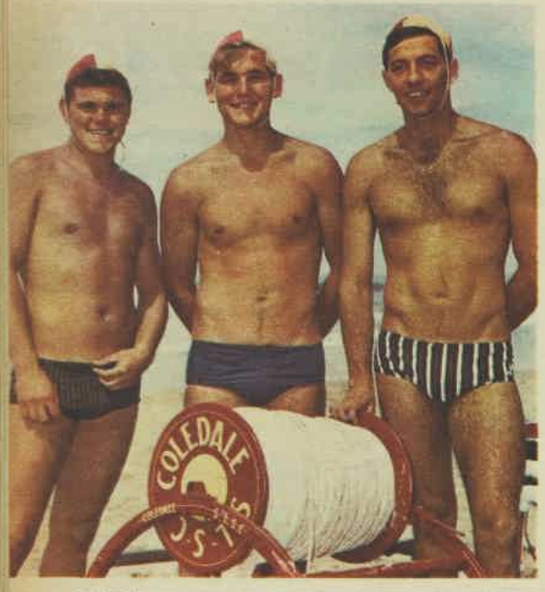
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972473

"I'll always

● Shark victim's recovery is being helped by his friends — and many strangers



COLEDALE BEACH, scene of the recent shark attack.



THREE of Raymond Short's rescuers: From left, Warren Haberley, cousin Dallas Haberley, Raymond Joyce. BELOW: Club captain Garry Lorenz (son of a shark victim), who saved a girl from the surf during young Short's rescue.



SOME simply addressed to "Raymond Short, Australia," hundreds of letters and cards have found their way to the small hospital at Coledale, N.S.W., where the town's brave little shark victim is making a recovery.

"Look, this one is from a Raymond Short, of Pasadena, America," said Coledale Hospital's 13-year-old Raymond Short, his brown eyes lighting up as he proudly sifted through a big box of mail on his bed.

"He read about me in the newspapers and sent me a photo of himself playing baseball in the living-room!"

Mostly from strangers, letters with good wishes, money, and gifts have arrived from all over Australia and New Zealand, as well as from America and Britain.

One little girl from Roseville, N.S.W., wrote a very sweet letter. "I am 8 years old, my brother Simon is 12 and he is helping me to pay for this tumble bug which you will love." She enclosed a new jumping toy craze for Raymond to play with on the hospital tray.

A widow from Strathfield wrote: "I'd write a cheque for $1000 for the lifesavers — if I didn't know it would bounce. Instead I can only say I'm so pleased they saved you."

The patient got cheer-up letters from two skindivers who had also been attacked by sharks, and a letter in braille from a blind woman who has crocheted an initialled face-washer for him.

"As soon as my hands are better I will write to every one of them," Raymond said. "I've had so many letters you'd think I was famous."

You certainly would.

A few weeks ago Raymond was just another youngster who swam regularly at Coledale Beach. He lives at Hurstville, in Sydney, but spent most weekends and holidays camping at the beach with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Short, and his brother, Daryl, 15.

In fact, he was almost a local at Coledale, a coalfield town about 40 miles south of Sydney, with little to distinguish it from most other small resorts along the coast.

Very little until young Raymond was attacked by a shark on that warm Sunday.

The water was choppy and murky, but Raymond and his father were in and out all the morning. Then, about 2 o'clock, Raymond went for a swim on his own and was 30 yards from the shore when he was attacked by a 7ft. white pointer.

And it was the bravery and quick, quiet efficiency which followed that saved his life.

Team effort

"No one will take the credit for it," said Mr. Short. "It was a marvellous joint effort and without it we might be without our son today."

There was Raymond Joyce, the 24-year-old lifesaver who had finished patrol and was sunbaking with his girlfriend on the beach when he heard cries of "Shark!"

"At first I thought it was a joke, but then I heard the bell and saw the 50-odd surfers heading for the beach. Then I noticed one little figure bobbing up and down.

"He didn't move toward the beach and I knew he needed help."

In a few seconds Raymond was in the water heading toward the boy.

"I just knew he'd been attacked and I must admit I was terrified swimming out to him. But one look at the kid and I knew I had to get to him. He looked so pathetically lonely out there on his own."

When Raymond reached him the little boy kept saying, "Help me, please — the shark is still there."

"At first I didn't believe him, because the water was so murky you couldn't see anything," said Raymond. "But when I tried to drag him to shore I knew something was wrong, as he was so heavy."

By that time five other lifesavers — Raymond Joyce's brother, Bryan, 20, Clarence Taylor, 22, Les Kennedy, 18, and Dallas Haberley, 19, and his cousin, Warren Haberley, 18 — had joined him, and they helped to pull the boy to the shore.

"We could see the shark on his leg and it wouldn't let go," said Warren. "Three of us grabbed its tail, but we were almost to the beach in knee-deep water when it finally let go.

"Another member, Ray Robinson, hit it with a surfboard and we dragged it to the beach—the whole 500lb. of it."

Dallas said, "The report from the Museum, who are making a cast of it, said the shark was sick and that's probably why it was so close to the beach. I just knew it had terrible big eyes and everyone thought it was looking at them."

As soon as the shark relaxed its grip the boys ran with Raymond up the beach where people were waiting with towels and blankets.

"I could only think of keeping him warm and giving him confidence until we could get him to the hos-



MATRON Jane Dunster and Sister Horrell, of Coledale Hospital. Sister Horrell also attended the only other shark victim in the district, more than 30 years ago.

pital," said Raymond Joyce. "Thank goodness everything went like clockwork."

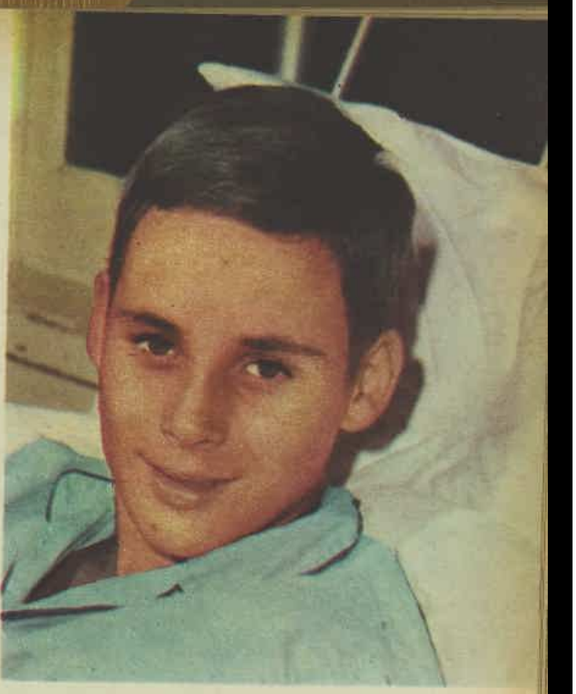
One lifesaver used the club phone to call an ambulance while another raced to the hotel to ring the hospital. Another ran down the beach with a stretcher, and others shouted for transport.

The exchange girl blocked all calls to take emergency ones and warn the hospital that the boy was on his way.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972474

love the surf"





RAYMOND SHORT, above and at left. At his bedside are brother Daryl, 15, and schoolmates from Kingsgrove High: From left, Colin Peak, Ken Tapfield, Alan Moses. BELOW: Mr. and Mrs. Short and Daryl at their beach caravan.



Story by KERRY YATES, pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow

in a station-wagon a nearby picnicker had lent them.

"We never even found out the picnicker's name, but we were sure thankful he was there," said Raymond Joyce. "We just bundled the stretcher in on top of chicken and cream cakes and went like a jet to the hospital."

Meanwhile, Coledale District Hospital's matron, Miss Jane Dunster, had everything organised in "three minutes flat."

The doctor dropped his lawnmower and rushed to the hospital in his gardening shorts. The theatre sister, who was on holidays, rushed there, too.

There was also the ambulance driver who raced six miles to Bulli and back with blood, and the hundreds of people who offered blood.

"No one could do too much," said Mr. Short. "It was as if it had all been rehearsed."

Raymond was fully conscious until he reached the hospital, where he was admitted with a very badly torn right leg, two bites on the upper left leg, wounds where he'd hit the shark with his hands, and, of course, extreme shock.

"I don't remember very much," Raymond says, "but I know I tried to punch the shark off many times. Then I hit it on the nose, but it still wouldn't let go.")

Matron Dunster knew they had only a few minutes to save the boy.

"We did almost a four-hour operation that afternoon, and before Monday morning he'd had eight pints of blood — a complete body replacement," she said. "He had only a very narrow chance of survival."

For the first week there was the fear of having to amputate his right leg, but now the doctors say he is out of danger. He has had several hundred stitches and faces a series of skin-grafting operations, but should be able to leave the hospital by the end of May.

"And as he's got so many morale-boosters around him with all the sisters and nurses, he's confident about all the operations," said Mrs. Short. "He's really a spoilt patient."

Matron's pet

Said Matron Dunster, "He's also one of the bravest little boys I've seen in all my years of nursing." (That's more than 20 years.)

"He asks me to tell him everything we've done and everything we've got to do. And, I might add, he tells me off if I try to make it sound better than it is.

"He tells my nurses that he's my pet — I don't know how he found out!"

Raymond is also the pet of Sister Horrell, who cut her holidays short to assist at his operation. She also helped with the only other shark victim known in the area — Darcy Lorenz, who was mauled at Austinmer more than 30 years ago.

"I just want to get back in the surf," Raymond told me. "I still want to be a lifesaver."

A good all-rounder in sport, Raymond has always been keen to be a lifesaver. He usually joined in the Sunday surf races on the sidelines, although he admits he often had to turn back halfway. "But I'll make the distance some day."

He loves it when the local lifesavers call to see him. These were the only non-family visitors allowed for the first few weeks.

"They didn't know me before, but I knew them," he said proudly.

"Hi, handsome!" is the way Raymond Joyce usually greets the youngster he helped to rescue. He rings the matron three and four times a week from his flat in Sydney, and visits the boy Saturdays and Sundays.

The day I visited the hospital young Raymond was in great spirits. It was the first weekend he was allowed visitors apart from the lifesavers and family, and three of his best schoolfriends had caught the train down from Sydney.

"We had to beg our parents to let us come and see Shortie," said Ken Tapfield. (The boys are only 13 and it's more than 40 miles each way.)

"We're going to try to make it every weekend."

When Ken, Colin Peak, and Alan Moses reached Coledale they headed straight for the hospital, not even waiting for visiting hours.

"But we were caught looking through the window at Shortie and we had to go away until they finished bandaging him," said Colin.

It seems Raymond's quite a figure at school. The headmaster had a special assembly to tell what a brave boy he was.

"We all sent cards every day for the first week, and we've collected $12 in our class for the lifesavers," Ken said. "All the school would like to visit him."

In fact, there are many people who want to see him, and recently the Governor, Sir Roden Cutler, and Lady Cutler paid a visit.

In recognition of their bravery, the boys of Coledale Surf Club have had many letters of praise, donations amounting to a couple of hundred dollars (which starts the kitty for a new club building), and recommendations for medals.

"But we're not very interested in medals," said Raymond Joyce. "It's our duty to save people — any people. Any lifesaver would have done the same.

"I'm just sorry it takes such a drama like this to get nationwide headlines. What about the hundreds of lives the lifesavers save each summer?

"As a matter of fact, while we were rescuing Raymond our captain, Garry Lorenz, was risking his life to save a girl swept out in a rip when the shark bell rang."

It's taboo

Garry is the son of that surfer who was attacked by a shark at Austinmer so long ago. Mr. Lorenz still carries the scars. A friend of the Shorts, he is a frequent visitor to the hospital.

"It's taboo to discuss the attack with anyone now," lifesaver Joyce said. "It's over, Raymond's OK, and that's all that matters."

The only important thing left is to spoil Raymond and help to make his hospital stay as happy as possible.

And all the people of Coledale, from the local Lions Club, who lent him their television, to an old man who picked some mushrooms for him because he heard Raymond liked them, are doing their part.

When he gets out of hospital Raymond is looking forward to the holiday he's been promised on his uncle's cattle station in Queensland.

"I'll stick to horses and cows for a while," he said. "But don't think I'm scared about going back in the water — I'll always love the surf."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972475

Can't do a thing with it?



Put the beauty back into dry hair instantly with Vitapointe

Every day your hair loses a little beauty. The natural oils are dried out by sun and wind. Put the beauty back into your hair *every day* with Vitapointe. Vitapointe is unique, because it's the only hair preparation that gets really close to nature's own product, sebum.

Just one tiny bead of Vitapointe brushed into your hair each morning keeps your hair soft, shining, manageable. Vitapointe doesn't just lie on the surface. Vitapointe sinks in *deep* — your hair absorbs Vitapointe thoroughly, just as it would absorb sebum. Get Vitapointe from your chemist today. Why put up with dull, brittle hair? From now on, you needn't.



makes dry hair soft, shining, manageable

VP.3252.WW



JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Latham with their attendants, Miss Sue Oldham, Miss Robyn Perry, and Miss Caroline Bettington, outside St. John's Church, Mudgee, after their marriage. The bride was Miss Judith Bettington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Bettington, of "Kuloo," Cassilis. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. Julian Ward, of "Millambri," Canowindra, and of the late Lieutenant-Colonel H. Latham. They will make their home on "Millambri."

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

I BELIEVE that famous airwoman Nancy Walton is so busy with her work for the Air Ambulance Appeal that so far she hasn't had time for the three hours' solo flying necessary to renew her pilot's licence — due to run out in a few days.

On April 5 she is off again to Canberra for the gala world premiere of a film called "The Painting People," to be screened for an audience of 1200 at the Canberra Theatre.

The film, made by the Department of News and Information, covers the work and lives of well-known Australian artists Clifton Pugh, William Dargie, Jon Molvig, Andrew Sibley, and William Dobell.

Guest-of-honor will be another very well-known pilot—Lady Casey—and other committee members who'll be helping are Mrs. David Fairbairn, Mrs. John Vincent, Mrs. Bill McMahon, and Mme Elink Shuurman, wife of the Dutch Ambassador.

★ ★ ★

I LIKED the tropical air Mr. and Mrs. Robert Major managed to create in the Fijian Government Office when they said "hullo" to members of the Press at a late-afternoon party. Arranged on small tables and windowsills were clusters of exotic hibiscus blooms and frangipani, and on the table (where they served a delicious Fijian fish dish called kokoda), serving as a tablecloth, was an elaborately patterned tapa cloth. The Majors arrived three weeks ago when Mr. Major took up his new appointment as Fiji Government Representative in Australia.

★ ★ ★

LATEST news from abroad of pretty Margo Snellgrove (who sailed for Europe last June) is that she has landed an interesting job at a large new hospital in Nantes, in France. Margo spent some time in London and then holidayed in St. Tropez before a tour through France which ended with her job in Nantes. She works with a blood transfusion unit and spends most of her Sundays motoring from village to village looking for blood donors. These are known as "blood feasts" among the villagers, and there is great competition to see which village can raise the most blood. As a "thank you" the hospital presents donors with cigarettes and a hearty picnic lunch and eventually a gold medal!

★ ★ ★

DATE for your diary . . . the St. Vincent's Hospital Easter Ball at the Trocadero on April 15.

★ ★ ★

PRETTY wedding planned for April 1 at St. Martin's Church, Killara, is that of Janette Gee, who weds Ross Langwill. Janette has chosen a yellow-and-white theme and her "something old" is an antique sapphire-and-diamond bracelet which her grandmother gave her. Attendants will be her sister Suzanne, Maria Bentivoglio, Diana Hoyle, Sue Ferguson, and, as flower-girl, her eight-year-old sister, Philippa. Ross' best man will be Peter Bedggood, with Tim Lowe, Mark Brownrigg, and Keith Lonsdale as groomsmen.

INSTEAD of the usual dinner party Dr. and Mrs. John Laszlo have each year on March 31 to celebrate their wedding anniversary, this year they'll be at home by themselves waiting by the telephone. It's a double celebration for Mrs. Laszlo, who came to Australia exactly thirteen years ago, and she's to receive congratulatory calls from her sisters, Mrs. Donald Sandison, in Edinburgh, and Mrs. Philippe Yacoubian, in Athens.

★ ★ ★

HOPING for a fine day on April 3 are Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Minell, who have asked thirty of their friends to a Sunday luncheon on the lawns of their home overlooking the harbor at Vaucluse. Mrs. Minell plans to set up little tables with red and white check cloths and red and white umbrellas to create the atmosphere of an outdoor French restaurant.

★ ★ ★

SURE to be lots of reminiscing over the Easter weekend when members of the American Field Service Returnees' Association hold a federal conference in Sydney. From Sydney there'll be Jane Perler, Lisa Storm, Geoff Verco, and Peter Mason; from Melbourne will come Peter Lynton and from Brisbane Cynthia Hicks. Among activities they've planned are a dance aboard the ferry Radar, a car trial, and a barbecue in the country.

— By Mollie Lyons



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. David Stedman after their marriage at the Methodist Church, Gordon. The bride was Miss Prudence Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson, of Pymble. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Stedman, of East Lindfield.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972476

RACES AT BROKEN HILL



AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. W. R. O. G. Baker, who flew from Sydney for the St. Patrick's Race Club Inaugural Meeting at Broken Hill, admired the Guinness Gold Harp Trophy when they congratulated jockey Ray Anderson, who rode the winner, Marist Boy. More than 2000 people came from Sydney, Adelaide, Melbourne, and neighboring districts for the races. Proceeds will go to local charities.

AT LEFT: Dr. and Mrs. Graham Ambrose (at left) and Dr. and Mrs. Terry Smith waited in the shade underneath the willows between the races.







ABOVE: The president of the St. Patrick's Race Club, Mr. G. Ormandy, with Mrs. Ormandy (at right) and Mrs. Brian Adkins, who won the title of "Colleen of the Course," judged on the day of the meeting.

BELOW: The Mayor of Broken Hill, Ald. George L. Dial, and Mrs. Dial (at left) chatted with Mr. and Mrs. W. S. O'Neil on the lawn outside the members' stand just before the trophies were presented.





ABOVE: Miss Sally McMeekin (left) and Miss Margaret Peoples with La Premier, who belongs to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, of "Buckloo," Broken Hill, before the running of the Guinness Gold Harp, in which he competed unsuccessfully.

AT LEFT: One of the smartest racegoers was Mrs. Peter McLeod (left), who was photographed with Mrs. R. H. Calder. Among novelties at the meeting was an oyster-and-stout bar, and a merry-go-round for children.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972477

NEXT WEEK

★ The Japanese art of paper folding, called Origami, is fun . . . and you can make delightful animated toys, simple puppets, and inexpensive party decorations with the help of our 16-page lift-out:

FOLDING PAPER PUPPETS

(that's a Talkative Rabbit on the right)



And:

"Have you ever seen a woman who looked good when her hair didn't?" asks famous hairdresser Kenneth.

★ Well, no. And now — you'll learn how you can have more beautiful hair (with some NEW tips on hair care, too) in . . .

KENNETH TALKS ABOUT YOUR HAIR

And:



★ Pants have moved right into fashion — in fact, nowadays

PANTS GO ROUND THE CLOCK

— and you'll see the great 1966 line-up in our pictures.

And:

★ Decorating a house for a family of four energetic young sons and daughters can create special problems. Our "House of the Week" shows how one family overcame the problems with a house full of

COMFORT AND COLOR

And:

★ Our cookery experts provide menus and delicious recipes for

LUNCHEONS FOR SIX



● "When David and I decided to get married, I told my father I had found the man most like him. They were lovely characters — the greatest men are always the simplest and nicest."

LADY RIVETT'S PROUD MEMORIES

By BERENICE CRAIG

THE photographs in the family album open on Lady Rivett's knee were fading with age, but the memories — long years of them — were fresh and vivid, jostling in a keen mind for expression.

Tall, slim, and vivacious, owning frankly to the 80th birthday which is due this year, her grey eyes alternately lighted with laughter and dimmed with sadness as she talked of the two great men in her life.

They were her father, the late Alfred Deakin, architect of Federation and Prime Minister of Australia, and her husband, Sir David Rivett, Rhodes Scholar and brilliant scientist, who, until his death five years ago, was also her "comrade and loved companion."

All through her life she has been present and proud when earned honors have been bestowed on these two, but now she regrets that while everyone knows their work, so few know what they were really like as men.

"They were both dedicated to service, both forward-looking, hating bureaucracy and always on the side of the underdog, but both sweet and gentle and both died of overwork," she said with her customary candor.

Lady Rivett will be present and again proud when the new David Rivett Laboratory of the CSIRO Division of Chemical Physics is opened at Clayton, Victoria, on April 1.

She is well aware that its name is a fitting tribute to the man who, among many achievements, campaigned for the formation of CSIR, as it was then called, and later became its chief.

And she is touched that the date chosen for this last honor is the anniversary of his death.

In the foyer of the handsome laboratory building is the bronze plaque—designed by sculptor Andor Mezaros and bearing Sir David's likeness—which is copied in miniature for the David Rivett Memorial Medal, awarded biennially to an outstanding young research scientist in CSIRO.

The very first of these medals, presented as a courtesy to Lady Rivett, is among many treasured mementoes of her husband on display in her flat in South Yarra, Vic.

Here she lives alone ("I'm sure that's why I talk too much. I've always talked a lot, but I'm worse now," she laughed) and is currently sorting and distributing a mass of correspondence and papers: a task made difficult by her own ill health, but one she is determined to do properly.

"David and I seemed to accumulate all the papers and documents from both sides of the family. I tell everyone they must come now and take away what they want," she explained.

The family is lucky that Lady Rivett's own qualifications—she is a Bachelor of Science and holds a Diploma of Education—make her well aware of what is valuable and needs to be preserved.

It was her father who, at a time when such pursuits were considered not quite the thing for young ladies, encouraged her to study for a profession.

Each of Alfred Deakin's three daughters is an accomplished woman, but the middle one, Stella — Lady Rivett — is the only one whose talents took her into the then almost exclusively male world of science.

Her sisters Ivy (Mrs. Herbert Brookes) and Vera (widow of the late Sir Thomas White) leaned more toward the arts.

"Our father was always so very sorry for us because we had no brother. He tried to be brother as well as father," Lady Rivett said.

"He taught us cricket, hockey, and even football. When we were at our beach house at Point Lonsdale he took us climbing cliffs because he believed this developed our resource and character.

"He read to us, and on long afternoon walks beside the ocean discussed anything and everything with us.

"We loved these walks so much, we were often guilty of putting the clocks forward when constituents called and stayed too long. They would be shocked to hear the clock striking four so soon after they had arrived at three.

"Father knew what a plight a young woman could find herself in through financial straits. 'My job is to provide for your mother, and you may have to fend for yourselves,' he would say.

"My mother was a wonderful housewife and helped us when we made our own frocks; our aunt, father's older sister, Catherine, who was a fount of wisdom, friend, and philosopher to us



LADY RIVETT looks through an old album and talks about the two great men in her life, her father, Alfred Deakin, and scientist husband, the late Sir David Rivett.



CSIRO'S David Rivett Laboratory at Clayton, Vic. It will be officially opened on April 1.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972478

THE HUSBAND

"He was so considerate that when we were first married I had a lot of trouble even finding out his favorite things to eat."



THIS portrait of Sir David Rivett by Max Meldrum hangs in Lady Rivett's flat.



STELLA DEAKIN (now Lady Rivett) at 17 — already resolved on a career in science at a time when such goings-on were not quite proper for well-brought-up young ladies.



GOODBYE to a baby son. A snapshot from Lady Rivett's album, taken as her husband was leaving for two years in England in 1917. The baby, Rohan, then two months, is a well-known writer.

all, taught us music for years.

"But the music was wasted on me — I didn't have the hands for it, anyway, and wanted to do other things."

There were only five girls at the University of Melbourne when Stella Deakin matriculated with honors from the Church of England Girls' Grammar School, won a non-resident scholarship to Trinity College, and began her science course.

Six months older than Stella, and a year ahead of her in the same course, was a young man called David Rivett. They worked together in the laboratory during her second year, but at first she was too respectful of his seniority to do more than admire from a distance.

David was another who knew he had to succeed by his own efforts. The eldest of a country parson's seven children, he had to be responsible for his own education from the age of 13.

He won every scholarship and exhibition it was possible to win throughout his study years. "I must be first in the first class, always. I have to," he told Stella.

They corresponded when he won his Rhodes Scholarship and went to Oxford University. She in turn graduated with a Dixon Research Scholarship and began to teach.

Examination papers went with them on their honeymoon

Her father offered to take her to England for a holiday when he and her mother went in 1907, but she wanted to use her scholarship money to study chemistry at Berlin University.

"However, father wouldn't hear of me paying for myself. Later on I used the money for my trousseau," she remembered.

David Rivett met them on the wharf in England and used his university vacation time to accompany Stella and her aunt Catherine to Berlin.

"I stayed a semester at the university there, and aunt and I lived in a most interesting pension run by impoverished daughters of a very aristocratic Prussian family," she recalls.

"Of course, in Europe no proper young lady went to a university and I had to be on my guard every moment to preserve propriety."

After Germany she spent a year at London University College, and during this time wrote to her father to tell him she was going to marry his double.

Stella came home to Australia first and when David returned later in 1911, to become Professor of Chemistry at the University of Melbourne, they were married.

"He took his students' examination papers on our honeymoon, but I didn't mind. I was used to a father who worked every minute of his time and I never questioned it," Lady Rivett said.

From then on she gave up her own career. "If I'd been a maths type, I probably would have gone on, although I doubt if I would have had the time.

"Even now I try to keep abreast of the latest scientific developments, and my husband discussed his work with me. David was a practical chemist and always in advance of his time.

"When we entertained it was always people of similar interests and usually in small gatherings, so I never felt out of things."

Meetings with notable people, brought about either through her father or her husband, provide many of Lady Rivett's memories.

She went abroad with both of them, and her recollections of Number 10 Downing Street go back to when she was a girl.

"But one of the most amusing," she said, "was when Ramsay MacDonald was Prime Minister. His daughters always used the columns in the Cabinet room at Number 10 to check their weight.

"The columns were close together, and if they could sidle between them they were all right. If not, it was time to start 'banting,' as we called dieting in those days."

Young Mrs. Rivett was able to assist her husband when they went to Europe in 1913 on behalf of the Australian Government to prepare for the first meeting of the British Association to be held in Australia.

"Just as they all arrived in Melbourne in 1914, war broke out. Oh, the stories I could tell you about all the private difficulties we had with the different nationalities and loyalties. I remember one instance where a German refused to take a bath in the house where he was billeted because an Englishman had just used the bathroom," she said.

But through all their time together she and her husband could laugh at the same things.

"He was the kindest and most considerate man. So considerate that when we were first married I had a lot of trouble even finding out his favorite things to eat.

"And he spoiled our two sons—not ethically, of course, but I remember hearing them say so often, 'Get to Father first and ask him. Mother will say no'."

It was a sadness to Sir David that neither of his sons had a scientific bent. However, each has gone steadily to the fore in the profession he chose.

Rohan Rivett, well-known author and news commentator, was only two months old when his father was sent to England for two years by the Australian Government during the war. All through this lonely time his mother had to take six snapshots a month with her box Brownie so David could watch every stage of his son's progress.

THE FATHER



ALFRED DEAKIN, who, in 1903, became Australia's second Prime Minister.

The younger son, Kenneth, is Professor of Economics at the University of New South Wales.

"He put in his appearance in 1923, on the very eve of the Pan-Pacific Conference which his father had organised. Everyone said I should call him Peter Pan in consequence," his mother laughed.

A charming story that proves Lady Rivett could match her husband's consideration of others is a favorite among his colleagues.

For many years after he retired from the CSIRO, one of them, a man with a beautiful persimmon tree in his garden, sent an annual basket of the fruit to Sir David, who was very fond of them.

Every now and then, when the crop didn't come up to expectations, a basket of persimmons was surreptitiously bought at Melbourne's most elegant fruit shop and sent along just the same.

Always the charming note of acknowledgement came back from Lady Rivett. But one year the note read, "Thank you so much for the delicious persimmons and strawberries."

Intrigued, the donor questioned his driver. "Well," said the man, "I've been taking persimmons to Sir David for so long and never anything to Lady Rivett. She is always so decent to me, I thought I'd get her some strawberries this time."

Toward the end of their life together, and realising that her husband's health was failing, Lady Rivett tried hard to persuade him to give up his demanding work and enjoy the gardening which was his favorite relaxation, or take a sea trip.

Twice she booked passages for them both and twice had to cancel because he had undertaken fresh commitments.

In the end she moved into the suite in the hospital at Castlecrag in Sydney belonging to Sir David's surgeon brother, the late Edward Rivett, where her husband had been sent for treatment, and nursed him for two years before he died.

"Growing old," she says, "is saying goodbye to so many things. But I have always told the children, we all of us owe so much to other people. We live on them, really. This is one thing we should never forget or cease to be grateful for."



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972479

TWENTY PRETTY GIRLS

They're finalists in Miss Royal Easter Show Girl competition

● These 20 pretty girls, chosen from entrants throughout New South Wales, are finalists in the Miss Royal Easter Show Girl competition.

THEY will take part in the final judging at the Sydney Showground on April 1 and 2, and the winner will be crowned at the Show on April 2.

The finalists are from four State zones — Sydney-South Coast, Northern, Southern, and Western.

Miss Royal Easter Show Girl will win:

● A trip round the world by Qantas V-jet with a chaperon.

● $1500 spending money, including $400 in travellers' cheques from the Bank of New South Wales.

● A silver trophy presented by Australian Consolidated Press.

The contest is being held in conjunction with the Royal Agricultural Society.

Sponsors are the **Daily Telegraph**, the **Sunday Telegraph**, **The Australian Women's Weekly**, and **TCN Channel 9.**

The runners-up will win:

● **SECOND PRIZE:** Two weeks as a guest of Millers Brewery Ltd. at the Pacific Hotel, Manly; $700 cash; and a silver trophy from Australian Consolidated Press.

● **THIRD PRIZE:** One week as a guest of Millers Brewery Ltd. at the Pacific Hotel; $400 cash; and a silver trophy from Australian Consolidated Press.

Grace Bros. will give a cash prize to each of the 20 finalists.

The judges will be Mrs. W. W. Sharrock, State president of the Country Women's Association, Lady Packer, and Mr. Brian Chaseling, public relations manager of the Bank of New South Wales.

The 20 finalists arrive in Sydney on March 30.

They will appear on Don Lane's **Tonight Show** on TCN9 before the final judging.



SYDNEY-SOUTH COAST (above): From left, Joy Hopkins, of Windsor, Pamela Burgess, of French's Forest, Ann McGufficke, of Jindabyne, Joan Roberts, of Bellevue Hill, Deidre Hill, of Mt. Pleasant.



NORTHERN: Back row (from left), Carol Adams, of Glen Innes, Helen Shelton, of Dungog, Carolyn Carver, of Gunnedah. Front, Thea Mcready, of Uralla, Amanda French, of Bundarra.



SOUTHERN: Margaret Moses, of Narrandera, Astrid Nilssen, of Lake Cargelligo, Denise Broad, of West Wyalong, June Ross, of Harden, and Gail Loiterton, of Temora.



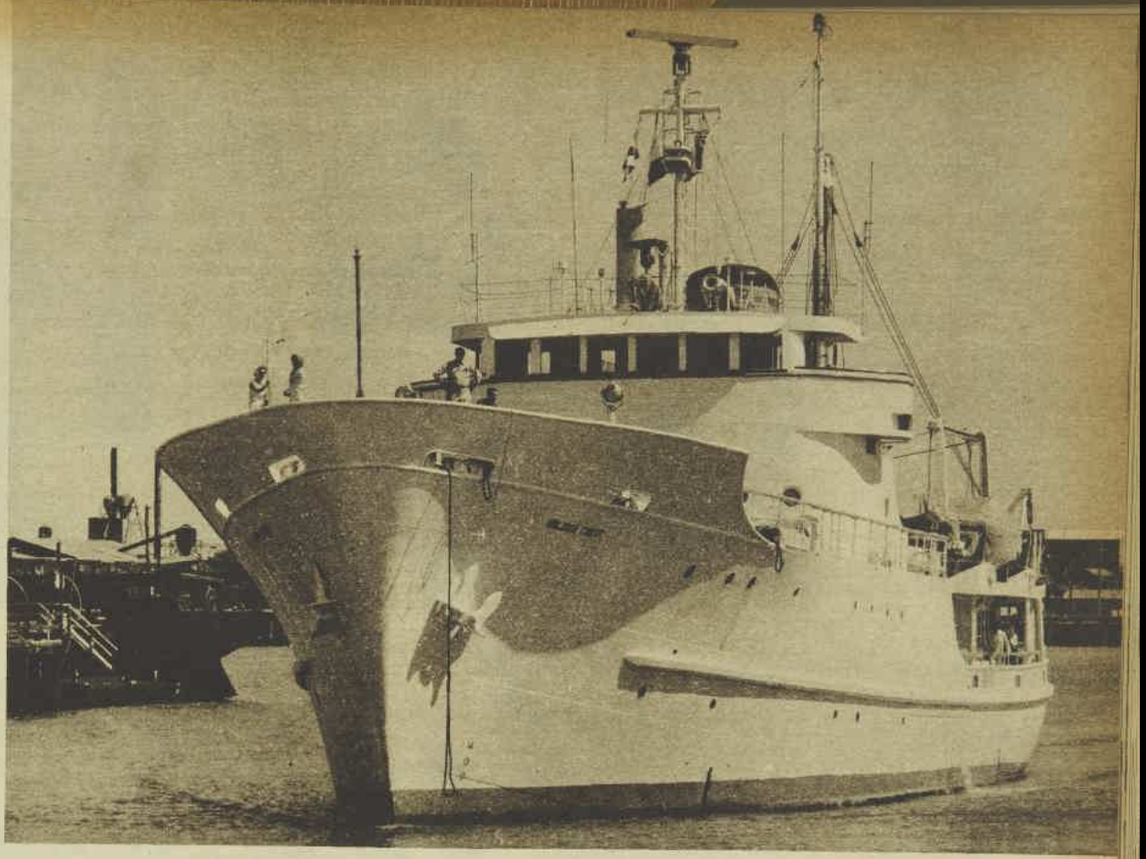
WESTERN: Brenda Wythes, of Molong, Jenny Cahill, of Narromine, Ena Hendriks, of Mudgee, Paulette Herbert, of Lithgow, and Kathleen Westcott, of Parkes. The final judging is on April 1, 2.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972480

The General . . .



. . . and his ship



• American tycoon General Robert Wood Johnson, who is spending ten days in Sydney on board his gleaming white converted mine-planter, The Golden Crest (right).

SEA IS HIS SOLACE

STEPPING into the deep-carpeted lounge of General Robert Wood Johnson's luxury yacht, the first things you notice are two hats — a white floppy tennis hat and a jaunty tweed "Henry Higgins" model — side by side on a table.

By CLAUDIA WRIGHT

IN the curtained, lamp-lit lounge the hats look out of place.

But they're there permanently for the wealthy 74-year-old American General to grab quickly — the white one for informal occasions, the other for more formal wear.

And when he does don his rakish tweed model, the General cuts a smart figure. He is a tall, lean, suntanned man who likes to relax on board his ship, The Golden Crest, in casual gold-buttoned jacket, sports shirt and slacks, and spotless yachting shoes.

The 187ft. Golden Crest is a converted 1450-ton U.S. Navy mine-planter, which the tycoon rescued from moth-balls—"It was all wrapped up in plastic"—and had fitted out to his requirements 2½ years ago.

"She's the largest, strongest, and most able boat I've had," the General said, beaming—and he has had about 20 vessels all told. "She's not what you can really call a yacht. She's a deep-sea ship.

"But, do you know, in my ocean-racing days I looked down on a ship like this one?"

The General spoke of his ships in the way women do of hats.

"Two ships back I had a Danish trawler," he recalled. "I took liberties with her, too. Where the fish would go, I went."

Like most millionaires, he declines to talk about money. He side-stepped the question of the cost of converting the mine-planter (there were only six of this size mine-planter ever used by the U.S. Navy. Originally they were Army vessels, used for laying mines during World War II).

An expert on naval ships, who told me this, shook his head and declined to guess at the cost of conversion.

"Just an awful lot of money," he said, still shaking his head in wonderment that anyone could convert one so luxuriously.

Melbourne's Customs men, who aren't easily impressed, were surprised when the dazzling white ship sailed up the Yarra.

They were prepared for a professional yacht. "But this one's in the Onassis class," said one in amazement.

Expansion

During his few days' mooring at Melbourne's North Wharf, General Johnson (he won the rank with the U.S. Army during World War I) visited the Melbourne branch of the company he heads, the world's largest manufacturer of medical products, surgical dressings — and baby powder.

His father founded the company, but General Johnson has expanded its operations throughout the world, employing 25,000 people in 84 plants.

He personally established the Australian company in Sydney 34 years ago. "At the same time, I travelled around the coast of Australia by tramp steamer," he said.

This is his first trip back to Australia. "I'm having a look at our operations, then I'll study industrial opportunities."

He said his company plans some kind of expansion in Australia, but would tell no more.

Sitting back just before dinner, on a blue brocade settee in the spacious lounge of his ship, he said, "The most fun I have is work."

I arrived for my half-hour with the General during dictation time with his secretary, Miss Olga Ferretti, who doubles for his nurse (General Johnson's physician also travels with him).

"They only let me work for half a day," he said, a little sadly. "The rest of the time I'm resting, taking pills and medicine."

Dark-haired, efficient Miss Ferretti must have one of the plum secretarial jobs available for a woman. She has travelled the world with the General during the past eight years.

"There are three of us — one of the other secretaries is a nurse, too — and we take it in turns to accompany the General," said Miss Ferretti.

"We began this trip from Kingston, Jamaica, last August. In between, we've flown home for two months, and then re-boarded the ship."

Before dropping anchor in Australia, General Johnson visited St. Helena — "I wanted to see where Napoleon was incarcerated" — then South Africa. He flew to Mauritius for a few days and rejoined the ship on its way to Perth.

He'll leave the ship again at Auckland and fly back to the States.

Although he finds solace in the sea, the General says it also helps him to work. "I completed 40 difficult letters on the way from Adelaide and a lot of technical writing," he said.

Whenever he is asked his secret for success in business, he always answers, "Work," which he considers an art, and one which many people don't have.

The spry General is not well known only for his baby powder. He also is noted as a philanthropist, aviator, traffic-control expert, master of hounds at a hunt club ("I hunted a lot in England"), hospital administrator, skier, author of three books ("They were as dull as ditchwater"), and even co-producer of a musical comedy.

The show, "Good News," staged in New York, proved one of the most successful musicals of its day.

"I think that was back in the 'twenties," said the General.

The musical must have been a hit with General Johnson, too. He later built a yacht and christened it Good News.

Arctic sailing

"She came after Stormy Weather, which was one of the fastest yachts in the world," said the General. "I sailed her for years.

"You could say I enjoyed ocean-racing more than anything else I did," he said.

"I was fond of Arctic sailing, too. My brother Seward and I used to sail to places like Greenland. But ice sailing is hazardous.

"Wait, I can show you a picture of my brother," he said, unfolding his long legs and striding over to a built-in desk which matched the cabin's walnut panelling.

He produced a big album of glossy prints of ships he has owned, places he has visited.

"Here he is," he said, presenting a picture of a handsome, bearded man. "People used to ask him for his autograph, thinking he was Ernest Hemingway."

He remembered fondly the time he and his brother raced from Sandy Hook, New York, to Santander, Spain, in a converted fishing schooner — "No power, and we took 21 days to sail 4000 miles."

When General Johnson isn't at sea, he lives at home with his wife—"She's not very well these days"—in Princeton, New Jersey.

"We've had the property for years, it's just a place where I've planted a lot of trees over the years," he said.

Nine miles away is his office at New Brunswick, the place where he was born and brought up.

The General has a son, Robert Wood Johnson, jun., father of five children, who runs his own business, and a daughter, Sheila. He describes her as Girl Friday to all the Ph. D.s at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

The glamor of The Golden Crest was lost at Melbourne's North Wharf, with drab dock-side views and the muddy Yarra lapping the boat.

She usually rides at anchor in the blue water of Bermuda, her home port.

"It's a convenient place for me — I don't have smoke or dirty docks, and the surroundings are attractive," said General Johnson.

"But Bermuda is not what it used to be, because these days you can fly there from New York in an hour and 20 minutes."

After a few days in port and frequent land calls, it was easy to see General Johnson was looking forward to heaving anchor and cruising off to Sydney at 11 or 12 knots.

General Johnson boasts that he is the navigator of The Golden Crest — the electronic navigator.

At sea, between resting and work, the likely place to look for the salty General is, naturally, on the bridge.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972481



Now! decorate your bathroom with

Colour Harmony Dri-Glo TOWELS

Only Dri-Glo brings you "Colour Harmony" . . . radiant new patterns that mix and match with plain colours in endless variety, to make every bathroom more beautiful. See the Dri-Glo "Colour Harmony" range at your favourite towel counter *now*.

Also on sale in New Zealand

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972482

Mr. and Mrs. Harris' boy, Rolf, is a riot



ROLF HARRIS with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cromwell Harris, of Western Australia. Mr. and Mrs. Harris, both within coo-ee of 70 years of age, drove across the Nullarbor Plain in their small motor van to see Rolf's Sydney shows.

By NAN MUSGROVE

Don't miss the "B.P. Super Show" with Rolf Harris from TCN9 on Sunday, April 3, at 7.30 p.m. It's vintage Harris and a real winner.



ROLF — and one of his famous murals.

● What gives the Rolf Harris show the extra zest that makes it a winner is due largely to a day of concentrated rehearsal that started at 10 a.m. and went on unbroken until 4.30 p.m., when recording began.

TOPPING off the painstaking hours was the presence in the audience of Rolf's two greatest fans, his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. C. Harris, of Western Australia.

I have never seen two people enjoy themselves so much.

They must have seen their son perform hundreds of times formally and informally, heard his jokes, and must know his songs word for word, but their enjoyment was so deep and true that it seemed to be a fresh experience for them.

At the end of the half-hour taping, when Rolf, wet through and actually dripping with perspiration, had sung about 12 songs, painted two murals, capered around, and told many stories, Mr. Harris called out, "Give us 'Mountain Dew,' son." And Rolf was off again.

He went on singing for his parents, and the audience, for more than another 15 minutes. I think he would have still been there singing except that he had to make an appearance in the city at 6.30 p.m.

Harris is one of those rare artists — a man who never gives way to temperament. His unfailing good humor as he went over and over bits of songs, until he was satisfied, director Rod Kinnear was satisfied, and the cameramen were pleased, was pleasant to watch.

Rolf must have lost pounds in weight the Sunday he recorded the show. He had only a few hours' sleep after his two big Saturday night shows at the Chevron Hotel when he got to the Willoughby Studios.

During the previous week I'd seen his Chevron show, and it seemed strange that he should think of rehearsing. But even the murals were rehearsed for appearance, timing, and camera angles.

In this show Rolf doesn't sing "Tie Me Kangaroo Down Sport," which I am sure will disappoint many viewers, but he sings his two newest songs, "Jake the Peg" and "The Big Dog," and many old favorites, or bits of them, including "Six White Boomers," "Botany Bay," and "Waltzing Matilda."

I was interested to hear Rolf's version of "Waltzing Matilda." I found it much more to my taste than Frank Ifield's yodelling up-tempo version.

It was all quite a day at TCN9. I've never heard more laughter there, never seen a better audience.

After Rolf stopped singing, long queues of autograph hunters formed up. Every one of them seemed to get a self-portrait of the artist as well as his signature — he's a very generous character.

Notice the time of the show — 7.30 p.m., Sunday, April 3. Rolf is making history again — it's a rare thing to dislodge McHale and his Navy from their favored Sunday-night time-slot — even for one night.

The year's best TV

IF you haven't yet met Joe and Ginger of "The Diary of a Young Man" (ABC-TV, Fridays, 9.20 p.m.), get with it — it is the best TV of the year.

"The Diary of a Young Man" lasts only for six weeks, four of which have already gone. Even if you have missed the first four, make certain of the last two and hope for a repeat soon.

The writers of the show, Troy Kennedy Martin and John McGrath, are the men who wrote "Z Cars." They have brought the same bitter realism, laced with humor, into their new series.

"The Diary" tells the story of Joe and Ginger, who leave the north of England and go to London to live to find, according to Joe, "a pad, a bird, and money."

Joe, played by Victor Henry, is 19, and the narrator of "The Diary." Ginger is played by Richard Moore.

"The Diary of a Young Man" is very adult TV fare, told in the off-beat language of today's young generation. It is not all bitterness and humor; there are large slices of life, very real, quite a bit of Joe's down-to-earth commonsense, and a searching look at today's young men and women.



VICTOR HENRY, as Joe, in "The Diary of a Young Man."

I find ABC-TV's timing difficult to understand. "The Diary of a Young Man" is timed at 20 past nine.

Twenty past the hour when viewers are almost at the climax of viewing on other channels is a moment in TV programming as lost as the 10 minutes before the alarm that wakes you in the morning.

Television

"LANCE AT LARGE" *(ABC-TV, Sundays, 6.30 p.m.) is another of the clutch of new ABC-TV shows.*

It is the funniest of all the new straight comedy shows and stars Lance Percival, who is all big buck teeth and wide smiles — and endearing withall.

"Lance at Large" is a simple series. It is based on the proposition that whatever you set out to do — play golf, go for a walk—is complicated by unexpected contacts with strangers.

Best of all so far I like Lance's encounter with a strange baby. He chucked it under the chin as it sat innocently in its pram and lost his watch among its covers. Lance's efforts to retrieve the watch had complications that were hilarious.

I love Lance for many reasons. One is that all the episodes are funny, and when you tell people to watch him he doesn't disappoint.

Poor Lance is another series to suffer from bad timing. Few people are likely to laugh with Lance at 6.30 p.m. on Sundays. I am sure he has a very minimum audience. It is a great pity.

★ ★ ★

IT was good to see Don Lane get the N.S.W. TV "Logie" award for the Best Male Personality of the year on his "Tonight" show last week. He deserved it.

No one has gained the affection and following of fans more quickly than this lanky, awkward young man from America.

It was good, too, to see Lane back in his home studio after the "Tonight" show had made a sortie out to Manly Vale to telecast "Tonight" live from a hotel.

The sortie failed. It was all too obvious that the "Tonight" show needs the discipline of studio production to keep the attention of its audience unbroken by waiters and beer.

It was an experiment that should not be repeated.

English trio

The pub atmosphere was brought vividly alive again this week by the visitors from "Coronation Street" — Jack and Annie Walker, the landlord of "Coronation Street's" Rover's Return and his TV wife, and that gay girl Elsie Tanner.

There is no doubt about these three — in real life Arthur Leslie, Doris Speed, and Pat Phoenix — they are "Coronation Street." It is difficult to decide when you meet them whether "Coronation Street" has moulded their characters or their characters have become part of the serial.

Pat Phoenix says half the time she doesn't know whether she is Pat or Elsie, and I'm sure it is quite true.

When I met them at a whopper Press reception, Annie Walker or Doris Speed, speaking for the three of them, said they were completely overwhelmed by their warm welcome here.

They had been here only a day then, and I think every hour adds a bigger and better capital "O" to that "overwhelmed."

There was the weather, hours of blue skies and glorious sunshine, the beaches, the scenery, and the Australians they have met from the Premier of N.S.W. (Mr. Askin) and the Lord Mayor of Sydney (Alderman Armstrong) down.

What struck me about the visitors is how entirely different they are from the usual American TV stars.

They are homely, ordinary people, without the pretensions or the glossy packaging that seems to go with the American variety.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Momma once said to me after we had come from a wedding and I had asked her why the bride's mother had wept, "Well, there are many reasons, my son. Some mothers cry because their daughters look so beautiful in their gowns. Others cry because they suddenly realise that their daughter is no longer a little girl but a fully grown adult, while others cry because they are so happy and proud of their little girl who is now the centre of attention at this beautiful and holy ceremony."

But if you want to know the real reason, read mother's moral and think it over.

MOMMA'S MORAL: "Psychiatrists say girls tend to marry men like their fathers. Now you know why mothers cry at weddings."

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972483

THE GREATEST

● The story of Christ, from His early emergence as a prophet to His agony on the Cross, is the subject of United Artists' film "The Greatest Story Ever Told."

TO re-create the drama, human interest, and the vital purpose of Christ's mission on earth 2000 years ago, producer George Stevens spent more than three years in research, examining 30 different editions of the Bible and consulting all major religions.

The film was made in the American southwest in the grandeur of the mountains, deserts, and forests.

Nazareth, Bethlehem, the Sea of Galilee, the River Jordan where Christ was baptised, the mountain from where He delivered the Beatitudes were re-created in locations that most resembled the sacred sites.

(Stevens had intended making the film in the Holy Land, but after a pilgrimage there he decided that the Holy Land of Christ's day did not exist any more.)

Swedish actor Max von Sydow has the role of Jesus. At 33, he is the same age as Christ at the time of His crucifixion. Physically he bears a striking resemblance to the concept of the Saviour as envisioned by the world's great religious artists.



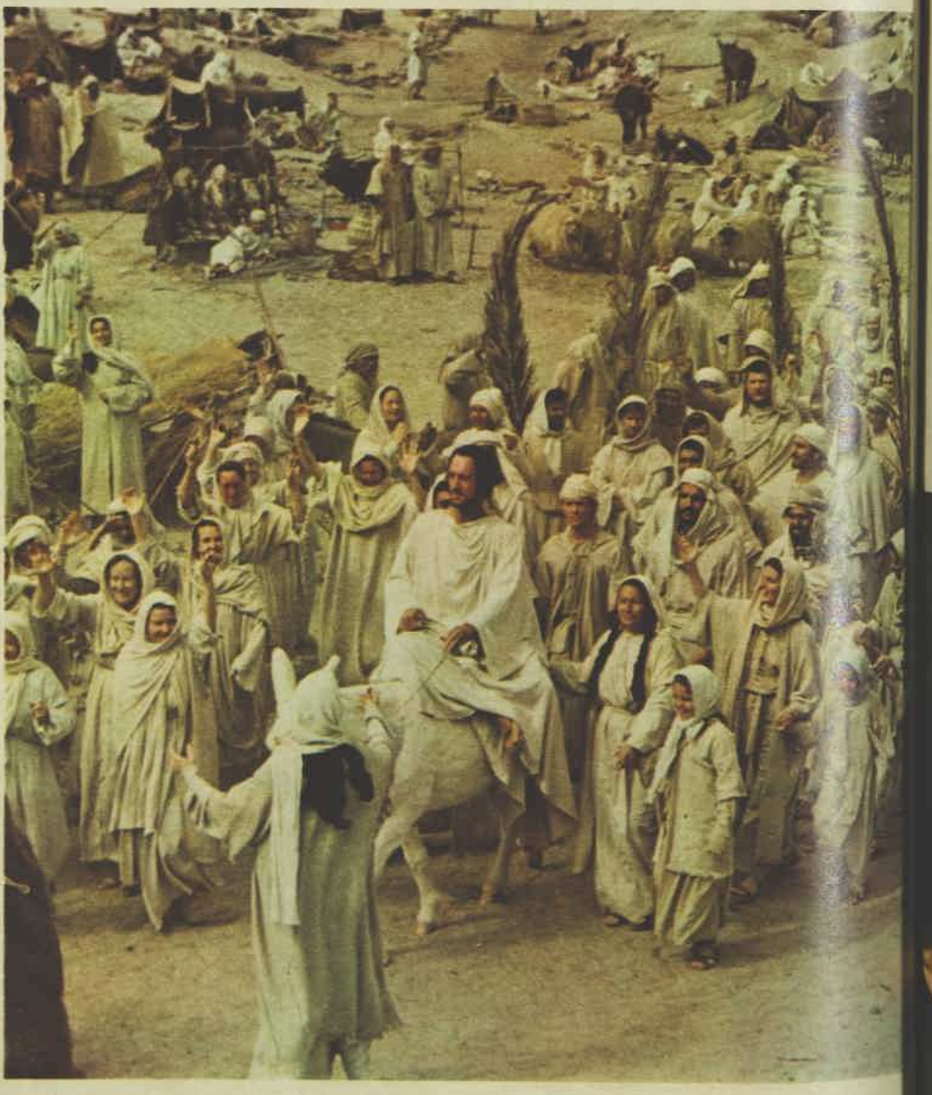
"And Thou shalt call His name Jesus."

● *Dorothy Maguire, as the Mother Mary, looks down at the newborn infant, Jesus.*



"He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone."

● *Joanna Dunham, as Mary Magdalene, being stoned at the fishing village of Capernaum, on the Sea of Galilee.*



"Blessed is he that cometh in the Lord's name."

● *Max von Sydow (above), as Jesus, entering Jerusalem on an ass on Palm Sunday.*

"Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he."

● *David McCallum (right), the apostle Judas who betrayed Christ for 30 pieces of silver.*

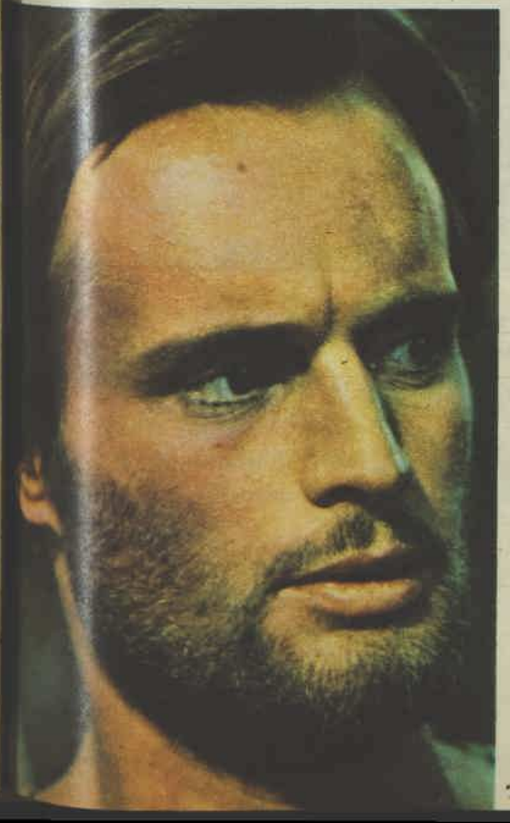
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972484

STORY EVER TOLD



"Follow Me and I will make you fishers of men."

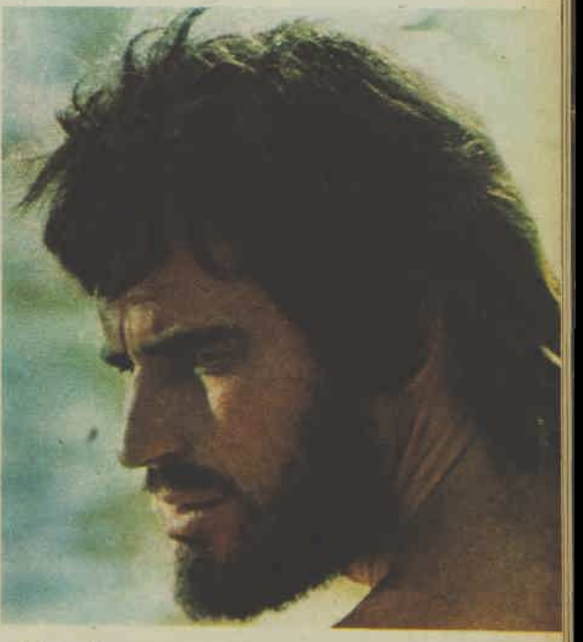
● *Jesus preaching at the Sea of Galilee. The film, with its theme of Christ's love for His fellow man, is regarded by producer George Stevens as the American motion picture industry's answer to the almost universal quest for peace in a troubled world.*





"Hail, King of the Jews."

● *Jesus (Max von Sydow) being mocked by the soldiers before taking up His cross on the way to Calvary.*

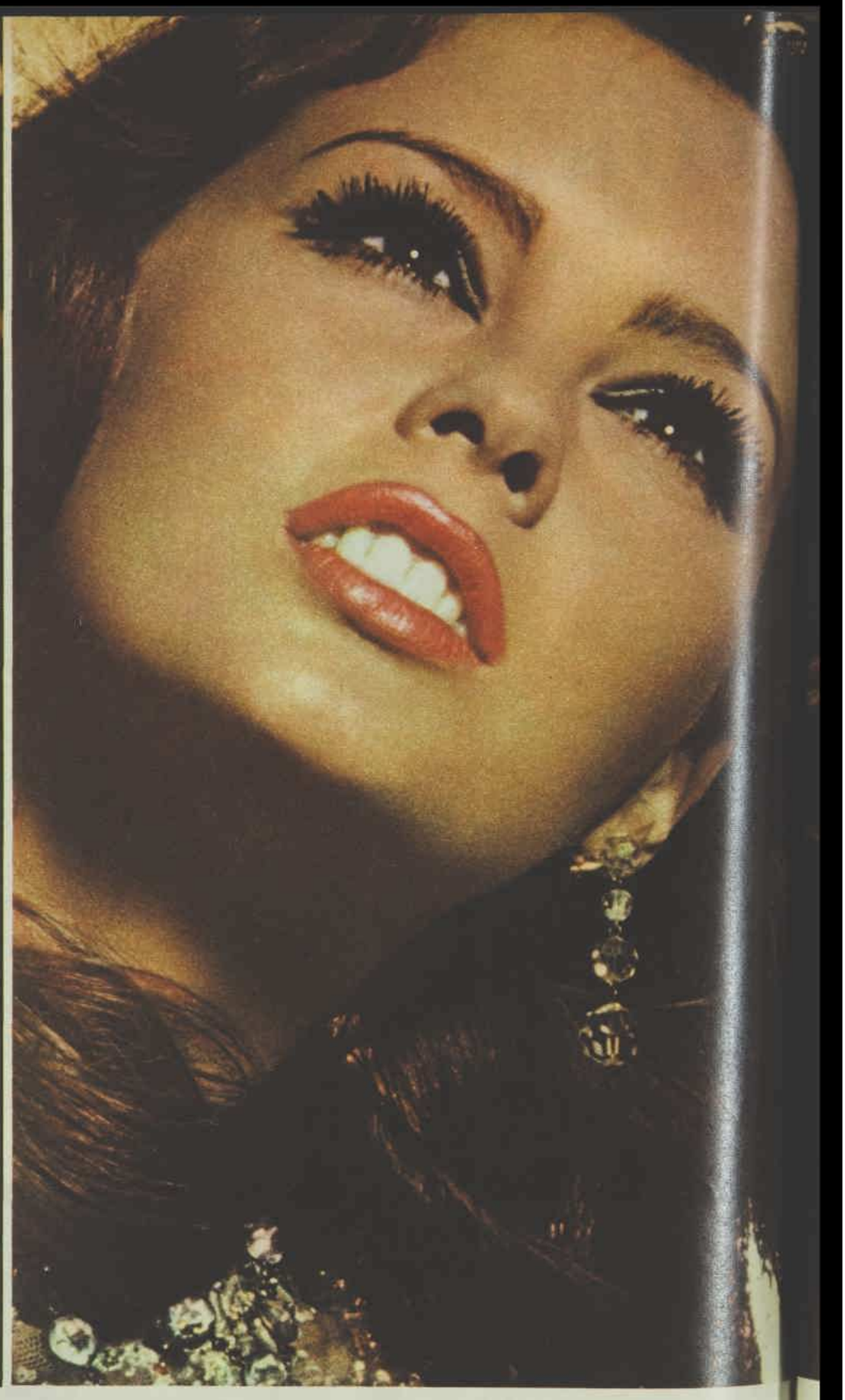


"I send my messenger, who will prepare the way."

● *Charlton Heston, as John the Baptist. Many well-known stars are included in the cast of 117 speaking roles.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972485





Max Factor turns on the DiscoTints

(the new shimmer-and-shine colors shaking up the fashion scene!)

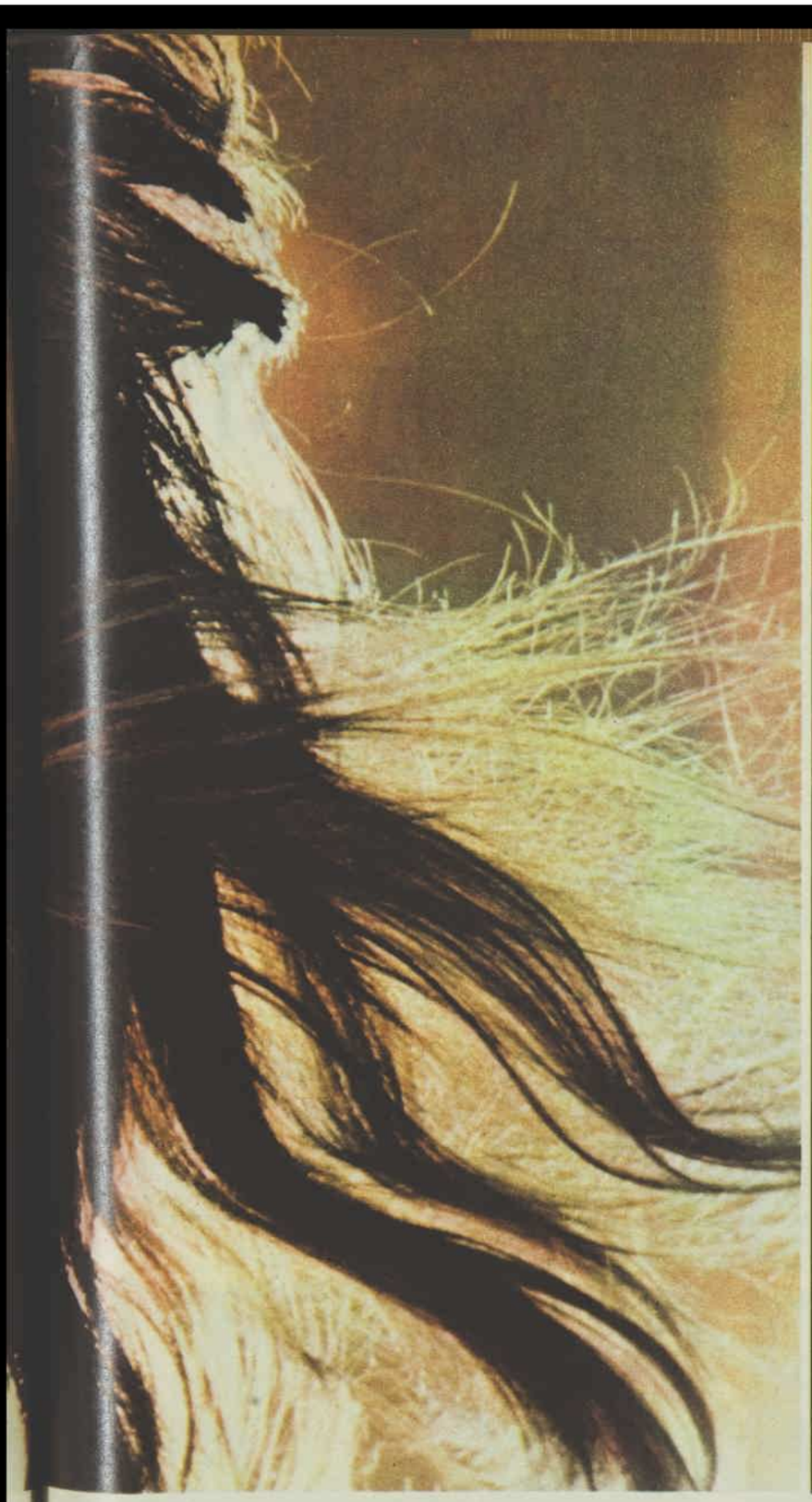
The mood: action

The mouth: creamy tints of color tipped with frosting
(It's the yummiest look in years!)

© MAX FACTOR & CO. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED UNDER INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT CONVENTIONS.

A VERY SPECIAL OFFER: FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972486





The hands: on show and glowing

The eyes: moody misty aglimmer with new Eye Frosting

The colors for lips and fingertips: Cocoa *Frost*-shimmering new chocolate sweetened with pink, *Tint of Pink*-soft young pink lightly frosted with beige

The colors for eyes: *Platinum Frost*-cool and silver-hearted... *Cafe Frost*-spiked with beige

The look: lickety-slick and alive

The girl: everything in motion

The man: loves the scene

The end: it's just the beginning



Start the action with the slick, shimmery look of the DiscoTints new matching shades in Hi-Fi Lipstick $1.00 (10/-) and smaller-size iridescent Nail Polish 85c (8/6). And new, glimmering shades of Eye Frosting $1.10 (11/-).

Max Factor

The Discotint Collection (Lipstick, Nail Polish and Eye Frosting) the three for only $2.00 (£1)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972487

FANTASTIC NEW EYE MAKE-UP FOR EVENING

● It's the big new cosmetic craze started by film stars and models and taken up in a big way overseas — eyes decorated in a variety of shapes with rhinestones and pearls, flower petals, and abstract patterns in paint and eyeshadow.



***THE DAISY EYE** by designer Pablo uses real flower petals, black cake eye-liner, and false eyelashes — a must with any elaborate eye make-up. The yellow centre of the daisy rims the lid, and petals (applied in two layers on top lid) circle the eye. Petals are placed separately with gum.*

THIS is the year of fantastic eye make-up.

Pablo of Elizabeth Arden started it with eyes in all sorts of weird and wonderful shapes done by clever techniques and the bold use of color and decorations. The daisy eye (left) is typical of his extraordinary designs.

The cult of the eye caught on.

In London, Panchita, his pupil, began designing eye decorations for stage and film stars, model girls, and even for some of the usually conservative clients in the salon.

Seeking inspiration in even wider fields, Panchita has become as famous as Pablo, though less flamboyant.

Four of Panchita's eye designs are pictured below and top right, opposite page.

Burnt Almond, the cosmetic eye at near right, is designed and worn by famous American model Peggy, who startled London with her extravagant eyes when she appeared in fashion parades.

Each eye make-up takes between 30 and 45 minutes to complete.

In America Pablo won a special American fashion critics' award and is the most talked about make-up designer in the beauty business.

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Large and decorative as the new eye make-up is, Pablo sees it getting even bigger in the future and the eyebrow all but banished.

He recently asked a beauty editor to find him a girl with no eyebrows. She didn't exist, of course.

Back in London, Panchita had to wait while the model girls with the widest space between their eyes and eyebrows returned from America in order to do some of her newest designs.

The darkened discotheques in London glow with myriad lights as sequined and pearl-drop eyes sparkle across the smoky gloom.

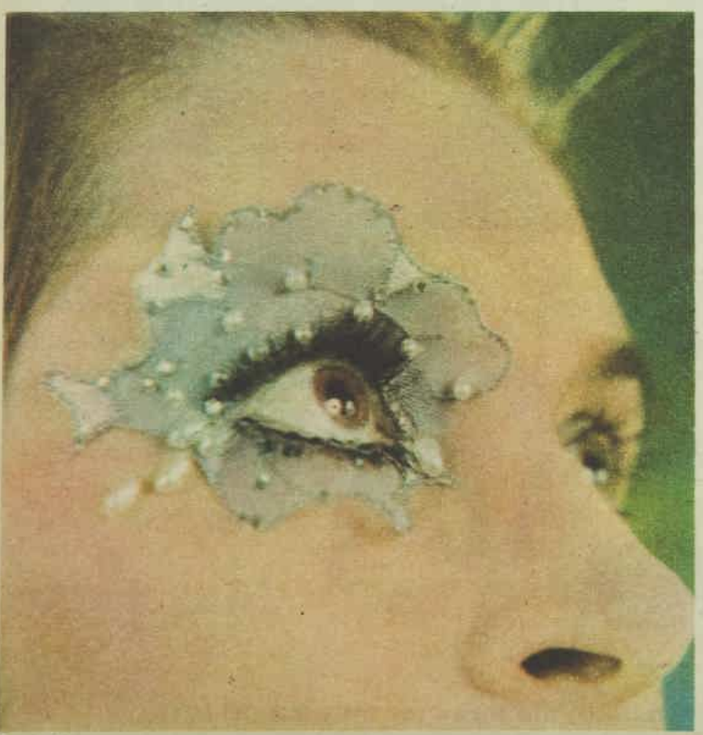
The look of big eyes in a pale face started in cafe cellars on the Left Bank, Paris.

Pablo says it is a logical fashion and beauty sequence that they should now shine brightly in the discotheques.

The eyes that Pablo does are more inspirational than wearable. But he hopes that soon women will break out on their own and master the technique of eye make-up with the same wide-eyed abandon of the film stars.

***INSPIRATION** for Midsummer Night's Dream (below) came from an applique organza flower. Panchita cut it out, removed the centre so that it would fit over the eye and then painted the eyelid silver-green ("like a forest in the moonlight"), and put on the flower and three sets of eyelashes — two on top, one on the lower lid. A spatter of drop pearls and brilliants on the eyelids, drops of emerald on the lower lid, a tear pearl on the inside, and two pearl drops on the outside complete the design.*

***SPARKLING** Rising Sun design (below, right) is worked on fine linen and applied to the eye. First Panchita sketched the design, then she traced it on to the linen, cutting in the sun-rays and adding silver brilliants. This was arranged around the eye so as to cover the eyebrow. To imitate the golden centre of the sun she put bronze eye-liner over the eyelid and above it, and used it as a base for red-gold rhinestones and a paler shade of gold. Gold rhinestones are scattered on lower (false) lashes.*



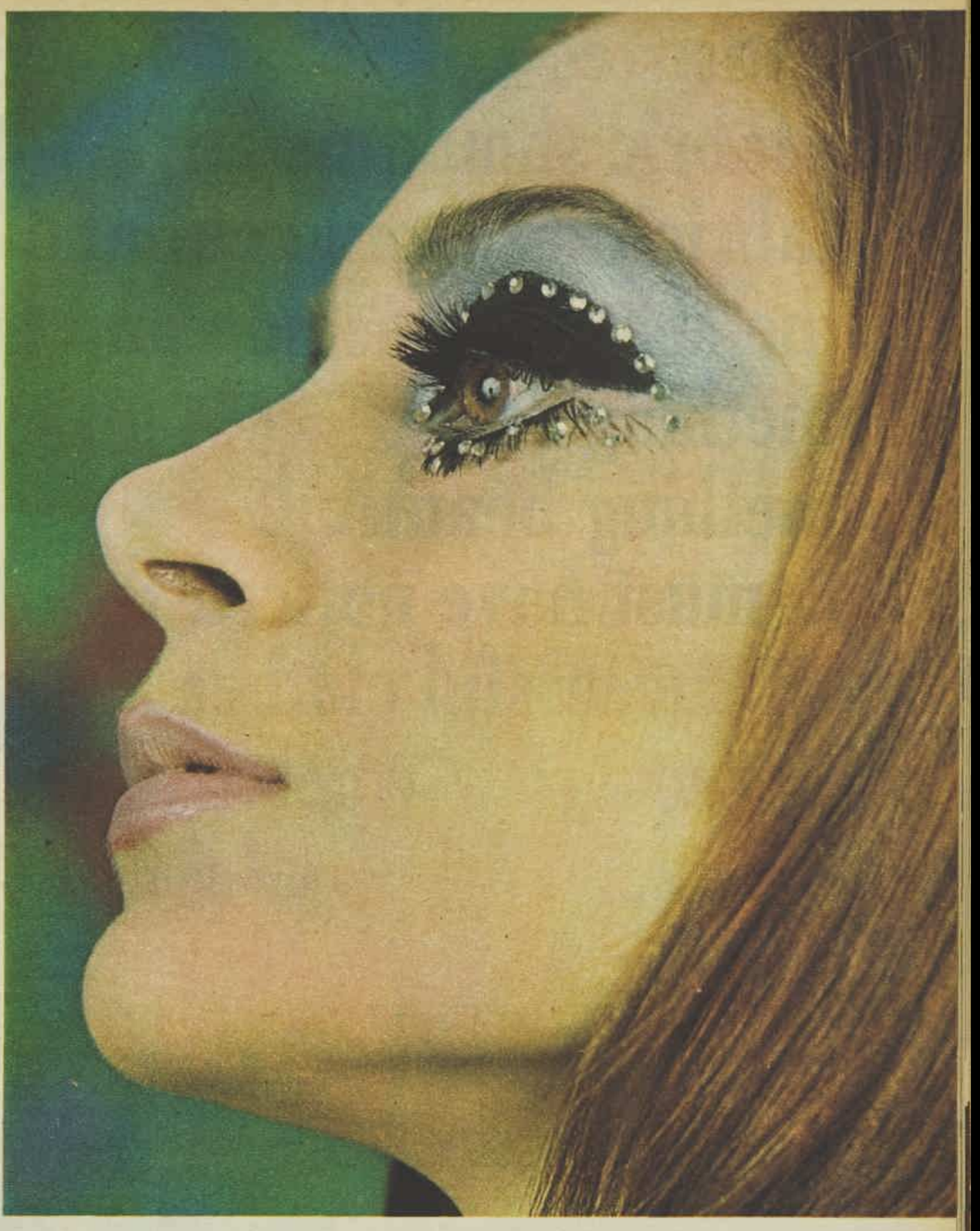


National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972488

The face that a few years ago was all mouth is, today, all eyes



EYE FANTASY called Burnt Almond is the personal design of Peggy, California's top model, who makes her eyes up in a different way for each dress she wears. With burnt orange eyeshadow high on the eyelid and a strong black stroke sweeping from the inside corner of the eye, Peggy achieves a winged shape that is further emphasised with strong, dark, upsweeping eyebrows. To create the look of abundant eyelashes, black and burnt orange are feather-stroked on beneath a strong white line under the lower lashes.





STARDUST (above) is an eye make-up that a non-professional could achieve, and one that can be executed in less than 30 minutes for each eye. Consequently it is a favorite with Panchita's clients. The initial step is to apply black cake eye-liner so that it rims the whole lower eyelid. Next, with Silver Bluebell cake eyeshadow, the upper lid is filled in as high as the eyebrow. A thin line of brilliants is set in the crease of the lid with a few brilliants "falling" down the side of the eye. There are two sets of false eyelashes on the lid and one set beneath the eye. These are decorated with a sparkling of brilliants like dewdrops. Eyebrows are pencilled in grey shadow and given a good arch to continue the shape of the eye. Of course, not every woman has the skill or the time to put individual eyelashes or two or three sets of "falsies" on her eyelids; nor, let's face it, has she the eye shape to wear them successfully. When such is the case and natural lashes look thin and stubby, it's time to try something else, and that could easily be another wonderful invention of the back-room boys of beauty — instant eyelash "dust" which comes in shades similar to mascara and is put on with a brush. It imparts luxurious length and fullness to eyelashes that are neither long nor thick.

THE FISH (left), brilliant and "amusing" eye make-up, begins with Blue Jade cake eyeshadow on the eyelids and bronze liquid eye-liner on the eyebrows. The fish outline is traced on the eyelid with blue and green rhinestones, which are scattered like scales, and one large blue rhinestone is set in the corner to simulate the fish's eye. Fish fins are traced above the eyebrow in gold rhinestones, and a line of gold traced in the crease of the eyelid. A double set of false eyelashes on the top lid and a set on the lower lid are fixed in place before the make-up begins. This is the kind of extravagant eye make-up that today is done by professionals who are as important in the beauty salons as make-up men in Hollywood. Everybody who is anybody in this flamboyant world of beauty is constantly thinking up new ways to embellish the eyes, new colors to apply, new and time-saving techniques of shaping. For instance, here's a new and glamorous short-cut for sequin and rhinestone eye designs: instead of applying each sparkler one by one, the sequins are attached to a gauze strip and the strip is attached to the eye.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972489

She insisted
the fabric should be alive with colour.
A fabric that would cut and sew
to the shape of fashion and hold it.
Something real.
Something beautiful.
You must have noticed that all the
most successful clothes are made
with pure new wool

Naturally.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972490

VOGUE PATTERNS MADE IN AUSTRALIAN WOOLS

6712.—Two-piece dress (right). Overblouse has away-from-neckline collar. Self-bands with attached self-bow form belt, slim skirt is gathered at side front. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, and 40 for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42-inch bust. Vogue pattern 6712. The pattern price of 85c (8/6) includes postage.



● **The Vogue patterns in this three-page feature are all made in superb Australian wools, which are on sale in leading stores. The autumn-winter wool color story is gentle. Subtle shades of ivory-beige caramel and silver-grey have a fresh new look. Pastels are represented by misty pinks and blues, red provides the color drama. The patterns are available from Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. Patterns are also available from leading stores.**

● *Continued overleaf*



6663.—Step-in dress with fly-front zipper closing (left) has slight gathers at natural waistline seam, which ends at side front darts. Head scarf and handkerchief included. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38-inch bust. Vogue pattern 6663. Price 85c (8/6) includes postage.

1432.—One-piece dress and jacket (right). The belted, sleeveless bodice top is in contrasting fabric, the open jacket has slightly raised collar. Hat pattern is also available. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38-inch bust. Design by Patou. Vogue Paris Original 1432. Pattern price of $1.35 (13/6) includes postage. Vogue hat pattern 6121. Pattern price 58c (5/9) includes postage.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972491



COTY BLUSHFIRE

- Honey-to-burn
- Spotlight Orange
- Mauve Mist
- Burst into Flame
- 1000-watt Rose
- Pink-me-up
- Coral-on-Fire
- Barefoot Bronze

WEAR IT ALONE OR OVER OTHER CREMESTICK COLOURS

The soft touch of fire your lips need with your 'natural look' complexion of 1966. In moisturised Coty Cremestick, $1 10/



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972492

NEW AUTUMN COLORS IN VERSATILE WOOL



1569. — Easy-cut suit (above). Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38-inch bust. By Yves St. Laurent. Vogue Paris Original 1569. Price $1.80 (18/-) includes postage.



1577.—One-piece dress and coat ensemble (above) in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36-inch bust. Design by Fabiani of Italy. Vogue Couturier design 1577. Price $1.60 (16/-) includes postage.

● Continued overleaf



6639.—Suit and blouse (above). Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38-inch bust. Vogue pattern 6639. Price 95c (9/6) includes postage. Vogue hat pattern 6432. Price 58c (5/9) includes postage.



6376.—Sleeveless jump suit (above, right) has button tab closing. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38-inch bust. Vogue pattern 6376. Price 75c (7/6) includes postage.

1496.—Suit and sleeveless blouse (right). Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38-inch bust. By Galitsine of Italy. Vogue Couturier Design 1496. Price $1.60 (16/-) includes postage.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972493

Can't wait to wear my new Fashion Aptitudes

adore their new casual styling — their dramatic design change from any other Aptitudes I'd ever seen. It's easy to see they have followed the latest overseas fashion trends with newest toe shapes and heels. And, of course, they're still blissfully comfortable — the same comfort for which Aptitudes have been famous for years and years.

aptitudes BY RIGHTWEAR

Just love my new Aptitude Comfort Shoes

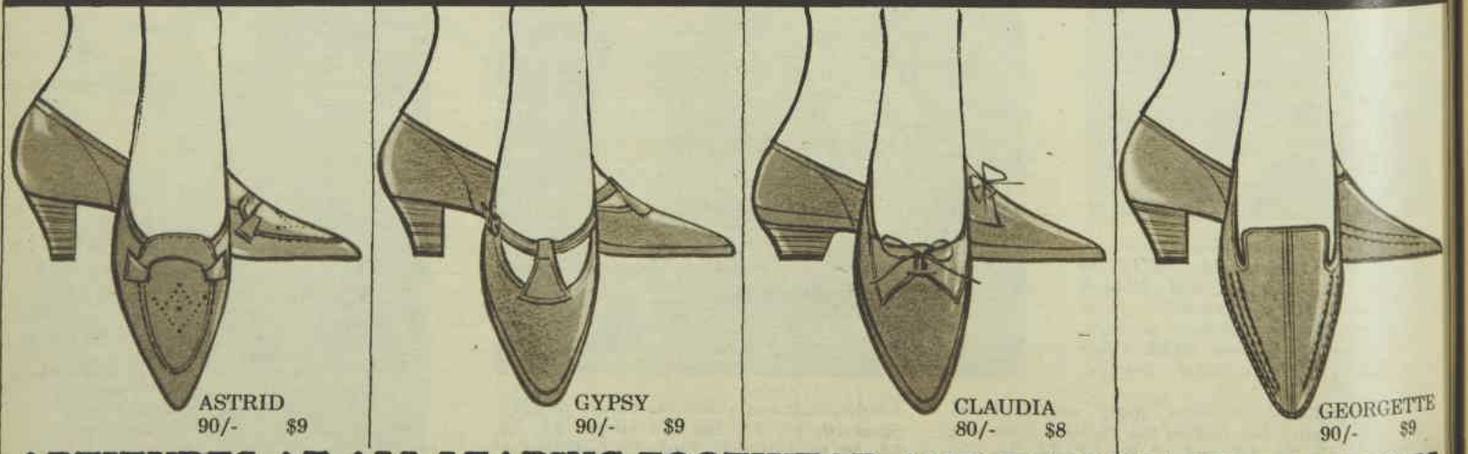
they're bliss to wear. Fit so snugly with firm support. But my! Aren't new Aptitudes exciting — all the marvellous comfort with such smart styling I can walk the city all day in comfort and know my Aptitudes are right in step with latest overseas styles. There's a complete range of sizes — fractional fittings — the latest materials and colours.

aptitudes BY RIGHTWEAR





MANDY
90/- $9



ASTRID
90/- $9

GYPSY
90/- $9

CLAUDIA
80/- $8

GEORGETTE
90/- $9

APTITUDES AT ALL LEADING FOOTWEAR AND DEPARTMENT STORES.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972494

Vogue Patterns (continued)

SOFT WOOLS IMPORTANT FOR 1966





1571. — *Two-piece suit (above). Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38-inch bust. By Yves St. Laurent. Vogue Paris Original 1571. Price $1.80 (18/-) includes postage. Vogue hat pattern in head sizes 21½, 22, 23in. Price 58c (5/9) includes postage.*



6636. — *Late-day dress (right) has draped side-closing with attached self or ribbon bow and long slim sleeves. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38-inch bust. Vogue pattern 6636. Price 95c (9/6) includes postage.*



6652. — *Slim step-in shift dress (above) has contrasting bow at neckline. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38-inch bust. Vogue pattern 6652. Pattern price 75c (7/6) includes postage.*

6723. — *Dress and coat ensemble (left). Semi-fit dress has dropped waist. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18, for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38-inch bust. Vogue pattern 6723. Price 95c (9/6) includes postage.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972495



Rev. Alan Walker, O.B.E., D.D., M.A., Superintendent of the Central Methodist Mission and originator of Lifeline centre in Sydney comments on 'Twelve Men Against the World.' The Rev. Alan Walker is himself the author of some 20 theological and sociological books.

'Twelve Men Against the World'

A timely article by Isabelle Horton condensed from the Christian Advocate.

It is an accepted fact that nearly 2000 years ago Jesus came to Palestine. His enemies called Him a fanatic and a troublemaker, but His tenderness won the hearts of children and simple folk; His philosophy of living intrigued the wisest and the best. But His fearless radicalism angered the devotees of things-as-they-have-always-been — and they crucified Him.

The Rev. Alan Walker said of this article: "'Twelve Men Against the World' is one of the best brief statements of the meaning of Easter I have read. In direct and simple language, it describes the victory of Christ over sin and death. Read it, and you will be carried to the heart of the greatest story ever told."

In the same issue:

Some 'Retarded' Children Are Not

Hidden defects of body, emotions or upbringing may prevent a child from using his full capabilities. Read how a new approach is rescuing many 'retarded' children — and what kind of parental care is now considered essential to mental development.

Your Eyes, Your Car and Your Life

At a mile a minute, your life depends on your eyes. Yet many drivers . . . *especially young people* — are 'visually incompetent' without realising it. How's your *night* vision? . . . *peripheral* vision? . . . depth perception? Here are 10 simple do-it-yourself tests you may find revealing.

TV Revolution Ahead

Soon it will be possible to see, hear and talk with anyone, anywhere on the globe. Will the result be better human understanding? . . . shared knowledge to benefit everyone? . . . or deepened tensions and hatreds? Here, from a communications leader is a thoughtful look into the future.

That Tired Feeling - Its Cause and Cure

A doctor tells why the 'chronic fatigue' that seems to afflict millions is not true fatigue. More likely it's boredom or a sense of guilt that you suffer from. Here are 6 steps to help you change your routine, discover new sources of energy.

The Metamorphosis of Jomo Kenyatta

In an astounding turnabout, the man who 13 years ago was convicted as mastermind of the Mau Mau is today the wise elder statesman of East Africa. Read how he has become a bulwark against communism — in one of the most incredible stories in political history.

THIS MONTH'S READER'S DIGEST BRINGS YOU READING AT ITS BEST

Reader's Digest

April issue 25c at your newsagent NOW!

RD32

WORLD TRAVEL MADE EASY

IMAGINE a world trip where *all* you have to do is sit back and enjoy yourself, seeing 18 countries in 18 fabulous weeks.

Just decide to go, pay as little as $1392 (£N.Z.585), and next February you could be a happy member of The Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour—it's as simple as that.

Between making your decision and your actual departure you won't have a thing to do, except pack your holiday clothes and, of course, a camera.

The experts at World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd. have arranged a wonderful itinerary to cover the 18 countries from Sydney to Sydney in 18 weeks.

One of the secrets of the overwhelming success of our first World Discovery Tour (which is now in progress) was that the organisers anticipated all the normal travellers' problems for a smooth-running tour.

For instance, every detail from Customs formalities to luggage handling, tipping, advance bookings, and accommodation is included in the tour arrangements.

(Your travel agent will even arrange for your passport as a complimentary service.)



● *Waterfront at Singapore, one of the ports of call on World Discovery Tour 1967.*

Sea voyage

Language problems won't arise, either — they are handled by the tour escorts.

Our second World Tour departs from Sydney in the one - class P. & O.-Orient liner Himalaya and returns in the Oriana four months later. (The entire tourist section of the Oriana has been reserved.)

The tour price includes accommodation in four-berth cabins on both voyages. However, the Himalaya's entire 1300 berths are available, including the de luxe cabins, for varying additional payments. In the Oriana, too, other berths will be available for an extra charge.

On your leisurely voyage to London you'll visit such famous ports as Singapore, Hong Kong, Aden, Port Said, Naples, and Barcelona. On the return voyage, Piraeus (near Athens) and Colombo will be among the ports of call.

After your arrival at Tilbury, where you will be quickly assisted through Customs, you will be driven to your London hotel.

For a few days there will be time for specified sightseeing tours, as well as time for browsing among London's beautiful shops.

Later you'll begin a 23-day coach tour, which takes in some of the most breathtaking scenery in Europe.

Countries visited on this tour include Belgium, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Monaco, and France.

After your return and another few days of sightseeing in London you'll start a seven-day coach tour of England and Scotland.

The tour organisers have planned a 22-day free period which tour members may use exactly as they wish.

Although all activities and accommodation for this period are at the member's own expense, the organisers will be happy to make all the arrangements (as a complimentary service) before you leave Australia.

Members on our first World Tour used this time well to visit relatives and friends in England, or to do further sightseeing trips to Scandinavia, Ireland, Holland, or Spain.

If you have always longed for an overseas holiday but have put it off because you were worried about the details involved in planning it, then this wonderful tour offer will interest you. Write or call in to any of the General Sales Agents listed below for the tour brochure.

(Ask, too, about the White Christmas Tour, which leaves in October-November, 1967.)

What you get for $1392

● Shipboard accommodation in four-berth cabins in the Himalaya and tourist four-berth cabins in the Oriana. Extra charges for two-berth cabins, with and without facilities, range from $26 to $166 per person in the Himalaya and from $26 to $130 in the Oriana. A limited number of de luxe cabins are available in the Himalaya.

● European tour, escorted, with full board accommodation comprising Continental breakfast, lunch, and dinner (all table d'hote), inclusive of tips, taxes, service charges, and excursions as specified in itinerary.

● United Kingdom tour, escorted, with full board (table d'hote), afternoon teas, service charges, specified sightseeing. Private bathrooms may be reserved, when available, for an extra charge.

● Sightseeing in London as specified in itinerary.

● London accommodation at well-situated hotels including breakfast, table d'hote dinner, and service charges for a total of 13 nights. (Accommodation is in double rooms without bath, during European and United Kingdom tours and the London sojourn. Single rooms or room with private facilities attached may be booked for a supplementary charge.)

● Transport transfers on arrivals and departures where part of the tour itinerary.

● Porterage of one average-sized suitcase per person on European and United Kingdom tours; two average-sized suitcases per person on initial arrival and final departure from United Kingdom.

● The tour director will accompany the group from Sydney to the U.K., travelling in the Himalaya and will be resident in the U.K. to ensure efficient tour operations.

HOW TO BOOK

Write or call at any of the General Sales Agents:

N.S.W.-A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Limited, 33-35 Bligh St., Sydney. Tel. 28-4841.

VICTORIA - TASMANIA: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Limited, 330 Collins St., Melbourne. Tel. 67-7481.

QUEENSLAND - N.T. - NEW GUINEA: Universal Travel Company, 93 Creek St., Brisbane. Tel. 2-3008.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie St., Adelaide. Tel. 51-2146.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Wesfarmers Travel Service, 569 Wellington St., and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth. Tel. 21-0191.

NEW ZEALAND: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs St. East, Auckland. Tel. 20-959.

Or see your travel agent.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972496

$1000 IN PRIZES

● If you have not already tried doing CROZZLES, our absorbing word game, test your skill with Crozzle No. 3.

Prizes, for each week's Crozzle contest, are:

- $500 for top score. (In the event of a tie for top score, the $500 will be divided among the tied contestants.)
- $500 divided evenly among all entries with the next four highest scores, and any tied entry eliminated from the top score.

You may send as many entries as you like, provided each one is filled in on the grid and coupon cut from the paper. So if you have sent in two or more entries which are among those sharing the prizemoney, your entries will win two or more shares.

These entries can be identical.

Closing date for Crozzle No. 3 is April 20.

HOW TO DO IT

With each puzzle a blank crossword grid is published, together with a list of words relating to one particular subject.

This week's words refer to dogs. To complete the CROZZLE, make up your own crossword in the blank grid, using any of the words supplied.

Remember, you may use only the words supplied in the list and you may use each of them only once.

Words do not have to interlock, but remember, too, it is the interlocking letters that help to increase your score. When you have completed the CROZZLE, black in the unused squares.

Your finished CROZZLE will look just like a crossword, with all the lines of letters across and down making complete words from the given list. Remember, though, each word along the same line, across or down, must be separated by a black square.

Your CROZZLE does not have to fall into any set pattern, neither does it have to be symmetrical.

CONTEST CONDITIONS

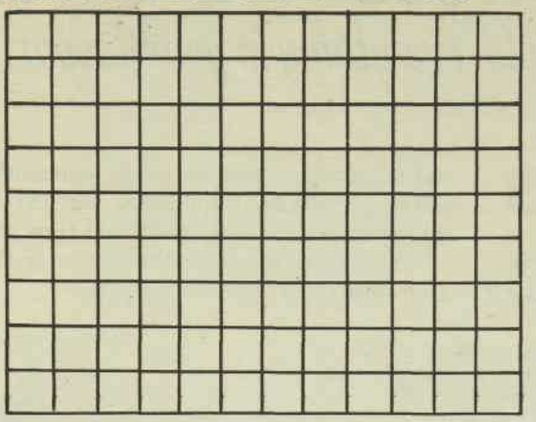
1. All entries for CROZZLE No. 3 must be received by April 20 and should be addressed: "CROZZLE No. 3," THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, BOX 7052, G.P.O., SYDNEY.
2. Entries must be on the grid and coupon cut from the paper. Entries containing any altered letters cannot be accepted.
3. No words other than those in the list provided may be used. Entries containing any other words or combinations of letters will be disqualified. Each word in the list may be used ONCE ONLY.
4. Entries on which incorrect scores are shown will be disqualified.
5. In the event of ties, the tied entry showing the highest points for interlocking letters will be regarded as the higher score. If there is still a tie the entries will share the prizemoney.
6. This contest is governed by the rules published in our issue of March 23.

SAMPLE ENTRY



TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 34
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 120
MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY. 154

CROZZLE No. 3



TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED
MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY.

NAME

ADDRESS

..... STATE

Scoring: For every word used in your crossword there is a score of 10 points. You score extra points for each interlocking letter — at a rate shown in the table below. Interlocking letters are those which occur in the same square in a word going across and another going down.

The sample CROZZLE shown on this page shows you how to total your scores. The figures at the bottom of each column of the sample entry grid refer to points scored for interlocking letters.

When you send in your entry, add up your points in the space provided on the coupon and submit the grid and coupon with your grand total clearly marked. An incorrect total disqualifies the entry.

Interlocking letter scoring scale:

1-point letters	3-point letters	6-point letters	12-point letters
A	H	O	V
B	I	P	W
C	J	Q	X
D	K	R	Y
E	L	S	Z
F	M	T	
G	N	U	

Word list for Crozzle No. 3

3 LETTERS
Bay
Beg
Dog
Fur
Lap
Pad
Pat
Paw
Pet
Pom
Pug
Pup
Sit
Toy
Wag

4 LETTERS
Bark
Bite
Bone
Bull
Bury
Care
Chow
Coat

4 LETTERS (continued)
Heel
Hunt
Lead
Lick
Pack
Peke
Play
Race
Skye
Tail
Yelp

5 LETTERS
Bitch
Boxer
Breed
Cairn
Corgi
Dingo
Fight
Groom
Growl
Guard

5 LETTERS (continued)
Hound
Husky
Irish
Leash
Puppy
Silky
Snarl
Spitz
Train
Whelp

6 LETTERS
Afghan
Basket
Basset
Beagle
Borzoi
Cocker
Collar
Collie
French
Golden
Kennel
Litter

6 LETTERS (continued)
Poodle
Ratter
Saluki
Scotch
Setter

7 LETTERS
Bulldog
Harrier
Mastiff
Mongrel
Pointer
Samoyed
Spaniel
Terrier
Whimper
Whippet

8 LETTERS
Aberdeen
Airedale
Alsatian
Exercise

8 LETTERS (continued)
Labrador
Highland
Sealyham
Sheepdog
Watchdog
Whiskers

9 LETTERS
Dachshund
Dalmatian
Deerhound
Greyhound
Retriever
Staghound
Wolfhound
Yorkshire

10 LETTERS
Bloodhound
Otterhound
Pomeranian

12 LETTERS
Newfoundland

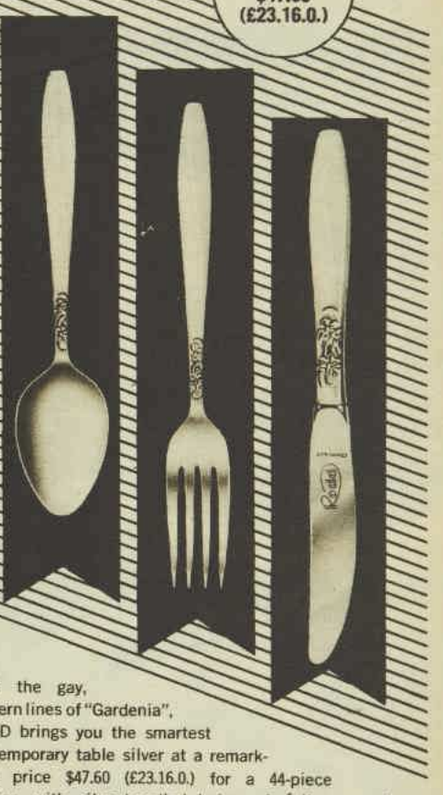
Another Crozzle next week

Rodd TABLE SILVER

lovely *Gardenia* PATTERN is my choice



44-piece Service $47.60 (£23.16.0.)



With the gay, modern lines of "Gardenia", RODD brings you the smartest contemporary table silver at a remarkable price $47.60 (£23.16.0.) for a 44-piece service, with silver-handled knives. A full range of matching pieces is available, too. "Gardenia" may also be purchased with gracefully shaped pearlex-handled knives for only $37.80 (£18.18.0.) For a free folder illustrating all RODD patterns, write to RODD (AUST). LTD., Dept. A, P.O. Box 117, St Kilda, Vic

Rodd

H934A

THE LOOK AND FEEL OF QUALITY

Your skin needs HERCO OLIVOL SKIN LOTION



Because . . .
It is a recognised scientific fact that there is *still* nothing better for the skin than a combination of olive oil and lanolin – especially for the hands.
By using HERCO everyday, your skin will benefit from its soothing, nourishing olive oil and lanolin content.

HERCO OLIVOL SKIN LOTION is available in 4 convenient sizes priced from as little as 28 cents (2/9)

HE82

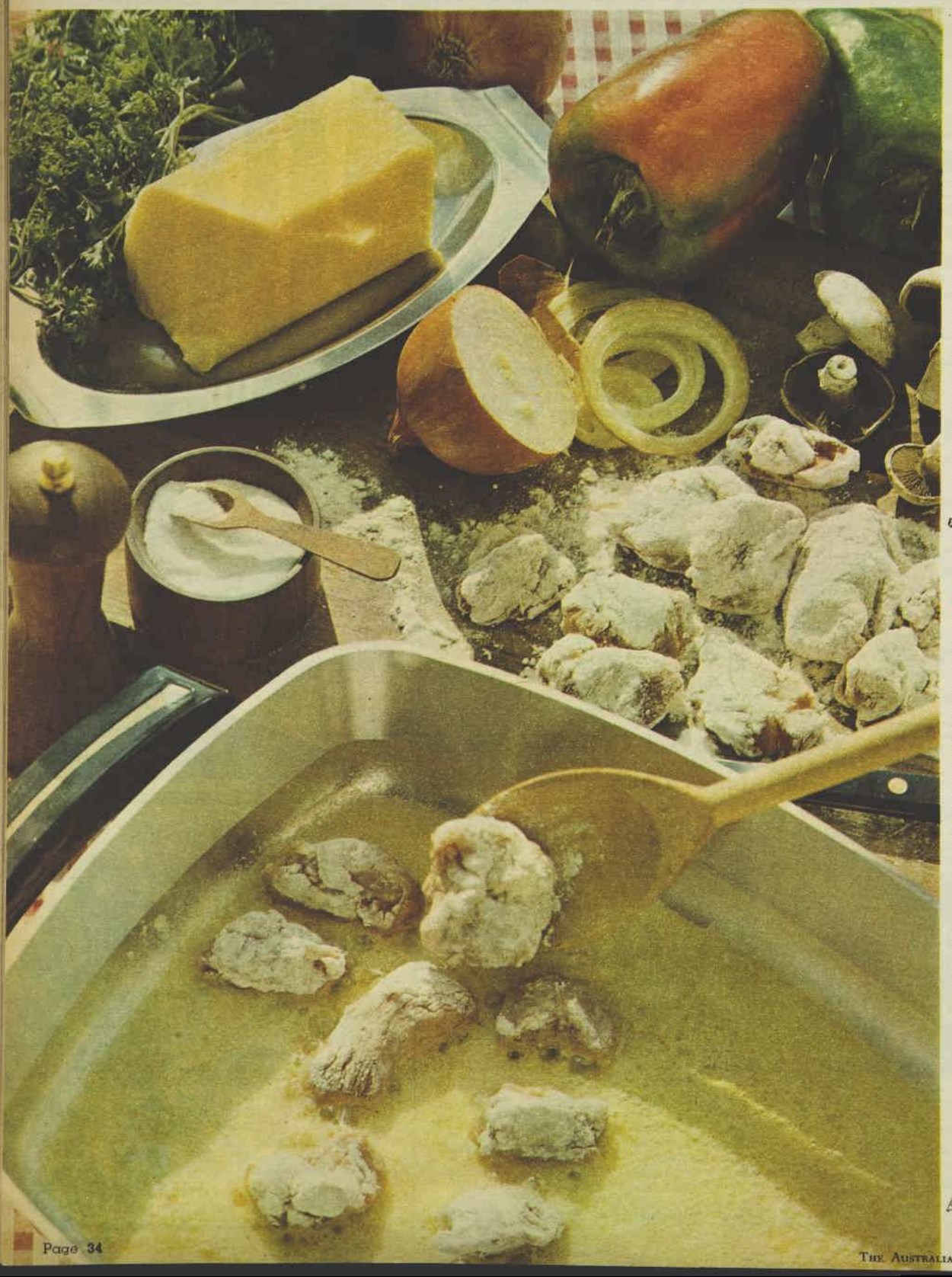
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972497

Brown in Butter or Ghee*

and you're starting out with everything in your flavour

FROM THE DAIRY FOODS TEST KITCHEN

Cooks with the finest reputations have long known that only Butter can bring out the best flavour in food. Ghee—pure butter oil—is also now widely used for shallow frying and browning. Nature is always up-to-date, and Butter and Ghee are as modern as the moment! To make sure the food you serve is much more appetising and flavoursome—next time you're browning food, reach for the Butter or Ghee. Your meals will taste twice as nice!



Quick tips for people with busy schedules...

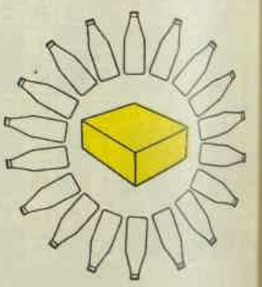
Braised Steak or Chops get off to a good start by browning the lightly floured and seasoned meat and onions in butter or ghee. When nicely browned, add stock and simmer till tender.

Veal Fillets are coated with flour, then dipped in egg and breadcrumbs combined with Australian Parmesan cheese. Brown lightly in butter or ghee; place in casserole and pour 1 can tomato soup over. Top with slices of Australian Mozzarella cheese and bake in moderate oven till golden and veal tender—about 30 minutes. Serve with tossed salad.

Indian Curry—Fry 2 sliced onions till golden brown in 1 tablespoon ghee. Crush 2 cloves garlic, small piece ginger root, mix with 1 dessertspoon each coriander and tumeric and 2-3 dried chillies. (Or mix with 2 tablespoons curry powder.) Add to onions with 1 tablespoon water, fry till water evaporates. Add 1 lb. neck or forequarter chops, cut in 1-inch pieces, and 1½ cups water. Bring to boil, simmer till tender, about 1½ hours. Remove lid, evaporate water over high heat. Ghee will separate out. Add ¾ cup sour cream or yoghurt, reheat gently. Serve with hot, fluffy rice. (To make fresh cream sour, add 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.)



*GHEE is pure butter oil, made by removing moisture and small quantities of non-fat milk solids and salt normally present in Butter. Ghee melts quickly and smoothly, is ideal for shallow frying, browning and sauteing. The small quantity used—just enough to lightly cover bottom of pan—makes it most economical in use. Yet Ghee imparts all the nutrition and flavour of Butter to food. Ghee is a fine product of the Australian Dairy Industry. It is sold in cans which will keep for years, or in ½ lb. packs—and is available in all States. When opened, store your Ghee in the refrigerator.



DAIRY FOODS
BUTTER
Inserted in the interest of better nutrition by the Australian Dairy Produce Board

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972498

COMPACT

★ Always quotable, British High Commissioner in Australia Sir Charles Johnston excelled himself when referring to the XKSS Jaguar car (one of four in the world) which was displayed balanced on fine Wedgwood teacups during the Creative Britain Fortnight in Melbourne recently.

While officially opening the Fortnight, Sir Charles said: "I have heard of walking on eggshells — this is the first time I have heard of driving on bone china.

"At any rate, in this age of breathalysers and blood tests for drivers, anyone who gets into this car to try it out is absolutely safe. He knows he will be regarded by the police as driving ON his cups — not in them."



CUPS WERE RUNNETH OVER



Twins in tune



■ Mrs. Betty Herbert and Mrs. Gloria Hardy, of Sydney, are identical twin sisters — and really lead "double" lives.

The 33-year-old sisters are a professional singing team, the Smith (they use their maiden name) Twins.

They believe they are one of the few identical twin-sister duos in Australia—perhaps the only one.

Coincidentally, even their New Zealand birth place, Wellington, has a twin city, Hutt.

The twins spent quite a few years touring Australia and New Zealand in musicals. They always worked together.

Gloria (she is the one on the right, above; easy to pick, isn't she?) recalls that the dual-appearances often confused audiences.

"They couldn't figure out how ONE girl could change so quickly," she said.

The sisters even have husbands with closely "related" talents.

Gloria's husband, Roy, is also a singer and Paul Herbert is a TV executive.

And, even though there was a year between births, each twin had her first child (a girl) on a Tuesday, at the same time in the morning, and in the same hospital.

★ *Our mere male reports the dying-out of the traditional races-football-cricket patter of barbers. He attributes it to the influx of "unassimilated" migrant barbers.*

★ *In Western Australia the Adult Education Board believes in teaching parents to help their children with their homework. "Teaching methods appear to be changing so rapidly that today's parent feels divorced from today's schoolroom," says the Board in introducing its new course for parents in coming autumn lectures. This course has been designed to help parents in at least one way —to become acquainted with library resources so that they can guide their children to good reading habits.*

RATS HAVE TASTE FOR GOOD BOOKS

★ *A Sydney publishing company recently discovered that hordes of rats were feasting on the gummed bindings of books stored in one of their warehouses.*

Poison baits were ineffective, and the "educated" rats wouldn't be tempted by traps baited with cheese or meat.

A worried executive was relating the problem to his wife. From her feminine viewpoint the solution was simple: "Darling, why not bait the traps with books?"

The rats are still at it, so they might have to try her idea—by gum!

CITY OF LIGHTS— AND THEODOLITES

■ After it had switched on thousands of extra lights to help astronauts Perth became known as "the city of lights."

It could also be nicknamed "the city of theodolites" — because of its strong links at present, and in the past, with the surveying profession.

In Perth, which is currently the host State for the national congress of the Institution of Surveyors, the Surveyor-General is Harold Camm.

His father was a former Surveyor-General and his son is a surveyor in private practice.

The Federal president of the Institution, John Ewing, is also the son of a surveyor.

Lord Forrest, whose statue stands at a focal point in King's Park, and his brother, Alexander Forrest — whose statue stands outside the Supreme Court Gardens farther down in St. George's Terrace — were both surveyors.

Harry Frederick Johnston was appointed Surveyor-General of W.A. in 1896, and now his son, F. W. Johnston, is Commonwealth Surveyor-General and author of the book "Knights and Theodolites."

HER NAME WILL GO ROUND THE WORLD

A RARE honor has been paid an Australian woman by the Japanese, who have named a ship after her.

It is the Margaret Maru, named after Mrs. Margaret Morgan, of Toorak, Vic., whose husband, Mr. W. M. Morgan, is managing director of the Western Australian Mining Corporation.

Mrs. Morgan launched the Margaret Maru at Kawasaki Dockyards, in Kobe, Japan, a few months ago and has now accompanied her husband to Geraldton, W.A., to see the ship take on a shipment of iron ore from Australia to Japan.

Mrs. Morgan said that as far as she knows this is the first time a Japanese ship has been named after an Australian woman, and the suggestion to name the ship after her was made by the Japanese.

The word "Maru" is included in all Japanese merchant ships' names. Its literal meaning is "round" or "complete."



Grows 'weeds'— and eats them!

■ Ceylonese Mrs. Swarnie Mendis, of Brisbane bayside suburb Wynnum, has a vegetable garden full of weeds—but she wants it that way.

After 14 years in Queensland she enjoys preparing food from health-giving weeds, after the custom in her country, but is sad she can find so few in Australia.

Mrs. Mendis loves Queensland, but misses the great variety of leaf vegetables people can eat in Ceylon.

"There you can buy 20 to 30 different varieties," she said. "Some shops have nothing else but greens. The Ceylonese don't eat much meat, but they eat a lot of greens."

She is partly consoled by having found two weeds in Brisbane in plentiful supply.

Mrs. Mendis said: "I use regularly two 'weeds' here that are classed as green vegetables in Ceylon. I cultivate them in my small garden at the back of the flat, although some people think it's strange to grow weeds to eat."

Mr. Siri Mendis, her husband, who got much of his information about plants from a doctor of nutrition in Ceylon, identified one of the weeds as Amaranthus Cruentus, known in Queensland as the Red Shank weed, because it has a red root and stem. (The Mendis family use this as spinach and cook quantities of it.)

The other is Asiatic pennywort —known in the East as the "Elixir of Life." Asiatic pennywort has a leaf something like a wild-violet leaf and is eaten raw in salads.

Mrs. Mendis often sees it growing wild along garden fences, but is wary about picking it because of the danger of weed-killer.

Mr. Mendis is amused by the fact that some containers of weed-killer advertise: "It even kills pennywort." "We prize it," he said.

According to Mr. Mendis, it is believed in Ceylon that Asiatic pennywort helps to prevent hardening of the arteries. He said: "In Ceylon people eat pennywort almost every day. It's also good for sinus troubles and catarrh."

The Government Botanist in Brisbane (Mr. S. Everist) when asked about the "weeds" said: "These things may or may not be founded on fact — we don't know.

"With some plants it has been found that modern research has backed up the old traditions. For example the Rauwolfia, or snake root, has been used for hundreds of years as a tranquilliser. Now it is the chief source of Reserpine, which is extensively used as a tranquilliser in medical practice.

"There's a great tradition of herbal folk lore in Asiatic countries. They are very old civilisations and the people haven't lost contact with all the traditions."

● *Preparing lunch, Mrs. Mendis cuts up some Asiatic pennywort, to add to the salad. The pennywort has a fresh, minty taste.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972499

It was a challenge — New York's most burglarproof bank against her unusual talents

PENELOPE

Opening instalment of our amusing two-part serial

By E. V. CUNNINGHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDSON



ON January 11, 1966, a Tuesday, the newest, brightest branch of the City Federal Bank of New York was robbed. The robbery occurred at exactly 2.33 p.m., and the thief got away with fifty-two thousand six hundred and eleven dollars in United States currency.

This branch, at Madison Avenue and Seventy-fifth Street, was the sixth which the rapidly expanding City Federal Bank had opened in New York. The bank had been planned from the beginning as part of the twenty-two-storey luxury apartment house that loomed over it. Its vaults were forty feet below street level, sunk in a mighty pocket of bedrock, and supposedly proof against anything less than a direct bull's-eye hit by an atomic bomb. No battery of men armed with acetylene torches, much less a burglar, could ever penetrate that vault.

The street level of the bank was differently but no less effectively protected. Not only were there four burly armed guards, but alarm buttons were everywhere. Let a teller so much as breathe uneasily and an alarm went off simultaneously in the bank, the local police station, the local private protection agency, and in the manager's office.

At the same time, sixteen-millimetre cameras were activated which photographed every inch of the interior and exterior of the bank. Let a thief by some miracle manage an escape; still his image, from a dozen different angles, would be impressed on film to dog him to his fate.

In spite of all this, the bank was robbed. The thief entered the bank at exactly 2.28 p.m. She was a small, slow-moving old lady, seemingly more than seventy years old.

Those who remembered her felt that her face was gentle and sweet. Her hair was grey and she carried a large, old-fashioned purse, a cross between a shopping bag and a briefcase. Her walk was arthritic, wonderfully convincing, and her face was lined and wrinkled. Three witnesses swore that no make-up could supply that living, mobile network of wrinkles. Her eyes shone pale and clear — blue eyes, open, honest, innocent.

This fine old woman proceeded directly to a paying teller's window — Miss Freda Sereno was the teller's name — opened her very large bag, and took from it an ugly and very efficient Luger automatic pistol. Laying this on the counter, shielding it with her hand, her body, and a black lace handkerchief, she spoke to the teller in a firm if aged voice:

"Young lady, this is a Luger pistol, loaded and deadly. You will do as I say or I will kill you."

Unable to articulate, Miss Sereno nodded. Under the counter, just inches from her foot, was a button that would send a clangor of alarm through the bank and electronically to the police and the protection agency; but for the moment her foot was frozen.

"Now, Miss Sereno," the old lady went on, reading the teller's name from the plaque that displayed it,

The instant Mrs. Stoneham turned away, Penelope took the bracelet and dropped it into her purse.

"you will pass across to me that package of five-hundred-dollar bills there in your drawer, also that package of one-hundred-dollar bills, and those bills you were counting as well."

Miss Sereno did as directed, and the old lady scooped the money into her huge purse. Then she noticed a thin package of one-thousand-dollar bills in one corner of the drawer (a special order that the manager had asked Miss Sereno to hold for a few hours) and her blue eyes lighted with delight.

"Those, too," she said.

Miss Sereno surrendered the thousand-dollar bills, and the old lady thanked her. Then she returned the Luger to her purse and walked to the ladies' room, which was about forty feet away from the teller's window. She entered the ladies' room and, as the door closed behind her, Miss Sereno, forgetful of the alarm button, began to scream.

She screamed several times — until all four armed guards converged upon her window, followed closely by the manager and two vice-managers. It took them at least forty seconds to subdue her hysteria, and another forty seconds to obtain from her the gist of what had occurred.

To page 51

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972500



Life is so much more exciting when you are slim!

..and now it is so easy to become Slim!

No need for hard-to-keep, complicated diets; no sickly food substitutes; no boring exercises; no hunger. You eat normal food . . . and simply take three American Slimming Tablets each day. They reduce your appetite for fattening foods and also assist your digestive processes to prevent food turning to fat. Nothing could be simpler—or safer.

American Slimming Tablets and they cost only 10/6 for 14 days' treatment—9d. a day to be slim!

AMERICAN SLIMMING TABLETS

(Advertisement)



A Beautiful Complexion

Surround yourself with an aura of loveliness when you go forth for the day. After cleansing, tone and refine your complexion with lemon Delph freshener to stimulate the skin cells — and then smooth on a film of tropical moist oil. The hygroscopic (moisture attracting) oil of Ulan will nourish your skin at depth to banish wrinkle dryness and to give your complexion a youthful bloom besides protecting it against the drying effect of wind and weather.

. . . Margaret Merril

BANISH BUNIONS

with ALSTONS SCIENTIFIC TOE STRAIGHTENER

Surely surely the pressure-relieving BEFORE



AFTER

Money back if not satisfied.

Only 8/- each

BRITISH INDIA RUBBER CO.

Dept. A.W.W. Eastbourne, England

HUMMINGBIRD BUSINESS

A short short story
By LORIMER HAMMOND



Melissa paused as Hugo Griggs started to hum the tune of his latest song creation.

SOME people are natural-born artists. Others may be congenital mathematicians. Then there are those who have innate aptitudes for cooking or taking care of babies. Talent can branch out in incalculable directions, as it did in the case of Miss Melissa Larkin, who possessed the unique gift of being able to remember the title and words of every song she ever heard at any time in her young life.

Melissa couldn't play any musical instrument. She couldn't even sing. Couldn't even whistle. Yet if you hummed a tune for her, and asked her what the song was, she always could tell you the right answer without fail.

How did she do it? I don't know, and neither did she. As a matter of fact she had no conception of her own ability along that line until Ben Grandino discovered her strange skill entirely by accident.

Ben calls his record shop "The Discotreasury." He keeps thousands of old and new records in stock, from the latest wheeze in folk balladry to the stalest of corny blues classics. His shop is a popular hangout not merely for jazz-mad teenagers but also for professional musicians, disc jockeys, and songwriters.

Well, one day Melissa was in there trying to make up her mind which new record to buy—she could afford only one inexpensive record per month—when she happened to overhear a would-be customer get annoyed because Ben failed to identify a song of which the irate customer could just barely hum the refrain.

"You're a fake," the would-be customer snarled at Ben. "You and your so-called Discotreasury! You certainly ought to know the name of this song I'm humming."

Evidently the would-be customer was a person of importance, for Ben's reply sounded apologetic. "Maybe I ought to know it, but I don't. I'm sorry to say I haven't any idea what it is."

"Excuse me," said Melissa. She couldn't resist her kindly impulse. Timidly she spoke up. "If I'm not mistaken, the name of that song is 'Niagara Moon,' and the words go like this: 'Honeymooning with your honey at Niagara Falls, where the beamy nights are dreamy and the lovebird calls . . . '"

"That's it!" shouted the would-be customer.

"Gee," said Ben, "that number dates back at least 40 years." He looked inquiringly at Melissa. "How come you know it, young lady? It must have gone out of circulation about 20 years before you were born."

"My mother used to sing it," Melissa said.

As usual, a bunch of teenagers were in Ben's shop at the time listening to records and, occasionally, buying. The kids were quick to feel their curiosity aroused by Melissa's knack of musical memory. A teenage girl hummed a sentimental air. "What's this?" she asked Melissa.

"The Teardrop Song," Melissa promptly answered, and she reeled off the words: "Little teardrop in my eyes, you know why I cry and cry . . . "

"Good girl!" the kids cheered and shouted. "Now what's this?" said a boy whose voice was changing as he hummed some basso profundo notes that soon broke into falsetto.

"That one," Melissa said, "is 'Ox on the Rocks,' and the goofy words go: 'Click clack clocks, ox on the rocks, ginger beer for baby dear and holes in your socks . . . '"

Tune after tune the teenagers hummed at Melissa, and not once could they stump her. Ben Grandino's shrewd eyes narrowed as he watched her perform.

He took her aside and said: "Want a job? Lots of times I get customers who hum a tune and ask me what it is and I can't tell. My memory isn't so hot any more. How'd you like to work here telling the tune-hummers what is what? I can't pay much, but the chore would be pretty easy. What do you say?"

Melissa said, "I'd love to."

So that's how she became a permanent feature of the record business in Ben Grandino's Discotreasury. And the odd nature of her occupation attracted a great deal of interest, especially among the professional musicians.

It took them only a very little while to tag Melissa with an appropriate nickname. They called her "The Hummingbird."

She wasn't a strikingly pretty girl, but she had a pleasant appearance and she was a wonder at identifying any tune from just a few bars of melody.

However, that knack of hers didn't amount to much more than a freak trick of memory until the day when Hugo Griggs came along.

Hugo Griggs was a songwriter, a composer of catchy melodies for the stage, the TV screen, and the jukebox. Like other musicians of the locality he often hung around Ben's record shop, and Melissa hadn't been working there very long before Hugo dropped in.

Merry as a cricket, he was chirping gleefully over his newest creation, which he proceeded to hum, loud and clear. "What do you think of it, Benny?" he said.

Ben grinned approval, but then he noticed the expression of doubt on Melissa's face. "Don't you like it?" he asked her.

"Oh, yes," said Melissa. "I liked it a long while ago when it used to be called 'Now or Never.'"

Hugo clutched his head. "Sweet suffering grief!" he howled. "That's exactly the same tune as my new number. I had completely forgotten old 'Now or Never.' My dear girl, you've saved me from making a plagiarising fool of myself."

He grabbed Melissa's hands and kissed them. "After this," he said, "I'm going to hum every tune of mine to you before I do anything else with any of my songs."

Melissa agreed to that proposition. Hugo was 25, not more than five years older than she. He had fairly good looks, a steady income, a promising future, and behaved quite reasonably compared to the average run of musicians.

Time and time again Melissa rescued him from the embarrassment of unconsciously "borrowing" his tunes from old songs that had slipped out of his mind but not out of hers.

She does it continually now that she and Hugo are married. So, although she no longer works at Ben's record shop, in a way she is still in the hummingbird business.

(Copyright)

Best New Food Idea in Years!



4 Rich Bounty Gravies in Cans

No mixing — simply heat and serve.

N150

EVERY TWO MINUTES

of every day ...

A NEW SET OF

TILT-A-DOR

OVERHEAD GARAGE DOOR FITTINGS

is installed somewhere in Australia

Use TILT-A-DOR fittings with any size garage door—in steel, timber or aluminium. Standard or deluxe models, all fully guaranteed. See your door specialist, or local hardware store.

T182/6

Quick relief from HEMORRHOIDS

Pile Sufferers! Dr. Leonhardt's **Vaculoid** gives relief to any form of hemorrhoid (pile) misery. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. **Vaculoid** is a harmless tablet that effectively treats hemorrhoids (piles) at the source of the complaint. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely. Chemists everywhere recommend and sell **Vaculoid.**

VACULOID

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972501



plump luscious prunes give that sun rich taste to breakfast cereals

Prunes with cornflakes, or any other cereal, give breakfast a grand new 'wake up' flavour. The tiredest appetites rouse up to their luscious sun-rich goodness. Other fruits come and go but tasty, tender prunes are always in season. Prunes are ready to eat, straight from the 'polycel' pack your grocer is selling now. Go easy on the sugar, just a sprinkle on the cereal is enough, because prunes are packed with natural sugars, the best kind for everyone's health!



AUSTRALIAN DRIED FRUITS ASSOCIATION

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972502

A charming short story
By ANNE HOLDEN

THE TREE

IT was the tree that decided for them. The agent flung open the veranda doors with a flourish, and there it was, an enormous flat-topped pyramid dwarfing even the steep-roofed house, richly green, with the spring sunshine gilding its outer leaves.

The agent beamed. "A beauty, isn't it? There's a piece about it in the A.A. handbook. A hundred and five years old, that tree. A real landmark." He might have added that having it in the garden had put the price of the old house up about a thousand dollars, but he didn't.

Later, as they were driving away, John said, "What do you think?"

"We could have afternoon tea out on the lawn in the shade," Yolande said dreamily. "Like the English."

John didn't answer for a minute. He was busy working something out. "You know," he announced, "when my grandfather was born, that tree was twenty-seven years old!"

So they bought the place, and for a fortnight or so after they moved in the weather was hot and sunny. Little Roger slept out under the tree in his muslin-draped bassinet every morning, and twice Yolande got as far as carrying the afternoon tea out on a tray. But the lawn underneath the tree turned out to be ridgy with ancient roots, and after Yolande had fished an earwig or two out of her teacup she stopped putting the baby to sleep under the tree.

John, however, bought an A.A. handbook, and sure enough there was a paragraph about their tree and how it had been planted by Bishop Selwyn himself. Their friends were impressed and frankly envious.

"There's a lot to be said for buying a place," they declared. "Of course, it's lovely having everything new inside, but, my dear, I'd swop my kitchen any day for that marvellous tree

To page 40

Yolande watched as her husband vigorously trimmed the top branches of the giant tree.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972503

Advertisement

Beautify your complexion



YOUTHFUL, line-free loveliness is restored to the complexion when it is generously nourished at night. After removing your make-up, massage gently with Ulan vitalizing night cream, paying particular attention to the crow's-feet area where ageing lines and wrinkles first appear. This skin nourishment should be maintained during the day by smoothing in a film of oil of Ulan before making-up.

. . . *Margaret Merril*

WHO'D EVER DREAM she's wearing Elastic Hosiery?



That's the beauty of Scholl Surgica. Hosiery that never tells. A true support stocking with surgically-correct tension to give proper control, real relief and comfort. Light, fine, seamless. No-one knows you're wearing it. Exclusive "soft-grip" top and instep eliminate constriction. Get the world's best — Scholl. All fittings from chemists, surgical suppliers, Scholl depots.

Scholl
SOFT-GRIP
ELASTIC HOSIERY
NYLON OR ELASTIC YARN

*memo to typists:
NOW! TYPE OUT TYPING ERRORS!
with amazing TYPE-OUT
NO MORE ERASING



• A packet of 12 TYPE-OUT strips *(making 1,000 perfect corrections)*: 59c (5/11)
AT STATIONERS & NEWSAGENTS
AUSTRALIAN DISTRIBUTORS: Kadco Trading Co., 45 Phillip St., Sydney.

NEW WAY TO TREAT ASTHMA
New Improved Laboratory-tested MENDACO is certified to stop attacks of Asthma, Bronchitis, Sinusitis and Hay Fever. Stops wheezing, coughing—lets you breathe easily and sleep like a baby. Get MENDACO at chemists money-back guarantee. Only 6/6

AMAZING NEW TABLETS STOP
BAD BREATH
Do you suffer from bad breath? Many of us do from time to time; it can be most unpleasant for our friends. Don't chance offending others—get Amplex Deodorant Tablets today

Continued from page 39

THE TREE

of yours. When you build you have to start from absolute scratch in the garden."

Mr. Rennie called on the third Saturday. They were sitting on the veranda steps when he arrived. Yolande offered him a cup of tea, but he folded his lips rather disagreeably and said, "No, thank you," he never indulged between meals. He made it sound like a vice.

Yolande picked up her own cup and led the way inside. It was very dark in the front room, as the dense macrocarpa came to within a few feet of the only window.

"We were just admiring our tree," she remarked, for something to say.

Mr. Rennie coughed primly and put his hat down on the floor beside his chair. "It is about the tree that I called," he said. "I am the secretary of the local historical society, you see, and we naturally look upon the Selwyn Tree as one of our most prized possessions. We can't help feeling just a little bit anxious about its future well-being." He paused and looked at them severely over his glasses.

"Oh?" said Yolande faintly.

"Yes, indeed. The Messrs. Meikle looked after the tree beautifully, quite beautifully. They were used to doing it, of course. They took great pride in the fact that it had been in the care of their family for three generations. It was a thousand pities they had to sell it outside the family, but the damage has been done now and we must just make the best of things. That is what I said to my committee and they agreed that I should come along here and put the case to you."

"And what case is that?" asked John carefully.

Mr. Rennie raised his eyebrows. "About the future of the tree," he replied.

Yolande stood up. "You may all be quite easy in your minds about the tree's future," she said grandly. "I assure you that my husband and I are well aware of its value."

MR. RENNIE rose, too. "My society will be relieved to hear that," he said briskly. At the garden gate he turned for a last look at the tree. "You will note the outline is getting just a trifle blurred already," he remarked. "The Meikles never let it go so far before pruning."

Left alone, they turned to look at each other.

"The cheek!" said Yolande hotly.

"One of their most prized possessions indeed!" agreed John.

"As if we'd let them dictate to us about how to look after it," Yolande went on.

When Yolande came to call John to tea she found him halfway up their tallest ladder working away with a pair of hedge clippers. He spent most of Sunday at it, too, although they had planned to go for a picnic. Monday, he did a little after work; Tuesday, he cut into one side rather too deeply and had to re-cut the rest to match. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday it rained.

On Saturday, Yolande swore one side still sloped more steeply than the other, and it took several days to correct it to her satisfaction. Then John bought a longer ladder and a differently shaped pair of clippers so that he could do the top three feet.

It was a lovely summer that year, and their friends often called to ask John and Yolande to come to the beach with them or to go for a bush picnic, but gradually they stopped calling. Somehow John and Yolande were always too busy to come. They didn't go out at night, either. John spent so much time working outside that he couldn't give Yolande much of a hand about the house. They went to bed as early as they could, but even so they didn't sleep very well.

One night, suddenly, out of the darkness, John exclaimed, "It's the last three feet that really get me. If it weren't for that top bit it wouldn't be so bad."

Then Yolande had her bright idea. "John!" She sat bolt upright. "Supposing we get the top cut off? No. Listen, I've often heard of people getting trees topped. In fact, it's good for them to be topped."

John switched on the lamp and looked at his flushed and eager wife. Hope began to dawn. "Do you really think we could?" he asked.

Yolande was emphatic. "Of course we can. Whose tree is it, anyway? And, in any case, no one would even know. Who on earth would miss three feet or so off that . . . that monster?"

John was still doubtful. "I don't think we should do it ourselves. It's a job for an expert. After all, I should hope we're not vandals."

The next day John rang Mr. Jacobs, a professional tree man, and asked him to come over on a matter of business. Mr. Jacobs was slow to understand what they wanted him to do.

"You want me to cut a piece off that there tree?" he demanded incredulously. "That tree what's the finest and the tallest piece of macrocarpa in the province, in the whole of New Zealand, like as not?"

"Yes," said John bravely.

"Well, I couldn't do it," said Mr. Jacobs triumphantly. "I wouldn't rest in me bed afterwards, not if you was to offer me two hundred dollars for the job. On the nail."

Yolande and John exchanged alarmed glances; but Mr. Jacobs hadn't finished.

"What's more," he went on, lashing himself into a righteous fury, "you won't find anyone roundabout who'll have anything to do with that sort of job. That tree's a real heirloom. I wouldn't be able to look any of me friends in the face if I was to monkey around with it." Off he stumped in a rare old taking.

A fortnight later, an evening paper did a feature article on the Selwyn Tree. The paper was running a series called "Sunday Drives Around Our City," and the tree was number four on the list. The reporter used the notes he had made when he had been sent to cover the tree's hundredth birthday party, and he had waxed lyrical over the two old bachelor brothers who were devoting the evening of their lives to caring for one of the Island's most treasured landmarks.

"And when you think of those Meikles loafing their time away at the beach!" said Yolande furiously.

There were three busloads and innumerable carloads the next Sunday, and all through the May holidays the fence was lined with mothers pointing out "this living bit of history" to their offspring. On Queen's Birthday, John and Yolande left early in the morning to avoid the crowds and came back to see that enthusiastic sightseers had trampled all over the garden, leaving their litter.

Not that there was much to damage. John had had next to no time for ordinary gardening that year, and Yolande was buying vegetables for the first time since their marriage.

The evening paper pointed out that the pilgrimages to the tree proved that the younger generation was not lacking in cultural appreciation. The television station arranged for a university lecturer to give a talk on "The Selwyn Tree. Its Place in New Zealand's History," and the cameramen spent a day taking shots, first asking Yolande to take in the baby's washing as the nappies would spoil their pictures.

When John heard that the high school geography class had been given a project to do on the tree, something snapped. "This can't go on," he said, white and tense.

Yolande gazed fearfully at him. "What are you going to do?" she faltered. Gone was her pre-Jacobs confidence.

"The tree must go," John said firmly. "Luckily we don't need an expert to cut it down."

"Oh, John!" gasped Yolande, overcome.

"It's our tree, isn't it?" retorted John, and went into town to buy a cross-cut saw. He didn't tell the storekeeper why he wanted the saw, but things get around. Mr. Jacobs had talked. Mr. Rennie had expressed his unfavorable opinions to the historical society. The television technicians felt there had been some lack of co-operation in the matter of the nappies.

A deputation called on the mayor, who stormed along to the local MP. The Member listened avidly and sat down to draft a private bill. (Was this his big chance? "The McGonigal Act for the Protection of Historical Monuments in Unsuitable Hands" danced round his head in rosy letters as he wrote.)

All over the town parents set their children to print posters and banners. The local radio shop sent to Auckland for a job lot of forgotten recordings of Nelson Eddy singing "Trees." The citizens had found a Cause.

On Saturday after breakfast John went into the shed to assemble the saw, but he hardly had the pieces out of the box before Yolande came flying in the door. "John," she cried, "there's a crowd of people coming along the road. The mayor's there, and Mr. McGonigal, and I could read one of the banners. It says, 'Hands Off Our Tree.'"

"It's our tree," protested John, but he did so feebly, pathetically, gazing miserably at his wife.

Yolande rose magnificently to the occasion. "I'll talk to them," she said, "while you fix it up." And she told him exactly what to do.

The invaders were brought up short by Yolande's slim figure right in the middle of the garden path. "You've come to see our tree," she cried delightedly, and led them firmly round the side of the house away from the shed. They formed a circle around the massive base of the tree while Yolande gave them a relentless account of its history until at last a hardy fellow called out, "Yes, but what about that saw?"

Yolande gazed at him. "Saw?" she said wonderingly.

"That cross-cut saw your husband bought yesterday," chorused the crowd.

Yolande's brow cleared. "Oh, the saw!" she exclaimed. "Why, that's a birthday present for my husband's brother. He's the outdoor type," she added brightly, as John came staggering round the side of the house with the saw neatly packed up and labelled.

"And the worst of it," said John dolefully, when the two were alone again, "we have to send it. The station master was right there in the crowd."

"Just as well no one knows your brother is a small teacher living in a fifth-floor flat," said Yolande wryly. "And now what?"

"Now," said John grimly, "there's one thing left to do. Sell the house."

"Sell? And who would be fool enough to buy?"

"We bought," John pointed out. "But don't worry. I know who I want to sell it to. It came to me suddenly in the shed when I was nailing up that case. Put on your hat. It's our turn to go visiting."

Mr. Rennie looked at them owl-eyed, the secateurs poised in his hand. "Well, I don't know," he began, for once uncertain. "Mother and I are very comfortable here."

"My wife and I," John continued smoothly, "are of course extremely anxious to ensure the future well-being of the tree. That means much to us that we are willing to sell rather more cheaply to someone who we feel would have its true interest at heart. Someone like you, Mr. Rennie."

YOLANDE and John have a tremendous amount of work to do on the block of land in the new suburb, which was the only place they could afford to build with the money they got from Mr. Rennie, but they usually take time off for a drive at the weekend.

They generally go to the beach, but they don't often make arrangements to meet their friends there, because really, they are tired of inviting they much prefer life in a raw suburb to living in a mellow old house with historical associations.

There is a short-cut to the beach from their new house, but John insists on taking the long way round past the old Meikle homestead. It is his one extravagance, he says. And when he draws level with the garden gate he slows right down so that they can all have a good look at the dedicated little figure in the braces and spectacles, perched away up there on the ladder and diligently clip-clipping away at the smooth, green side of Bishop Selwyn's tree.

(Copyright)

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 397.—MATERNITY SHIFT

Practical maternity shift is available cut out to make in green, lemon, and blue and white check cotton. Sizes 32 and 34in., $4.15 (£2/1/6); 36 and 38in. bust, $4.35 (£2/3/6). Postage and dispatch 30 cents (3/-) extra.

No. 398.—PEG BAG

This peg bag is available cut out to embroider in lilac, blue, green, and beige. Price is 85 cents (8/6) plus 10 cents (1/-) postage and dispatch.

No. 399.—GIRL'S FROCK

This girl's frock is available cut out to make in pale green, pink, blue, and lemon turella, with lace. Sizes 24 and 26in. length, $3.50 (£1/15/-); 28 and 30in. length, $3.75 (£1/17/6). Postage and dispatch 20 cents (2/-) extra.



• *Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344-6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972504

Kodachrome
TRANSPARENCY



PROCESSED BY **Kodak**

The pictures you take are priceless... so put your trust in Kodachrome Film

Many picture situations are fleeting precious moments which can never be repeated. Pictures you certainly can't buy and perhaps never take again.
That's why you need to know the film you use — and the film you know best is Kodachrome.
It's the world's first choice for colour brilliance, lively sparkle and clean, crisp whites that come out best with superior Kodak processing.
Kodachrome II Film has a moderate speed of ASA 25, plus an exceptional latitude for forgiving slight exposure errors.

So, rather than take chances, take fine pictures with Kodachrome Film. *It's the film you can trust* for colour slides and colour movies.

KODAK (Australasia) PTY. LTD. Branches in all States.

Kodachrome Film

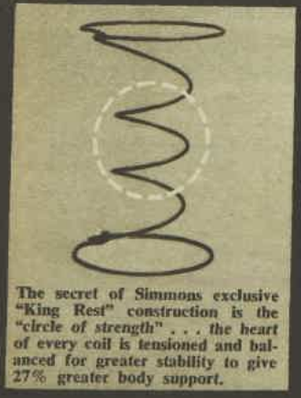
KM1173

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972505



An extra hour's luxurious sleep without a minute longer in bed. How come?

Easy! Sleep on a Simmons Mattress. The 27% greater body support of Simmons unique coils is worth another 60 minutes a night in refreshing, comfortable sleep.



The secret of Simmons exclusive "King Rest" construction is the "circle of strength" . . . the heart of every coil is tensioned and balanced for greater stability to give 27% greater body support.

The right kind of body support is vital for comfortable, relaxing sleep. That's why mattress coils are designed to "give" under your weight, making allowance for the natural contours of your body. Trouble is, the small twist in the centre of ordinary coils is a weak spot—the coils "give" too much, sag right down without springing back into place. But, with Simmons exclusive "King Rest" coils, it's a different story.

Only the first two twists at the top and bottom of a "King Rest" coil give under body weight. The centre of each coil has a special "circle of strength" which is tensioned and balanced for extra stability. "King Rest" coils adjust quickly to your body weight, then firm up to support you evenly.

This exclusive Simmons "King Rest" coil construction means 27% greater body support than ordinary coils. That's why you're 27% more comfortable, why you relax more easily, sleep 27% better . . . and if you're an eight-hours-a-night kind of person, that's equal to at least another hour's deep, refreshing sleep!

Crushproof borders: Simmons exclusive patented crushproof borders protect your mattress, too. Edges never sag, and it retains its streamlined look right through its long life. What's more, "King Rest" coils double mattress life.

"Deep Sleep" Big Bed: Finally, if you're interested in a *big* bed, Simmons have just the thing. Their "Deep Sleep" model is a big 5′ wide, a big 6′ 8″ long . . . wider and longer than ordinary double beds.

SIMMONS

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SLEEP PRODUCTS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972506

See the new range of Simmons beautiful mattresses and boxsprings now.

WHY YOUR MATTRESS NEEDS A BOXSPRING

WRONG

Wood base: wrong. Like putting your mattress on a hard, unyielding floor. Mattress wears out faster.

WRONG

Wire base: wrong. Sags uncomfortably. It rusts, it's noisy, it collects dust.

RIGHT

Simmons "King Rest" Boxspring: right. Gives you greater sleeping support, greater comfort. Free from noise, dust, rust. And it lasts longer. The perfect mattress base.



"Lady Anne 312 Micro-Quilt" Micro-Quilt surface, 312 "King Rest" coils
3' mattress $60 (£30)
4'6" mattress $70 (£35)
3' matching boxspring $52.50 (£26/5/-)
4'6" matching boxspring $62.50 (£31/5/-)



"Regal 312 Micro-Quilt" Micro-Quilt surface, 312 "King Rest" coils
3' mattress $55 (£27/10/-)
4'6" mattress $65 (£32/10/-)
3' matching boxspring $50 (£25)
4'6" matching boxspring $60 (£30)



"Deep Sleep 300 Micro-Quilt" Micro-Quilt surface, 300 "King Rest" coils
3' mattress $45 (£22/10/-)
4'6" mattress $55 (£27/10/-)
5'x6'8" mattress $75 (£37/10/-)
3' matching boxspring $42.50 (£21/5/-)
4'6" matching boxspring $52.50 (£26/5/-)
5'x6'8" matching boxspring $60 (£30)



"Luxury 285 Micro-Quilt" Micro-Quilt surface, 285 "King Rest" coils
3' mattress $40 (£20)
4'6" mattress $50 (£25)
3' matching boxspring $40 (£20)
4'6" matching boxspring $50 (£25)



"Sleep King 264" With 264 "King Rest" coils
3' mattress $33 (£16/10/-)
4'6" mattress $40 (£20)
3' matching boxspring $33 (£16/10/-)
4'6" matching boxspring $40 (£20)



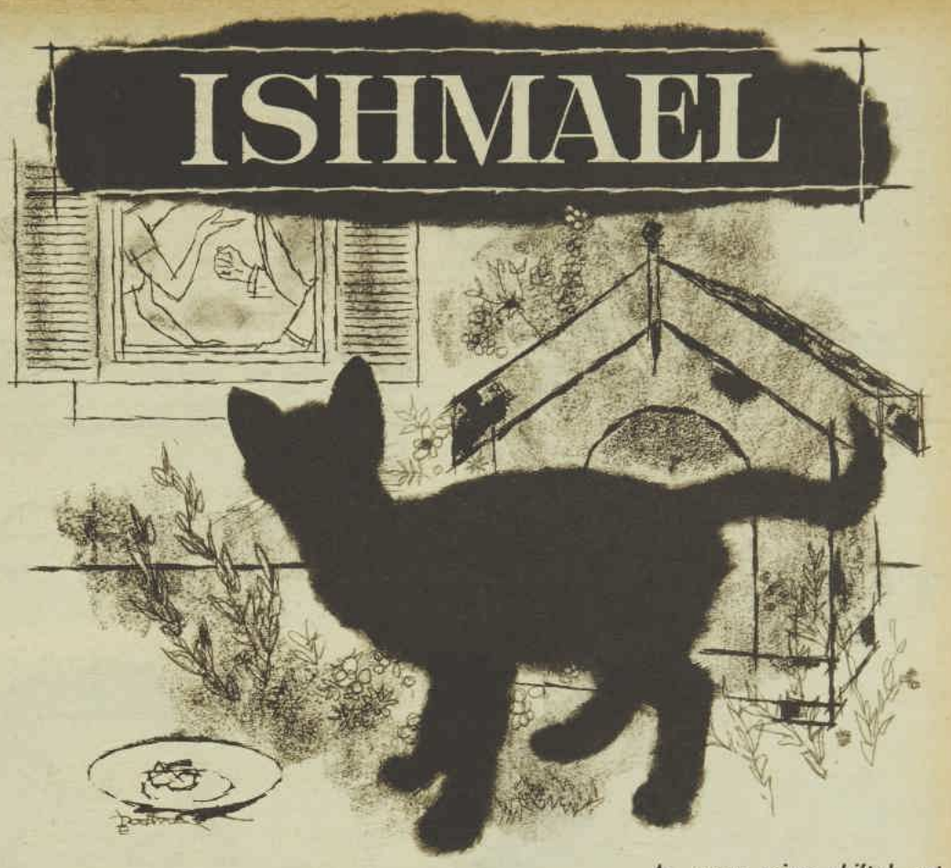
"Slumber Queen 220" With 220 "King Rest" coils
2'6" mattress $24 (£12)
3' mattress $25 (£12/10/-)
3'6" mattress $31 (£15/10/-)
4'6" mattress $35 (£17/10/-)
2'6" matching boxspring $24 (£12)
3' matching boxspring $25 (£12/10/-)
3'6" matching boxspring $31 (£15/10/-)
4'6" matching boxspring $35 (£17/10/-)

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN SOME AREAS

SIMMONS
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SLEEP PRODUCTS!

41.459

ISHMAEL



As angry voices drifted out of the window, Ishmael paused.

THE little black cat crouched in the shelter of the bushes near the front porch. For weeks the garden had been deserted, which was why he had adopted it as his headquarters. Now footsteps echoed inside the house, loud and hollow-sounding through the empty rooms, and the fur on the little black cat's bony spine quivered in alarm.

Still as a tiny ebony sphinx, only his telegraph-wire whiskers trembling at the alert, he awaited developments, ready to flee at the first sign of aggression. He was used to watching unseen from some carefully selected retreat, lurking among the undergrowth which softened the impact of any missiles hurled at his fleeing form.

Throughout his life—that is, throughout all the life he could remember—the little black cat had been a fugitive, dodging through shadows, slinking stealthily down streets and alleys, continually on the alert for prowling dogs and hostile human beings.

He snatched food where he could—from the careless housewife's table, from dustbins, from tradesmen's vans, from the plates left outside kennels and hutches for more fortunate animals. Grimly resigned to his fate, he endured the hardships of bitter nights and rain-drenched days, neither expecting nor receiving any comforts.

But sometimes, when the sun shone, and he dozed on a sheltered rooftop, vague dreams of kindness warmed his starved little frame. The sunshine fostered an illusion of well-being. While it shone he could pretend he was one of the plump, well-cared-for cats in the houses round about.

Quite inexplicably, a memory of these dreams revived in his wary little brain as he crouched, ready for a hasty exit, listening to the voices drifting from the house into the lilac-scented air. "Bill, it's perfect. Every inch of the place needs redecorating, and the garden's a wilderness. But we could do it ourselves. We needn't bother about the garden for a while. Oh, Bill, couldn't we possibly afford it?"

"You know it's out of the question, Sally." Though he spoke firmly, he sounded as if he wanted her to disagree.

"My father would help . . ."

"No, that's definitely out. I've told you, we will pay our own way right from the word go."

"But it's a beautiful house . . ."

"It certainly could be. Oh, heavens, no, it would be crazy to let ourselves in for all the expense."

"We might as well start as we mean to continue. Let's be crazy."

The footsteps came nearer, crossing the hall to the front door.

"It's the kind of house we dreamed of—at least, it would be when we'd finished—" the girl's voice broke off abruptly. Then: "Oh, Bill, do look! There, among the shrubs under the living-room window . . ."

"Poor little devil! It's half-starved. Nothing but skin and bone, and a terrified expression. Here, puss," the man bent down, calling softly. "Here, puss. Don't be frightened."

But the little black cat retreated, waving its tail and trying its best to snarl with a tigerish ferocity.

"It's an omen, Bill. A black cat on the doorstep!"

"That decides it. We'll take the risk." And laughing, arms entwined, they ran down the path toward the rickety old gate.

After that, every day brought a measure of upheaval. The little black cat brooded darkly on the roof of the toolshed in the shadow of the lilacs. There was no peace now, except in the very early morning. As soon as the neighborhood awoke, the girl arrived to clatter round the empty rooms, and the evening air was disturbed by continual hammering and banging.

One day an even greater disturbance took place. A huge van drew up at the gate, the garden was invaded by men in white overalls carrying furniture indoors, and Bill and Sally hurried back and forth talking excitedly.

Curtains appeared at the windows. Bill began to paint the porch, and the feet of his stepladder narrowly missed the little black cat's hastily concealed tail. With a pang of horror, he realised his sanctuary was lost for ever.

They were going to remain. He searched the sheds and borders in the neighborhood, but nowhere seemed safe. In desperation he was forced to return to his old familiar haunt.

After a few days, he had to admit his fears were largely unfounded. No one shooed him away, no one appeared to resent him. Sally even offered saucers of milk, but the little black cat kept his distance. Experience had taught him that human beings were unpredictable.

The old lady at the end of the road used to feed him until, to show his gratitude, he deposited a large dead rat on her shiny linoleum, to be rewarded by screams and a far-from-welcoming mop in his trusting face. A bearded man in highly aromatic clothes used to sleep in the toolshed by the lilacs and throw scraps to him. But he ambled off one evening between two policemen, and never returned.

The people next door had been quite pleasant until the little black cat behaved naturally, but rather indelicately, on their lawn. Never again would he become attached to one of their kind.

Not that this man and girl were in quite the same category. They both showed an unusual degree of courtesy. While they recognised his reserve, they still tried to make him welcome. Saucers of fish and milk were set down in the backyard and left for him to sample in his own good time. On the whole it was a satisfactory arrangement.

To page 44

A short story by ROSEMARY ALEXANDER

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972507

Continued from page 43

ISHMAEL

"He'll make friends when he's ready to," said Bill. "Don't worry about the poor little wretch. He's not prepared to accept us yet, and I don't blame him. He looks as if he's been kicked from pillar to post since his first miaow."

The weather grew hotter. Yellow patches appeared on the lawn; the clumps of delphiniums in the overgrown borders wilted, too burdened by purple blossom to grapple with the heat; the roses round the porch shed creamy flakes on the unweeded path. The little black cat felt a new sensation, a proprietory warmth toward this place.

These humans were so likable. They didn't grab at him wildly if he ventured into the open or try to detain him when he took advantage of their hospitality. Apart from putting out meals and talking to him whenever they happened to meet, they left him well alone. A highly satisfactory state of affairs, he mused, pouncing on a fluttering rose petal.

They had even given him a name. He was secretly proud of the distinction.

"We can't go on referring to him as 'the stray,'" Sally had said as he nibbled a savory morsel of liver in the yard outside the kitchen window. "He's obviously adopted us, and a member of our family must be named. We'll call him Ishmael, because he lives in the wilderness."

"Ishmael." Crouched on the roof of the toolshed, blatantly content, he twitched his ears approvingly. These were truly exceptional people, showing concern in a hundred ways that touched his wild little heart.

Now he really felt he belonged. When visitors came Bill and Sally discussed him as though life without him would be unthinkable. But there was one visitor he had mistrusted since the day he heard her remark:

"I see that mangy little stray's still hanging around. Why don't you shoo him off? You ought to get a decent pet, Sally. How about a well-bred sealyham or a corgi?"

But Sally soon demolished that suggestion. "I wouldn't dream of it. Ishmael's our pet, and he'd be annoyed if we added another, however well bred!"

The woman was always telling her what she ought to do. On yet another occasion she put Ishmael into a temporary panic.

"You need a holiday, Sally. A week's honeymoon hardly constitutes a proper summer break. You ought to go away for a long weekend while the good weather lasts," she suggested.

"We couldn't spare the cash." (Ishmael breathed a sigh of relief.) "Anyway, I wouldn't think of leaving Ishmael on his own," Sally had replied.

So, little by little, his confidence was won. It must have been about three months after their first meeting that he allowed Bill and Sally to stroke him . . . a gentle pat, then the past reclaimed him and he scampered away to safety. One afternoon, when Sally was stretched out on a rug on the lawn, he galloped across the grass, skidded to a halt by her recumbent form, and actually rubbed his soft black head against her ear.

"Good heavens, you've done it!" Bill, who was painting an upstairs window, almost fell off the step-ladder in amazement. "You've tamed our little wildcat!"

"Not quite!" As Ishmael, scared by his own temerity, dashed back into the border, he heard her sigh: "But I will persevere. This house won't really be home until our little black cat is purring happily on the hearth."

Autumn came and the first nip of frost. During the day Ishmael was content to chase among the dry leaves, but the nights were less amusing. The air grew colder.

"I hate to think of Ishmael out in the garden," Sally exclaimed. "I can't sleep properly while he's wandering about in the cold."

BUT Ishmael refused to cross the threshold into the bright kitchen or the newly papered sitting-room. Distrust was too deeply ingrained, too painfully acquired from lessons in the past. Much as he loved them both, the hurtful memories held him back.

They reached a compromise. Bill's leisure was almost completely taken up with the redecorating, but he spared time to build a little hut like a miniature dog kennel and set it in a sheltered corner of the yard. Sally lined it with a warm old rug and placed Ishmael's saucers outside to indicate that this was his very own home.

He was immensely grateful, and retired there when the weather became too bleak for even his harshly acquired toughness.

In fact, until that fateful November day his program became as near to regular as it had ever been. That day played havoc with established custom and out of havoc . . . but the whole sad episode requires a detailed explanation.

Raindrops were bouncing over the concrete yard when he opened a speculative eye and twitched a whisker to ascertain the long-range weather forecast. His own built-in meteorological device prompted him to remain where he was, in the comparative cosiness of the hut, until Sally, dashing up the path on her way home from shopping, reminded him of the interesting world outside.

Then, after some slow and graceful gymnastics to flex his muscles, he emerged and strolled off. The air was full of intriguing scents he wanted to investigate.

For a while, slit-eyed and wary, he crouched on the dripping branch of the elm overhanging the road, arching his back at strangers, spitting insults at passing dogs.

A large blackbird flew past and, oblivious of his watchful gaze, picked around among the exposed roots of the tree. Ishmael edged cautiously along the wet branch, made a swift descent, but the blackbird fluttered away.

Slightly irritated, he tried to pretend his real interest had been a thrush on the far side of the lawn. Then, when he had stalked it without success, he treated a nearby mousehole outside the toolshed to a prolonged inspection.

By the time it became obvious that every mouse within miles had got wise to his guerilla tactics, Ishmael felt decidedly hungry, and scampered back to the yard. Dinner was ready, a portion of haddock in white sauce, but before the first delicious lap could be fully appreciated, he paused.

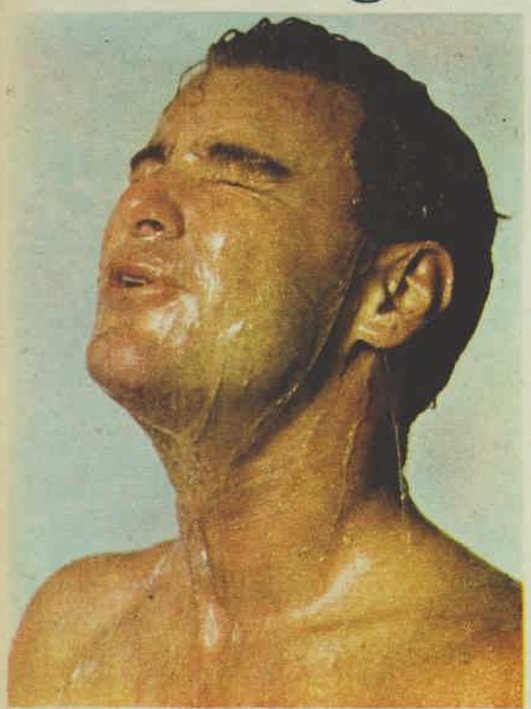
Something was wrong. He couldn't put a paw on the reason, but was inclined to attribute his unease to the gloomy weather. Then he became aware of other contributory factors. Voices drifted out of the kitchen window, harsh with anger.

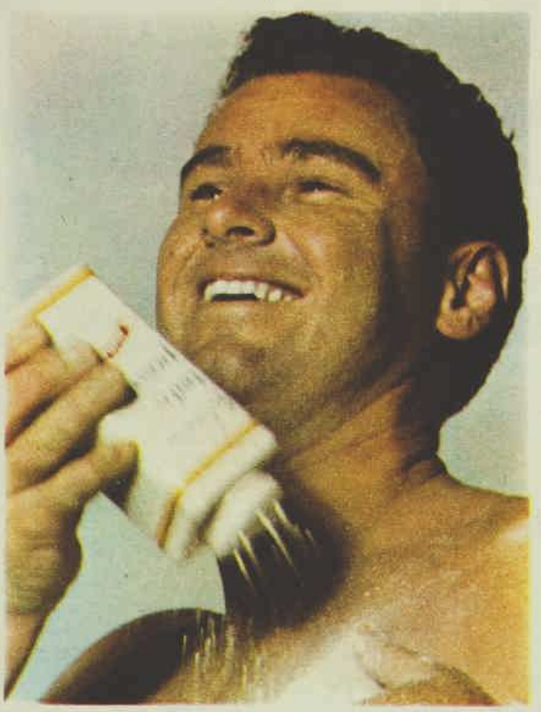
"I don't see why you object, Mother paid the bill."

"Oh, very nice of her, I must say! You don't have to tell me how that came about." Bill mimicked the voice which always put Ishmael on guard. "'Darling, you're not still wearing that shabby old coat you got two years ago! I mean, there's no need. I know that Bill's not a

To page 48

This feeling





could only be Johnson's.
The world's best talc gives you the world's best feeling.
Johnson's Baby Powder: best for baby, best for you.



Johnson & Johnson

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972508

LETTER BOX

• We pay $2.00 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Too many cooks

MANY people believe that a woman is very fortunate if she has a domesticated husband. As a wife whose husband looked after himself for many years before marriage, I have found that a domesticated husband can be very frustrating. Each person has their own way of doing things, and the male method is usually different from the female. The best husband is the one who, prior to marriage, lived at home. You may get comparisons with "Mum's way," but you don't get a husband actually interfering in the housework.

$2 to "Housewife" (name supplied), Brisbane.

Young individualists

AFTER three children, I'm convinced there is no such thing as a typical bedtime lullaby. Our first liked "This little pig . . ." sung to a made-up tune, with "Maori Farewell" ("Now Is the Hour") as second favorite. Our next child was very conventional, preferring nursery rhymes. Number three likes "Yellow Bird" or something with a beat like "Paper Tiger."

$2 to "Nellie Melba" (name supplied), Beverly Hills, N.S.W.

For a wet night

ALTERNATIVES to rubber boots and galoshes were asked for by a reader. I have a suggestion which works well in most places, except where the ground is very stony—two plastic bags, with two pieces of elastic to tie them at the ankles. They are particularly helpful for that dash from house to car on a wet night.

$2 to "Elsie" (name supplied), Port Hedland, W.A.

Not understood

OUR 13-year-old son has just started sub-junior. On his book-list it stated that if a boy wishes to matriculate he must study at least one language. Our son was aghast. "I thought matriculate meant you were going to become a mother!"

$2 to "Matriculated Six Times" (name supplied), Aspley, Qld.

A woman's view

WHAT a nerve firms have, expecting busy housewives to give their time (usually about 15 minutes) to answering questions about their products for nothing. Surely the woman being interviewed is worth her hire. What would firms say if people went and asked for free samples of their products to find out which they liked best?

$2 to Mrs. L. I. Douglas, Greenwich, N.S.W.

Enough was said!

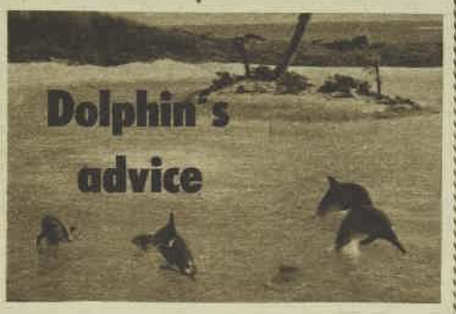
A FRIEND of mine asked her husband how he liked her new hat. He replied with ponderous candor, "Well, my dear, to tell you the truth . . ." "Stop, John," she said. "If you're going to talk that way about it, I don't want to know." (I'm sure all women know men like this.)

$2 to Mrs. V. Kellon, Gladstone, Qld.

"Excuse bad writing"

AN elderly relative, reminiscing about old times, was telling me about his grandmother who lived to a ripe old age and, as was sometimes the case in those days, could neither read nor write. His was the task of reading out the letters written to her, and also writing letters at her dictation. As she had a large, scattered family, this was some task. She always had him end her letters with "Please excuse bad writing"!

$2 to Mrs. V. Horton, Hurstville Grove, N.S.W.



• Russia's Fisheries Minister, Mr. Alexander Ishkov, says that research in Russia and other countries has shown that the dolphin's brain is complicated and very like man's. He said man might eventually be able to talk to dolphins or train them as fish-herders.

If you have brains, prepare to use them now
(The eldest dolphin told his younger friends).
The human female here can show you how;
She often hides her brains to suit her ends.
So we are clever? Who's surprised? Not us.
A million years we've gambolled in the sea;
We make no bombs, don't have to catch a bus,
We run no rat-race. In a word, we're free.
So, when men ask you questions, be discreet.
Be smart — which means, play dumb. (The dolphin shrugs —
And shrugging for a dolphin's quite a feat.)
Herders of fish, indeed! Let's not be mugs.

— Dorothy Drain

Strain on family

HAVING just returned from a funeral, I was struck by what appears to me to be the unnecessary suffering caused to the relatives on such occasions. I have thought for a long while that the actual interment should be a purely private family affair, with a memorial service for friends to attend being held a couple of weeks later, when the first shock of bereavement has worn off a little. The strain on the immediate family is made much heavier when it is faced in public.

$2 to Mrs. E. L. Ward, Dorrigo, N.S.W.

Ways to stop smoking

WHAT do you do when the urge for a cigarette is overpowering — and you have decided to give up smoking? I have heard of rinsing the mouth with water, brushing the teeth, chewing a clove, putting the price of the cigarette in a moneybox used to save for a trip. I chew a nut and, when possible, knit, crochet, or tat — a skill I have lately learned — to occupy my fingers. If both mouth and fingers can be occupied, it works like a charm.

$2 to "Gem" (name supplied), Atherton, Qld.

Many an old remedy

FURTHER to the homely old recipes mentioned by Mrs. Cable, my mother also made use of turnips, believing that there was never anything better for coughs and whooping-cough than the juice of white turnips. A basin was filled with alternate layers of sliced peeled turnip and sugar, covered with a plate, and left to stand until the following day. We children were always eager for a dose (one tablespoon), as a sure cure for our coughs.

$2 to Mrs. W. Marshall, Bundaberg, Qld.

★ ★ ★

FOR more years than I can remember, we have used honey for any skin ailment, rash, cut, or infection. Honey heals very quickly, and was used by French soldiers during the Napoleonic wars.

$2 to "Anonymous" (name supplied), Largs, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

I WAS one of a large family, and Mother did not believe in having doctors to us any more than she could help. If any of us had a sore throat, it was a dash of sulphur blown down the throat through a cone of paper. For a toothache in a tooth with a cavity, a raisin filled with mustard was packed into the hole. Oh, there were more home remedies besides these, and all of them good. The only time Mother got the doctor was in the case of accident or an out-of-the-ordinary complaint.

$2 to "Tartan" (name supplied), Henley Beach, S.A.

BLESS our parents with their old remedies. I was one of a family of ten, and we have been tough and strong—mentally and physically—all our lives. One Sunday at the beginning of spring, Father would come round and give us all a dose of sulphur and treacle. The next Sunday it was licorice, strong and black. The third Sunday, castor oil. We were given a penny for being brave, and were told, "This keeps you healthy for the year ahead." We never had a doctor all my childhood.

$2 to "Scottie" (name supplied), Woollahra, N.S.W.

• *Ross Campbell is on leave. He will resume his column when he returns.*



SS12

Checked for femininity

Prince of Wales check, by Dominex.
Soft, smooth-weave texture.
All warm, all wool and showerproofed.
Dominex made this all wool softie
to swing with you.
To wrap you up with a hug.
To spoil you for other coats.
Try on a Dominex.
You'll feel what we mean.

dominex



"I was tired and fed-up due to irregularity"

A. Baylis

"I used to suffer a lot with acid indigestion due to constipation, always feeling tired and fed-up. I tried many pills and tablets but none was very successful. "Then I tried Carter's Little Liver Pills and I can honestly say that within just two days I felt a new person. No pains, no tiredness, no constipation. I was really amazed."

What Carter's Little Liver Pills did for Mr. Baylis, they can do for you. If you are listless, irritable and "liverish" due to irregularity, these safe, effective laxative pills will soon put you right. Get rid of that nasty bilious feeling and you can really enjoy life again.
You can easily prove all this to your own satisfaction. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills according to the instructions. The regular size is 2/6—a small price to pay to bring back health and enjoyment to life. Millions of people throughout the world have found relief with Carter's Little Liver Pills. Carter's can help *you*.



IRREGULAR? THEN TAKE
CARTERS
TONIGHT — FEEL FINE TOMORROW!
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972509

'Beauty and the Brush' by Revlon





The Brush-On Collection... a soft, sweet complete story only Revlon can tell.

(Now the prettiest makeup ever invented . . . is easier to apply than anything you've ever tried!)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972510

How to talk to a baby

CELEBRITIES don't intimidate me. It's babies that intimidate me. Or at least it's with babies that I make such a fool of myself. I'm so afraid I won't make a good impression on them, I'm so afraid they won't be able to place me the next time we meet that I talk too much — and with the frenzied animation of a nervous guest on the "Tonight" show. I also rattle bracelets to get the baby's attention and wave small objects in the air and burst into snatches of song. This is naturally very boring to the baby, who fastens me with a glance of such unblinking, such crystalline intensity that I know perfectly well what he's thinking. He's thinking, "What IS the matter with that poor soul?"

By JEAN KERR

(Author of "Please Don't Eat the Daisies")

I find that I have more success when I affect indifference, because babies, like some men, seem to like you better if you are unattainable. Some months ago I marched into Katharine Josephine's room and pretended to be surprised to discover that somebody was occupying the bassinet.

"Don't tell me *you're* still here!" I exclaimed. "Listen, kid, do you know what day it is? It's the ninth, you're four months old, and you're not getting any younger, let me tell you. These are your best months, and what are you doing with them? Nothing. For your information, babies a lot smaller than you are out advertising blankets, and you just lie here fluttering your fingers!"

She seemed to hang fascinated on my every word, and then broke out a battery of smiles, oh, a waterfall of smiles—crinkles, wrinkles, dimples, and little gurgling sounds. Naturally, I went to pieces and said the wrong thing. "Oh, goodness!" I said. "You really are the dearest little creature, the sweetest little thing, Mummy's little lamb chop."

That did it. All smiles stopped, and it was clear to me our revels now were ended. Immediately she assumed that pained and blank expression that makes her look like Queen Elizabeth I bidding farewell to the troops. I had to snub her for an entire hour before she'd speak to me again.

It's an interesting fact that babies who won't smile for love or money will smile for vegetables. And the messier the vegetable, the more they will smile. A baby with a mouth full of strained spinach is almost guaranteed to smile from ear to ear, while green rivulets ooze down into its neck and all over its bib.

Dishes of pabulum

Now, most people make the foolish mistake of trying to scoop the spinach back into the baby's still-open mouth. They also try to reason with the baby: "No, no, honey, don't laugh any more, Mummy's got spinach all over her stockings and—no, oh, *no*, not on the rug!"

The best procedure at this moment is to be silent. You are not going to get the baby to see things your way. And anything you can say will merely indicate how completely you have lost your grip on the situation. For instance, to say, "OK, I hope you're satisfied, it's just five minutes since you had a bath, and now you're a mess, a complete mess!" will cause you to lose dignity. Since the baby will find that remark hilarious, it will cause him to lose more spinach.

Some adults who find themselves uneasy in the silence have discovered that it is helpful to intone rhythmically the names of the entire family: "Here's a bite for Grandma, here's a bite for Daddy, here's a bite for Christopher."

If the family should be small and the dish of pabulum large, the list can be padded by adding the names of all the delivery-men.

A friend of mine has worked out a variant of this. With the first bite of food she says, "Open up the garage doors, here comes the Chevy, here comes the Cadillac," and so forth. That child took the game so seriously that eventually he would only eat foreign cars.

But any method is better than the method I used on our first baby. In those days I believed in enthusiasm and the hard sell. I also believed that if a baby missed a single meal, it died or something. And I tried to conceal my panic with spurious cheer. "Oooh, yummy, yummy," I would say, sounding like some maniac commercial. "Oooh, what have we got *here?* Tasty, tasty cereal. Oooh, *I* wish *I* could have some of this delicious cereal."

Then, to indicate that all was on the level, I would actually eat a spoonful, but my expression would give the whole show away. In due time that baby found out who was in charge. He was in charge.

Now, eight years later, I find I get better results with total candor. I put the cards on the table with the cereal. "That's right, honey," I say, "it tastes just like library paste. But remember this — it's full of niacin, thiamin, and riboflavin. Furthermore, you really don't have any taste buds yet, so what's the difference? Come on, let's get it right down the hatch!"

This seems to work fine, and you have the satisfaction of knowing that you are building a relationship that is not based on lies.

By the way, many people make the false assumption that because a baby can't speak he can't hear. As a result, when confronted with an infant, any infant, they raise their voices and speak very distinctly, as though they were ordering a meal in a foreign language.

"Oh, is this the baby?" they ask. (Who else would be sitting in the middle of that playpen?) "Well, she doesn't look like any of the others, does she?"

A baby will put up with a certain amount of this, but sometimes the remarks get too personal. We had a visitor the other day who stared at Katharine Josephine (now Kitty, and now 16 months) and, after a minute, said, "Walter, I think she's going to have your nose."

Kitty was quite properly irate. She immediately stopped winding her musical egg. And she wouldn't smile. And she wouldn't say "Hi!" on her pink plastic telephone. And who could blame her?

By contrast, her godfather dropped in that same night. He noticed that she was wearing her Bavarian dress with the white ruffled blouse and all the petticoats, and he said, "Didn't I see you in 'The Sound of Music'?"

Torpedo-powered

Well, we couldn't shut her up. She let loose a volley of pear-shaped vowel sounds, with a few consonants here and there. And, while I don't pretend to understand her exactly, I'm sure she was explaining that they really *wanted* her for the part, and that it was all a matter of conflicting schedules.

Another thing: since a conversation between an infant and a grown person is hardly likely to be memorable, most adults don't remember what they have said to the children. But sometimes the children remember.

When Gregory was about two years old, he had the power and the velocity of a torpedo. So the simple business of taking off his clothes and putting on his pyjamas turned into a chore roughly equivalent to the landing of a 200lb. marlin.

It wasn't just that he wouldn't lie down or sit down or even that he always pulled his arms out of the tops of the pyjamas at the precise moment you were sticking his feet into the bottoms of his pyjamas. The real problem was that when you tried to put your arms around him in order to snap the various fasteners, he shot into the air like a fountain, spilling the baby oil.

It wasn't to be expected that I would remain silent during this ordeal. But I honestly didn't know what I had been saying until I listened to Gregory one night after he *had* gone to bed. He was muttering something over and over to himself. What he was muttering was, "Oh, my God — your poor *mother!*" We can't have that. I mean, I guess we can't have that.

When admitting that adults frequently make unfortunate remarks to babies, it has to be said that babies, too, can make mistakes. Last week Kitty made a real whopper. Her vocabulary is, of course, limited. But she can pronounce the names of all her brothers as well as the name of the man who comes to fix the dishwasher. Also the name of the nice girl who comes on Friday to clean.

"Bessie there," she says, with winning clarity. She can also say "mummy" and "daddy," of course. The only problem is that sometimes she calls me "mummy" and sometimes she calls me "daddy." And there is no excuse for this, because my husband and I don't look the least bit alike.

Personally, I have never let myself get touchy about the matter because I figured that down the years it would be cleared up. But not everybody is so high-minded. My husband, for instance, reacts to being called "mummy" by making remarks like, "OK, wait'll she comes to *me* for an allowance."

As I say, I was philosophical until last Thursday. I went to pick her up after her nap. She smiled the kind of smile that would give you hope even in a drought. Then she held up her arms and said, very distinctly, "Hi, little fella." Now, honestly.

Copyright 1966 by the Curtis Publishing Company.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972511

millionaire, but you've still got us. Well, I'm utterly sick of your parents' patronising remarks!

"They're always dropping little hints about our home, and our way of life. They knew what to expect when we got engaged. You told them you'd made up your mind, and preferred a hard-up schoolteacher to one of their wealthy friends' pampered sons. Next time they offer us charity, kindly tell them you have got a husband to support you . . ."

". . . in the manner to which he's determined, no doubt, I will become accustomed!"

The air was suddenly quiet. The silence made Ishmael's glossy fur rise in spikes along his now well-covered spine. This silence was more frightening than the angry voices, more frightening than the kicks and stones that used to beset him in former days.

Continued from page 44

ISHMAEL

"I see," Bill said at last with an awful finality. "What a pity you realised too late that love in a cottage isn't really up to much."

"Bill, don't look at me like that. I didn't mean—"

"Yes, you did, my dear. Truth will out, and for once it broke through your charmingly civilised veneer. Thanks for the honesty. I like it better. Now I know how you really feel, I'll stop ruining your life."

A door slammed, and seconds later Ishmael saw Bill's head disappear behind the hedge which separated the garden from the road. He felt simply terrible. He couldn't touch the haddock.

The air shuddered and quaked with evil undercurrents. The worst of it was, he couldn't tell how to avoid this danger.

Then he heard a totally unfamiliar sound, pitiful as a deserted kitten crying, sad as the feelings he used to suffer before this garden became his home. Nothing since the old vagabond days had distressed him so much. Forgetting his fears, Ishmael leaped up to the open window, surveyed the easy drop, and, in the same instant, alighted on the kitchen floor.

The sad sound continued nearby. Quickly he padded into the next room, where Sally was seated by the fire, her face almost hidden in her hands. There was something peculiar in her appearance.

At first he thought raindrops were trickling down her cheeks, but it wasn't raining indoors. He padded to her side, dug a tentative claw into the calf of her leg and miaowed anxiously.

"Oh, Ishmael." Sally gave a funny little hiccup, too upset to show surprise over his presence. "Ishmael, what can I do? It's the first time we've quarrelled, and now he's gone. Bill's left me for ever . . . and if he did come back things could never be the same. Ishmael, I'm so miserable. What am I going to do?"

Ishmael could not answer that, so he leaped on to her lap, dug his claws into her shoulder, and rubbed a comforting head against her.

"It was all my fault. I saw the wretched coat in a shop window and fell completely. But if mother hadn't been with me I wouldn't have considered buying it . . ."

Gradually her tears ceased. The fire blazed cheerfully and Ishmael settled down. Her lap was very comfortable. He forgot the reason for this incursion into alien territory, forgot the old terror of being imprisoned behind closed doors.

Footsteps crossed the yard. The back door opened and Bill came in. Ishmael did not lack tact. He knew when three can be a crowd and vanished discreetly under the polished table.

"Darling, I'm sorry. I oughtn't to have flown off the handle like that. There's no reason why your parents shouldn't give you presents. It's natural for them to want their only child to have the little luxuries they can afford."

"No," Sally replied. "A married couple ought to be independent. And so long as you love me I don't care two hoots about economising. They do interfere, in the nicest way possible, of course, but it can be maddening . . ."

THEIR voices came back to normal, and the weird tremors in the air had vanished. Ishmael moved nearer to the fire, purring approval. It had been a full day. Now he needed to relax. For quite a while the loving murmurs provided an accompaniment to his dreams. Then Sally said briskly:

"Now back to earth. What would you like for supper?" And, before Bill could reply, she added: "I'm so glad our first quarrel's safely over. I knew we'd be bound to disagree, sooner or later, but I'd dreaded it." She stood up and, quite inexplicably, started to laugh. "Oh, Bill, do look."

Bill was soon laughing, too, much to Ishmael's bewilderment. From amber eyes, he gazed at them thoughtfully, flipping the tip of his tail to indicate mild annoyance at missing the joke. They were looking in his direction, but he could not see anything particularly comic in the vicinity.

But then he could not see a little black cat, paws neatly folded, completely at ease, a little black cat the picture of contentment, purring on the hearth in front of the fire.

(Copyright)

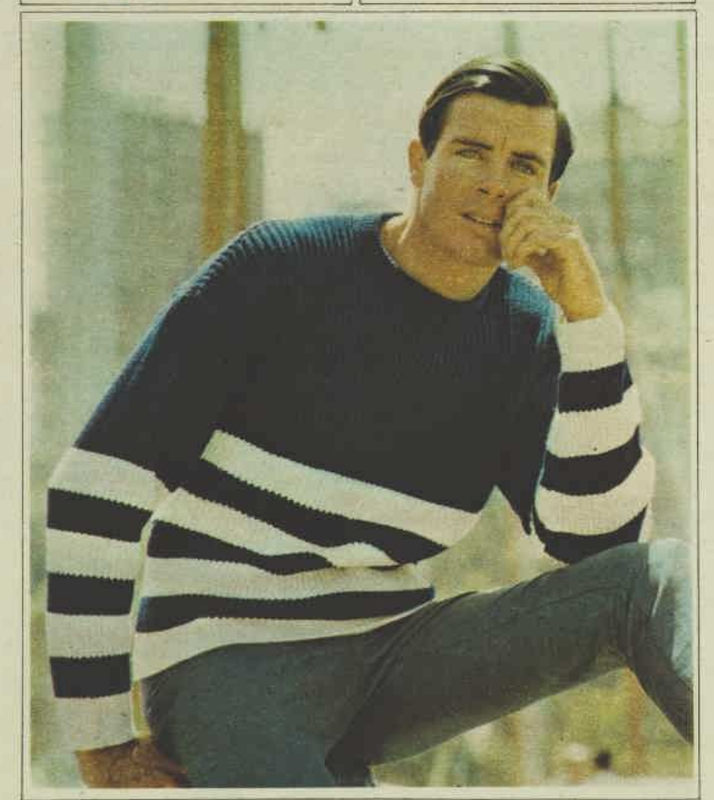
feels as luxurious as cashmere... Cashmilon yet washes beautifully, keeps its shape

Jantzen

handsome knitteds that stay that way!

Cashmilon

. . . the wash & wear knit that resists rubbing!



Yo ho ho for matelot stripes on Jantzen's handsome sweater. Style M55 in navy/white, price about $13.00 (130/-).



The classic V-neck sweater in dazzling white Cashmilon (that never yellows). Style M52, about $12.00 (120/-).

Cashmilon knitteds stay new looking longer . . . keep their "just new" softness, shape and colour. Tests prove Cashmilon's for keeps!



Chrome gold—another wonderful colour in Jantzen's V-neck sweater styled in warm, washable Cashmilon. Style M52, about $12.00 (120/-).

BD.3190.JCPWW

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By RUDD



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972512

PERCHANCE TO DREAM...

Romantic lace negligee

Materials: 26 balls Patons Azalea Crochet Yarn; Milwards Phantom Crochet Hook No. 10; ribbon.

Measurements: To fit 34-36in. bust; length, 44in.; sleeve, 15in.

Tension: 3 patt. (12 rows) to 2in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; dec., decrease; inc., increase; d.tr., double treble (yarn twice over hook).

RIGHT FRONT

Make 108 ch. with double yarn.

Foundation Row (Single Yarn): * 1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, 2 ch., (1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr.) in same ch., miss 3 ch., 1 d.c. in 4th ch., 3 ch., miss 3 ch., rep. from *, ending with 3 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. (13½ patt.).

1st Row: 5 ch., 1 tr. in first loop, 3 ch., * 1 d.c. in next 3-ch. loop, 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next 3-ch. loop, 3 ch., 1 tr. in next loop, 2 ch., 1 tr. in next loop, 3 ch., rep. from * to end of row, ending with 1 d.c. in end loop.

2nd Row: 5 ch., 1 d.c. between 2 tr., * 3 ch., (1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr.) in 2-ch. loop, 3 ch., 1 d.c. between 2 tr., rep. from *, ending with 3 ch., 1 d.c. in last loop.

3rd Row: 5 ch., 1 d.c. in 3-ch. loop, * 3 ch., 1 tr. in next loop, 2 ch., 1 tr. in next loop, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next 3-ch. loop, 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next 3-ch. loop, rep. from * to end.

4th Row: 5 ch., * (1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr.) in 2-ch. loop, 3 ch., 1 d.c. between 2 tr., 3 ch., rep. from *, ending with 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. in end loop.

These 4 rows comprise one patt. Rep. patt. rows 8 times, then dec. at end of next row by omitting 1 tr. at end of row.

Rep. patt. for another 32 rows, then dec. again on same side.

Dec. 4 times altog. in same way and cont. straight until 148 rows have been worked, ending at front edge.

To Shape Armhole: Keeping front edge straight, cont. thus:

1st Row: Work 8½ patt., leaving 1½ patt., turn.

2nd Row: Work in patt. to end of row.

3rd Row: Work to within ½ patt. of end, turn.

4th Row: Work in patt. to end of row.

5th Row: Work 8 patt.

6th Row: Work in patt.

Work next 8 rows in patt.

15th Row: Work in patt. and inc. 1 tr. at armhole.

16th and 17th Rows: Work in patt.

18th Row: Inc. 1 tr. at armhole.

19th Row: Work in patt.

20th Row: Inc. 1 tr. at armhole.

Work 9 rows in patt.

30th Row: Inc. 1 tr. at armhole edge, work in patt. to last 2 patt., turn (neck).

31st Row: Work in patt. (armhole edge).

32nd Row: Work in patt. to last 2 patt., turn.

33rd Row: Work in patt. to armhole edge, turn.

34th Row: Work to last 2 patt., turn.

35th Row: Work to last patt. of armhole edge, turn.

36th Row: Work 3 patt., turn.

37th Row: Work 2 patt., turn.

38th Row: Work 1 patt. Fasten off.

LEFT FRONT

Work as right front, working shapings on opposite side.

BACK

Using double yarn, make 216 ch.

Change to single yarn and work foundation row as for front from * to *. (27 patt.)

Work in patt. until work measures 15in., then dec. evenly on each side as for front until back measures the same as front to armhole.

To Shape Armhole — 1st Row: Work in patt. to last 1½ patt., turn.

2nd Row: Work in patt. to last 1½ patt., turn.

3rd Row: Work in patt. to last 1 tr., 3 ch., turn.

4th Row: Rep. last row.

Work 22 rows in patt.

27th Row: Work to last patt., turn.

28th Row: Work to last patt., turn.

29th to 32nd Rows: Same as 27th and 28th rows, shaping shoulders. Fasten off.

SLEEVES

Make 80 ch., using double yarn.

Change to single yarn and work foundation row as front from * to *. (10 patt.) Work the 4 patt. rows 10 times, then rows 1 and 2.

43rd Row: Inc. by working (1 tr., 2 ch.) each end of row.

Work 4 more rows without shaping.

48th Row: Inc. 1 tr., 2 ch. each end.

Work 4 more rows without shaping.

53rd Row: Inc. 1 tr., 2 ch. each end. (12 patt.)

54th to 60th Rows: Work without inc. on the 12 patt.

To Shape Top of Sleeves — 61st Row: Work in patt. to last patt., turn.

62nd Row: Rep. last row, turn.

63rd and 64th Rows: Work to last half patt., turn.

65th and 66th Rows: Work to last ¼ patt., turn.

Cont. dec. ¼ patt. at end of every row until three full patt. left. Finish off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces lightly. Using a flat seam, join side, shoulder, and sleeve seams.

NECK

Work ribbonholes as follows: With right side facing, join yarn at neck edge, * 1 d.tr., 3 ch., rep. from * round neck, working the d.tr. in every alt. loop. Fasten off.

Join yarn at lower left edge, work 3 d.c. into each loop around hemline; work 6 d.c. into turning loops at each end of hemline and neckline; work d.c. evenly along front edges.

Next Round: 1 d.c. into 1 d.c., * miss 3 d.c., 7 tr. into next d.c., miss 3 d.c., 1 d.c., rep. from * all round. Fasten off.

Work two rounds in similar manner around sleeve edges. Thread ribbon through neck.



EARLY-MORNING BEAUTY (above) is knitted in stocking-stitch, then trimmed with a flounce of crocheted lace. Directions below.

Ruffle-trimmed robe

Materials: 25 (26, 27) balls Patons Lambswool; pr. No. 9 knitting needles; Milwards Phantom Crochet Hook No. 9.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length, 34 (34½, 35) in.; sleeve, 14in. (all sizes).

Tension: 12½ sts. to 2in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sl-st., slip-stitch; st-st., stocking-stitch.

BACK

Cast on 120 (126, 132) sts. and work in st-st. until back measures 22½in., ending with a p row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 8 (9, 10) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. once each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 92 (96, 100) sts. rem.

Cont. without shaping until armholes measure 8 (8½, 9) in.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 11 (11, 11) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, 11 (12, 13) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off rem. 26 (28, 30) sts.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 50 (53, 56) sts., work in st-st., inc. once at beg. of needle in next and every alt. row until there are 74 (77, 80) sts. on needle.

Cont. without shaping until front measures 22½in., ending at side edge.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 8 (9, 10) sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. once at this edge in every alt. row 6 (6, 6) times, at the same time dec. once at front edge in next and every alt. row until 33 (34, 35) sts. rem.

Cont. until armhole measures same as back armhole, ending at side edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 11 sts. twice, 11 (12, 13) sts. once. Fasten off.

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front, reversing all shapings.

SLEEVES

Cast on 70 (74, 78) sts. and work in st-st., inc. once at each end of needle in 7th and every foll. 8th row until there are 86 (90, 94) sts. on needle.

Cont. without shaping until sleeve measures 11in., ending with a p row.

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 42 (44, 46) sts. rem.

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off rem. 18 (20, 22) sts.

BELT

Cast on 16 sts. and work approx. 56in. in st-st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly on wrong side. Join side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew belt edges together, right sides facing. Turn to right side and sew ends. With right side of work facing, and using crochet hook, join yarn at side seam and work the following round edges of gown and sleeves:

1st Round: * 4 ch., miss 1 st., 1 d.c. in next st., rep. from * to end, join with a sl-st. in centre of 4-ch. loop.

2nd Round: * 4 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, rep. from * to end. Join with a sl-st. in centre of 4-ch. loop.

3rd Round: As 2nd round.

4th Round: 3 ch., 2 tr. in same loop, * 2 ch., 3 tr. in next loop, rep. from * to end, join with a sl-st. in 3 ch.

5th Round: * 5 ch., 1 d.c. in 2-ch. loop, rep. from * to end, join with a sl-st. in 5-ch. loop.

6th Round: As 5th round.

7th Round. As 4th round. Fasten off.

Press all seams.



SOFT drawstring neck gives a floating allure to this ultra-feminine negligee. Directions at left above.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972513

Advertisement

Lemons for Beauty

TO keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamor of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.

Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● The shift-type jumper-suit and long-sleeved, ruffle-trimmed blouse (below, right) was chosen for a young Queensland reader.

HERE is part of her letter and my reply:

"Can you help me with a pattern in size 36-inch bust for a pinafore frock and, if possible, a long-sleeved blouse to go with it? I don't mind if I have to buy separate patterns. I have been unable to find such a design in Brisbane."

Our pattern department includes a design for a slim, fitted jumper-dress and long-sleeved, ruffle-trimmed blouse. Both these designs are included in the one pattern, which is available in your size group. If you wish to order, under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"Could you let me have a paper pattern for maternity slacks?"

Our pattern department has a three-in-one maternity pattern that includes skirt, pants, and shorts. To order it, please quote Vogue pattern 5970. Price 58c (5/9) includes postage. The pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Is it correct to wear a short- or long-skirted evening frock to a formal wedding at 7 p.m.?"

I think you will find quite a number of guests will wear long-skirted evening dresses. However, if you prefer a short-skirted evening dress, it will be quite correct.

"What colored accessories should I wear with a red wool suit?"

My choice would be a matching shade of red for the hat and taupe for shoes, handbag, and gloves. Taupe is a greyed brown.

"Do you think an empire-line dress is suitable for a maternity frock to wear to a 5 p.m. wedding? How much fabric should I buy in 36-inch width?"

I think the empire-line is very pretty for maternity wear. One made with three-quarter-length sleeves, bateau neckline, and slight gathers from a high-waisted bodice would require approximately 3¼yds. of 36in. fabric.

"Please tell me who has the final say in the choice of the colors and fabric for a bridesmaid's dress?"

The question of design and color for the bridesmaid's dress could be discussed with the bride-to-be, who has the final decision.

"I want to make a new blouse for a between-season suit. The suit is in a grey worsted and I want a blouse to lighten it a bit. I want a good washing material. I am in my late teens and have blonde coloring."

Peppermint stripes are in fashion and I suggest this idea in pink-and-white or blue-and-white to make a tailored overblouse. Men's shirting would be a good choice for the fabric.

"What type of buttons would be fashionable to finish a navy-blue reefer jacket?"

Gold buttons. Right now, the nautical theme is very strong in Paris fashion.

"I am one of the unfortunates with a thick waistline. Can you give me any advice about how to disguise this figure fault?"

The shift is kind to a figure with a thick waistline, so is a skirt and matching overblouse, and the dress with a dropped waistline. Avoid any design that marks the waist and never wear a tuck-in blouse.

"Would it be too drab to wear dark brown accessories with a dark brown suit?"

Not if you lighten the whole look with gold earrings and bracelet and a colored headscarf or hat.



6239.—Jumper dress and long-sleeved blouse in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6239. Price 65c (6/6) includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.





beautiful healthy hair begins with..

NEW MEDICATED Curlypet

Now your children can have beautiful healthy hair.

New Medicated Curlypet, containing Hexachlorophene treats dandruff and cradlecap; its baby-mild medication soothes annoying irritation—leaves scalp hygienically clean.
Beautiful healthy hair begins with Curlypet hair hygiene—keeps your hair lustrous, fragrant, perfectly controlled.
Non-sticky, non-greasy Curlypet does not soil clothes or pillows.

Ask your family Chemist for the yellow - gold Curlypet bottle, only 55c.

CP4

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972514

Continued from page 36

Immediately the guards went into action, drawing their revolvers and advancing upon the ladies' room. The customers of the bank, torn between fear and excitement, retreated to the other side of the lobby, leaving the space between the guards and the ladies' room ominously empty. They knew there was no other way out of the toilet than by the door they faced, and one of them, Steve O'Connor by name, sought to maintain the proprieties by roaring:

"Come out, old lady — and with your hands up!"

Whereupon the door to the ladies' room opened and a hysterical young woman emerged. This young woman was — according to the witnesses — about thirty, perhaps a few years younger. She was about five feet, five inches, with jet-black hair cut short, small, slight figure, regular features. Good looking. She wore a yellow suit, brown shoes, and carried a small, brown alligator purse. A woman of wealth and at ease with wealth — that, too, was the general opinion.

She came out of the door backward and cried out, "In there! That hideous old woman!"

"Did she have a gun?" one of the guards demanded.

The young woman nodded.

Throwing delicacy to the winds, the armed guards burst into the ladies' room. Meanwhile, Mr. Richard Shepson, the bank manager, always keenly aware of lawsuits, gave his arm to the young woman with the black hair, offered her the comforts of his private office, and directed one of the young lady comptometrists employed by the bank to lead her there.

SIMULTANEOUSLY, the guards occupied the ladies' room, which appeared to be empty. However, they were no longer deterred by modesty, and they tried the toilet cubicles. There were four of these. Three were open and unoccupied. The fourth was locked. They levelled their weapons on this locked cubicle and told the apparent occupant that she was covered and might as well come out. No reply. One of the guards then raised up on his toes and peered over the edge of the cubicle — and informed the others that it was empty of human presence, although locked on the inside.

A guard climbed in and opened the door. They found there a large purse, an old black coat, and a grey-white wig. In the purse, they found a rubber face mask and a Luger pistol put together out of a toy plastic kit.

The guards rushed back into the bank, but the young lady was gone. She had informed the bank clerk that she was quite all right and had walked out of the front door and had disappeared.

.

It was four o'clock on that same day, and outside it had begun to snow lightly. In the shining, gleaming, unbreakable interior of the bank, three plainclothes detectives clung to their tempers and tried to display patient courtesy. This was not so difficult for Sergeant Adrian Kelly, who was young and reasonably flexible. It was far more difficult for Lieutenant Leonard Rothschild, who was forty-six, whose digestion was wretched, and whose flexibility had practically ceased. It was nigh on to impossible for Captain Harold Bixbee, who commanded the Fourth Detective District, who was past fifty, and had developed into cynical manhood.

"It is the fourteenth of January," Lieutenant Rothschild said. "Outside it is cold and miserable. And yet a lady walks out of that ladies' room in a bright yellow suit and it doesn't mean one damn thing to you. Right?"

"It ain't that. It just don't make the full connection, Lieutenant," said one of the guards.

"What?"

"I mean we are looking for an old lady. I mean, we see this old lady. I see her myself, Lieutenant. She comes over to me and says to me, 'Young man, I need money. So what window do I go to?' She's so nice and sweet — I mean, I got a mother. I feel about those things. So I don't send her to Mr. Kennelly, who is maybe a little impatient with old ladies. I send her over to Miss Sereno."

Miss Sereno, the teller, was emotional, and she began to cry.

"Naturally, she is going to react," said Mr. Shepson, the manager. "She has just been through a major emotional experience."

"She supplied all the emotion," Rothschild commented, his face sadly expressionless. "What about it, Miss Sereno? We are your friends. Can you pull yourself together?"

"Suppose someone pointed a gun at you and threatened to kill you?"

"It wasn't a gun. It was a kid's toy."

"But just tell me, did I know it was a toy? Just suppose you tell me that? Cops always know all the answers. Well, I am not a cop. I am just a teller in a bank."

"Please, Miss Sereno," Captain Bixbee said. "I am more interested to know why you never stepped on the alarm button?"

"Because I never thought of it. I was too scared to think about anything."

"And you had no doubts about this old lady being an old lady?"

"I don't," Miss Sereno said firmly. She had dried her tears, and now she was tired of being pushed

To page 54

PENELOPE

LULUBELLE



"Honestly . . . don't you think it suits me better than it suits Mum?"

No need to speak when you're sipping stars

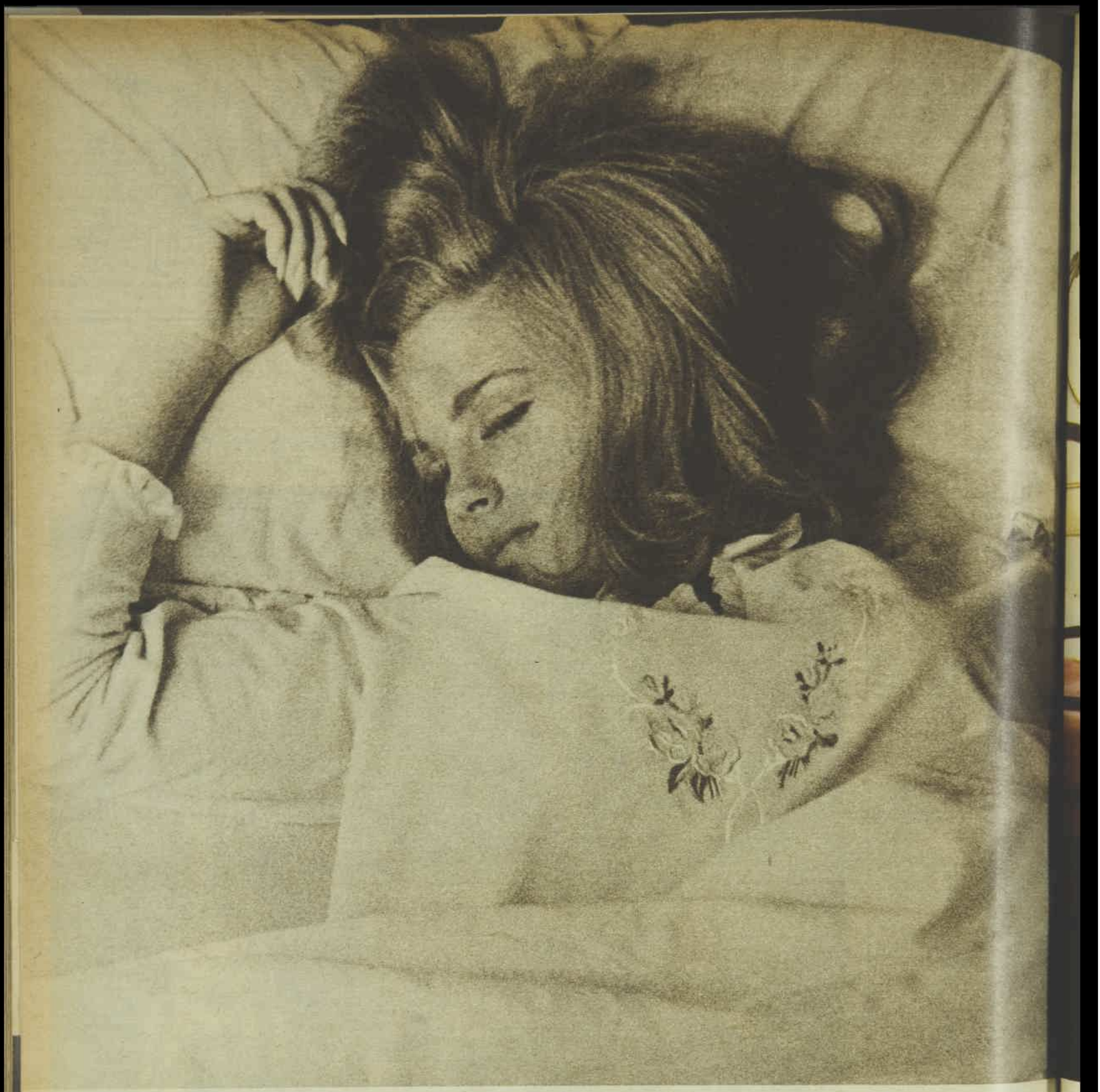


Orlando Sparkling Starwine Says it better than words... because it's just made for romance

1170

ORLANDO SPARKLING STARWINE IS PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY G. GRAMP AND SONS PTY. LTD., IN S. AUSTRALIA'S FAMOUS BAROSSA VALLEY.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972515



Like sleeping beauty, Kayser's nightdress in Bri-Nylon will sleep for years and years ...

FIBRE MAKERS — 35 Collins Street, Melbourne. 55 Hunter Street, Sydney.
'Bri-Nylon' is a registered trade mark

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972516



and still be beautiful*

KAYSER BRI NYLON

Nobody could make such a romantic nightdress of anything but the best . . . it just wouldn't be fair! Kayser have made it of wonderful, warm, soft, brushed 'Bri-Nylon'. What could be better? That means it's crease-resistant, colour-fast, easy-care — and the 'Bri-Nylon' 'breathes'. (Tests prove all this before the nightdress wears the 'Bri-Nylon' label.) Go to sleep looking beautiful (and feeling cosy) this winter . . . and the next . . . and the next . . . and the next. Just look for the BRI before you buy.

*Laboratory tested for easy-care properties.

CLEMATIS

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Clematis — a pleasant name—botanically covers a large group of plants found chiefly in temperate regions.

ONCE clematis was commonly known as Virgin's Bower and Traveller's Joy, the latter name used mainly in Britain, where one of the species enlivened waysides with its dainty charm.

The name Virgin's Bower, no doubt, had its origin in the pure white flowers, often delicately perfumed, and the plant's habit of forming bowers over small trees.

The flowers of clematis have no true petals, but the sepals become petal-like. These usually open wide and flat. Although commonly white, they have a good range of attractive colors. The fruits consist of little nuts which develop long feathery or plumed styles which are quite interesting.

Clematis species grown in gardens are mainly climbers, but there are also some very useful herbaceous perennials.

CLIMBERS

These are deciduous or evergreen. The deciduous climbers grown in gardens are usually of hybrid origin, and many attractive varieties have been developed with a wide range of flower colors, mainly in white, blue, lavender, mauve, and red.

These are usually divided into groups according to the growth habit and time of flowering. The groups most commonly recognised are the **florida, jackmanii, viticella,** and **lanuginosa** ones. The deciduous climbing clematis does best in cold districts or cool hilly temperate areas in Australia, and is not so widely grown as perhaps it deserves.



● Profusely flowering Clematis jackmanii, grown in Canberra.

The many varieties grown in England and America are not available in Australia, but some are. They are worth seeking out, and are magnificent on trellis, walls, or pillars.

The species most commonly grown in Australia is **Clematis montana,** a native of the Himalayas and China.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 321

It has an open habit of growth, green leaves consisting of three leaflets with toothed edges, and sweetly perfumed white flowers, about 2in. across, which often change to light pink.

There are many varieties, the commonest being **rubens,** which has pink flowers and reddish young foliage. The flowers of **C. montana** are not as large as those of other varieties, but are very freely produced, literally covering the plants. They bloom in spring.

As with all deciduous clematis they should be planted from April on, into the cold weather.

Clematis jackmanii includes a group of hybrids between **C. lanuginosa** and **C. viticella.** There are many named varieties with large flowers, colored red, pink, blue, or white.

Deciduous varieties need cool, fairly rich, well-drained soil with well-rotted animal manure, leafmould, or compost.

The foliage and flowers need warmth, but the roots should be kept cool either with a good mulch or pieces of stone. One authority has stated that he was only successful with clematis when he planted it just under the outer wooden walls of his house.

Slugs, snails, and slaters can be menaces, as they eat off the young shoots as they appear.



● Double white clematis, a rare climber, prefers cool climates.

EVERGREEN CLIMBERS

These include **Clematis armandii,** a strong-growing plant from China with large, somewhat leathery bright green leaves and trusses of creamy flowers.

There are several Australian species which are hardy and attractive. They have good foliage and white flowers in spring, followed by fluffy fruits.

Clematis aristata occurs naturally in many parts of temperate Australia in coastal and mountain areas. **Clematis glycinoides** has smaller flowers, and is found in the eastern States and the Northern Territory. Both species are well worth growing as climbers, especially in a native garden, where they revel in growing up a small tree.

Evergreen clematis can be planted at any time, but preferably during autumn and spring.

HERBACEOUS PERENNIALS

The flowers are not as large as those of the hybrid climbers, but are attractive, as is the foliage.

Most herbaceous clematis have blue- or lavender-colored flowers. **Clematis integrifolia** grows to 3ft., has simple, entire leaves, and blue, urn-shaped, nodding flowers about 1¼in. long.

Clematis recta is taller-growing, with white flowers. A variety listed as **E. M. Pritchard** has divided leaves and lavender-colored flowers.

They are not hard to grow if given well-drained, moderately fertile soil, either in the sun or partial shade.

Most clematis can be raised from seed, which should be fresh, and sown immediately after collecting.

They can also be grown from layers and cuttings. Some of the horticultural varieties are grafted on the roots of other species, such as **Clematis viticella.**

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 322

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972517

Continued from page 51

around. "The old lady was an old lady."

"Oh, now, do be reasonable, Miss Sereno," said Mr. Shepson, the manager. "We found the wig, the mask, and the toy gun — so we do know that she was not an old lady."

"I only know what I saw," Miss Sereno replied.

"That's understandable," Lieutenant Rothschild said. "I am more interested in the thousand-dollar bills."

"The thousand-dollar bills," Mr. Shepson said, his face tightening with pain. "Would you believe it, Lieutenant, I spent sixteen years in the Fortieth Street Branch of our bank, and in those sixteen years I never saw a thousand-dollar bill? I mean, banks just don't have them. They are curiosities, not useful coin of the realm. They can't be changed or spent. We have the numbers listed, and every bank in the country will be alert for such bills. Personally, I would not give you five dollars for the lot of them."

"Then would you mind telling me why you had them?"

"Certainly," Mr. Shepson answered, sure of his ground now. "My having them was, in a sense, a mark of the bank's esteem. We have thirty branches, including this one, and next week we were to have an exhibition in each one of the thirty branches — bills from one dollar to one thousand dollars. I was given the task of collecting the larger denominations. These came in today. I asked Miss Sereno to hold them in her drawer until closing, when we would open the main vault and store the cash there."

"How came the old lady knew about them?"

"She didn't," Miss Sereno said boldly, "because suddenly she noticed the thousand-dollar bills, and her face lit up. Just like a kid's face. I got a niece who is eleven years old, and last week I bought her a doll, and that's the way her face lit up."

"How?"

"I told you. Like the old lady's — when she saw the thousand-dollar bills."

"So she could be eleven years old. A little while ago you were sure she was the spirit of Mother's Day."

"She could not be eleven years old!" Miss Sereno shouted. "I never understood until now why so many people hate cops."

"Now you understand," Lieutenant Rothschild sighed.

When the three detectives were alone, Captain Bixbee said to Kelly, "I want you to take the wig and the purse and the rest of the garbage over to the lab and see what they can make of it. Also, when did that manager — Shepson — say the film will be developed?"

"By six."

Lieutenant Rothschild turned to Bixbee. "Shall we take it downtown?"

"Absolutely."

"All right. Pick it up, Kelly, and bring it downtown tonight. We'll look at it after dinner. And Kelly —"

"Yes, sir?" Kelly was straight in his stance, broad-shouldered, a graduate of Fordham University, and intelligent as well. He was also optimistic.

"How do you feel about the way things are today?"

"Good, sir."

"What do you mean, good?"

"I feel good about it, sir."

"The hell with him," Bixbee told Rothschild. "As someone once said, youth is wasted on the young."

.

Late that afternoon Mr. James R. Hastings called his home. Martha, the cook, answered the phone and Mr. Hastings asked her whether Mrs. Hastings was there.

"This is her hour with Dr. Mannix," Martha reminded Mr. Hastings, her voice gentle and a little sad. Five times a week Mrs. Hastings went to Dr. Mannix, a psychoanalyst — a fact that puzzled and saddened Martha. It had always seemed to her that Mrs. Hastings was as sane as anyone in Martha's world, and perhaps saner than most.

"Of course. I can never remember her schedule. Well, I won't be home for dinner tonight. Our new branch at Seventy-fifth Street was robbed this afternoon."

Martha clucked her tongue and told Mr. Hastings how sorry she was.

"Well, we're insured. It's more of a blow to our pride than our pocketbooks. The point is that our automatic cameras photographed the thief, and I have to stay downtown and look at the films after dinner. Are there guests tonight?"

"Just you and Mrs. Hastings, and nothing special either — chops."

Mr. Hastings had missed too many dinners at home recently, and it occurred to him that it would make a pleasant change for Mrs. Hastings if the two of them dined out. He even thought of taking her along to view the photographs of the robbery. It was not the kind of thing he would ordinarily do, but right now it salved his conscience. He gave the information to Martha and told her that he would reserve a table for half-past seven at Whitman's on Nassau Street. Glyde could pick up the car and drive Mrs. Hastings down there.

After that, Mr. Hastings felt pleased with himself, and quite virtuous. He was a tall, good-looking man who had just turned fifty — grey temples, a good head of hair, and earnest grey eyes, and he had good reason to be complacent, if not downright proud. His health was good. He had two handsome children in two good colleges. He had an attractive wife who was never too much of a nuisance, an apartment on Park Avenue, a summer home at Sag Harbor. In addition to all this, he was the first vice-president of the City Federal Bank, established in 1807 and with thirty branches in the five boroughs of New York City.

All in all, the world was very much with him. Indeed, his riches were so many that it was almost redundant to remark upon the fact that he was very rich in such mundane things as dollars and cents and stocks and bonds and real property.

Somewhat earlier on that same afternoon, Mr. Hastings' wife, whose name was Penelope, found herself rushing to be on time for her daily appointment with Dr. Gregory Mannix. If she were to be late again, it would be for the third day in a row, and that would trouble her far more than it would trouble Dr. Mannix.

PENELOPE HASTINGS was forty-four years old and appeared at least seven or eight years younger. She was one of those well-kept, tight-skinned, extraordinarily neat women who seem to defy the passing of time. Some people, after a casual glance at Penelope, would catalogue her as petite — which she was not. She was five feet and four inches and she weighed a solid one hundred and twenty pounds and her figure was still good. Her face was round and open, her nose short and straight, her eyes bright and clear: her blonde hair was arranged in a sort of halo effect.

She gave the impression of being a neat, tight, self-disciplined, and somewhat timid person: and to some degree this was not an inexact description of her. She had come from a comfortable upper middle class family, had gone to a good private school, a good college, had married James R. Hastings, and had dutifully borne him two children, one boy and one girl. And nothing in her appearance contradicted the facts of her biography.

Dr. Mannix's office was on Seventy-eighth Street, between Park and Madison Avenues, and Penelope Hastings reached it with only moments to spare. Dr. Mannix's nurse, receptionist, and secretary, Miss Gilmore, frowned on Penelope's breathlessness.

"Rushing again," Miss Gilmore clucked. "My dear Mrs. Hastings, you must not rush. Doctor's patient is still with him."

Penelope plopped into a chair without replying and immediately buried her nose in a magazine. She was a little afraid of Miss Gilmore — a feeling which, according

To page 56

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



SIMPSONIC!

14 features ahead of any other washer!

7 FEATURES GIVE CLEANER WASHING — 7 FEATURES GIVE EASIER WASHING

1. **100% Push-button Control** gives the easiest operation, unequalled by any other washer.
2. **New Unique Channel-rib Tub** washes and rinses cleaner than any other washer.
3. **Eight Washing Programmes**—tested and proved to wash all materials—even plastics, too.
4. **Bleach and Rinse Conditioners** are automatically dispensed at exactly the right time.
5. **4-vane Agitator** assures thorough washing at the top of the load as well as at the bottom.
6. **Whole-time Lint Filter** collects cotton scraps, stray fibres—gives a cleaner wash.
7. **"No-waiting" Sud-saver** saves gallons of hot water—packets of detergent.
8. **Exclusive Fluid-drive Motor** design damps down vibration, gives smoother operation at all times.
9. **Multi Wash Load Capacity.** Whether your wash is small, medium or a full 10 pounds—the results are perfect.
10. **Fully Programmed Two-speed Washing** automatically selects full power washing or a slower, more gentle action.
11. **Illuminated Panel** provides a work light where it is needed—along the full length of the control panel.
12. **Travelling Indicator** shows you at exactly what stage your wash is.
13. **Less Water Consumption.** The most thorough washing possible—and still using a maximum of only 26 gallons.
14. **Space-saving Dimensions.** Small and compact on the outside with a full 25% bigger washing capacity.

DON'T SETTLE FOR LESS THAN A

SIMPSON

THE NAME YOU CAN TRUST

THE BOYFRIEND



"Are you still going to swim all year round?"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972518

G 594

NEW! NEW! NEW!



GAYE

Slim! Beautiful! Elegant! An exquisite floral garland carved with intricate beauty.....in the gleaming radiance of silver

Complete 44-piece setting with silver handles $48.00 (£24/0/0), with pearlex knives $37.00 (£18/10/0), with xylonite knives $36.00 (£18/0/0).

Grosvenor

TABLE SILVER

MANUFACTURED AND GUARANTEED BY MYTTON'S LIMITED, BOX NO. 1, P.O. STH. MELBOURNE. WRITE FOR FREE BROCHURE ILLUSTRATING PATTERNS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972519



"Mum! Dad found my lost rollerskate."

Continued from page 54

PENELOPE

to Dr. Mannix, stemmed from her own attitudes of hostility. "Hostility breeds hostility,' he had told her. "It's all in your mind. Miss Gilmore has only the kindest feelings for you."

She sneaked a glance from behind the magazine. Miss Gilmore was watching her — the sane, thick-ankled, bespectacled Miss Gilmore who with such superiority contemplated the procession of nuts passing through her reception-room.

In the softest of whispers, Penelope said: "A hex on you — the worst."

"Doctor is ready for you now," said Miss Gilmore.

Dr. Mannix was forty-five years old and three years divorced from his wife. In fact, the final papers had come through just at the time when Penelope Hastings began her treatment with him, so she had never known Dr. Mannix as a married man. She knew him at first as a very upset man, then a lonely man, then a wistful man; and finally, over the past six months, as an emergingly confident man. He had changed far more during the course of her analysis than she had.

He was quite good looking if you liked dark men, which Penelope did. His black hair — of which he had a good deal — was impressively streaked with grey. He had heavy, straight brows, a thick but not uncomely nose, a wide mouth, and a good chin.

In three years Penelope had come to know Dr. Mannix very well — far better than he would ever admit. Now, as she entered, he smiled slightly and nodded, yet she knew that he was pleased to see her and would have smiled far more broadly if he had felt that such an open display of pleasure would mitigate against the success of her therapy. There were all sorts of things that Dr. Mannix might have done in terms of Penelope had he not been a severely disciplined person.

"You look lovely today, Penelope," he allowed himself to observe. They were both on a first-name basis now—after two and a half years of formality of Mrs. Hastings and Dr. Mannix.

"Why, thank you, Gregory," she replied.

She stretched and sighed, and then there followed that period of silence that appeared every so often — a time during which Penelope was blocked from any association because her mind seemed to her to be a complete blank. Dr. Mannix cleared his throat finally and Penelope said:

"I feel so relaxed, really — for the first time today. I have had a positively hectic day."

"One of those days when you're running away from yourself, Penelope?"

"You know, people who do know me well call me Penny. It seems so formal to constantly say Penelope. I mean, it is such a ridiculous name—"

Silence behind her. Dr. Mannix, she realised, had firmed up, and now would refuse to allow himself to be provoked into comment. Comment on his part, he always maintained, was hardly a fruitful association, and only served to inhibit such association.

"Oh, well," Penelope sighed. "You can see that you're going to be very remote and properly Freudian. What was I saying? Yes, Penelope. It is a silly name, you know. Oh, I felt that so strongly today. I robbed a bank today, and I kept thinking how funny it was, anyone named Penelope robbing a bank—"

HER voice drifted away, and there was a long moment of silence. Of course, Penelope said to herself, this will be like one of those improbable film double takes. But nothing happened, and she said aloud, "I never robbed a bank before, and it's not as simple as you might imagine—Are you asleep?" she finished rather testily.

He maintained his silence.

"My husband's bank," she added. "The new branch in that green building on Madison Avenue."

"Penelope," he said severely, "you are not associating, and you know that you are not." Then he drew a mouthful of breath sharply. "No. Absolutely not!"

"You know, Gregory," Penelope said, "I told myself that you would do one of those silly double takes that one sees on film, but you didn't. 'Oh, no!' — that's all you can say. 'Oh, no!' You weren't even listening."

"Penelope — are you trying to tell me that you robbed a bank?"

"I am."

"I don't believe it. A silly lie. A waste precious time."

"I don't make a habit of lying to you," Penelope snapped, and then she pressed her lips together and lay there, staring at the ceiling and thinking and wondering how anyone as insensitive as Gregory Mannix could hope to cure.

"Anyway, I am paying for the time," she added.

"Penelope?" His voice was contrite, worried, humble. Yet she managed to remain silent. "Penelope, I am sorry. Did you really rob a bank today."

"Yes."

"Good grief!" She noticed that his voice trembled a bit, a fact that for some reason pleased her. "How?"

"Oh, Gregory," she sighed, "you have no sense at all of practical things. One plans something and does it. I bought a wretched black coat and two wigs and a toy pistol and a mask, and then I did it. Fifty-two thousand dollars. Do you see?"

"You really mean that you robbed your husband's bank and got away with fifty-two thousand dollars?"

"Of course. Not that the money is worth anything. It's mostly in thousand- and five-hundred-dollar bills, and those are too easy to trace . . ."

"Penny, why?"

"Ah! See. I told you. It's easy and comfortable, isn't it?"

"What?"

"Calling me Penny."

"Did I call you Penny?"

"Indeed you did."

"Then I am going out of my mind. Will you please tell me what prompted you to rob a bank?"

"Of course — that is, once the whole action occurred to me. I mean, you know the way James

To page 58



and it toasts all these EXTRA things!



MORE than a new toaster — a new **kind** of toaster . . . and you'll wonder why someone didn't think of it before. Simply place bread (or crumpets or open sandwiches or frozen waffles or pancakes) on toaster rack, and the unique reflected heat toasts **both** sides at once, lets you **see** when it's done.

No more "brown in the middle, light on the sides" toast, the reflected heat covers the entire bread surface, toasts evenly, deliciously . . . saves electricity too! It's the kind of advance you'd expect from G-E, world's largest electrical enterprise . . .

. . . . go see it today at your favourite store!

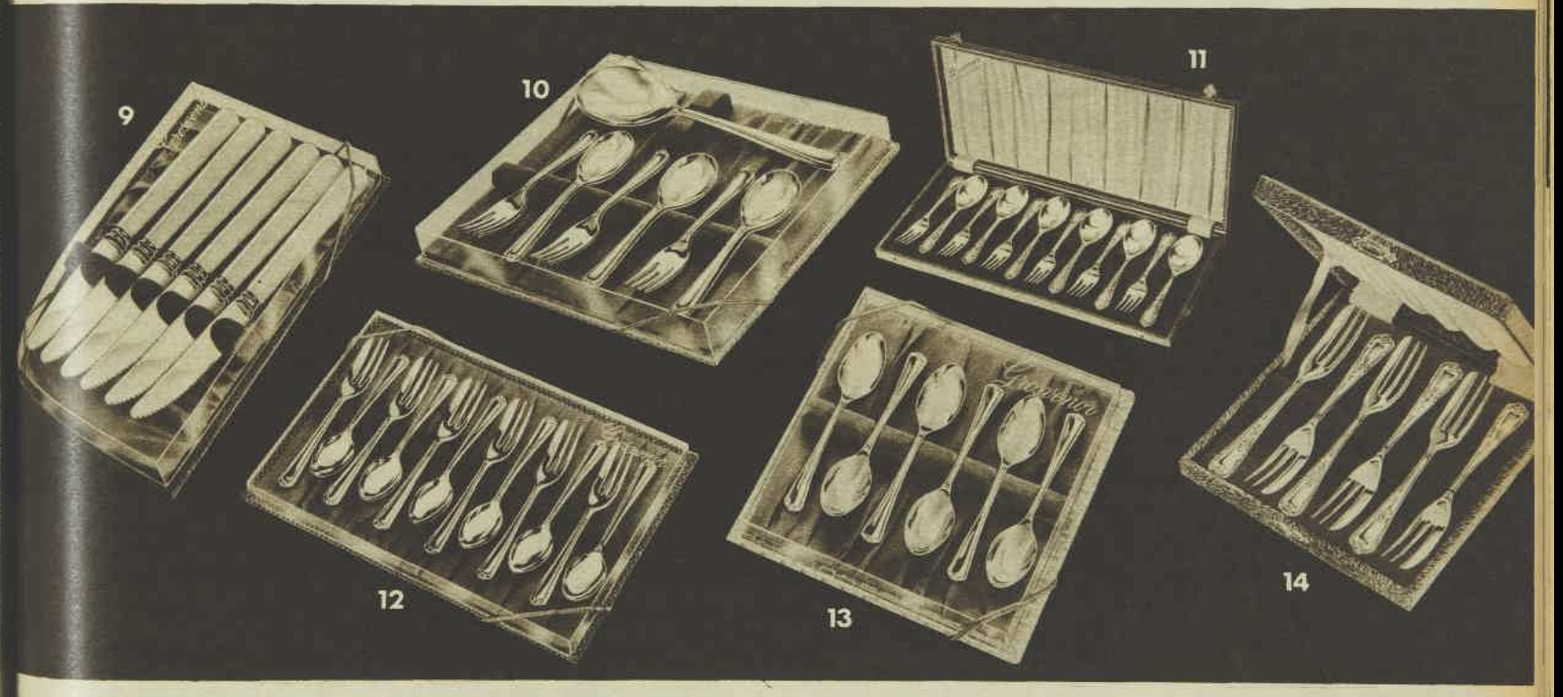
GENERAL ELECTRIC
AUSTRALIA
A DIVISION OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST ELECTRICAL ENTERPRISE

and what a wonderful gift at only **$13·95!** (£6-19-6)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972520



Any one of these beautiful cutlery packs makes the perfect gift–



or a lovely beginning to your own Grosvenor collection!

G595

Grosvenor

TABLE SILVER

1. 9 piece Afternoon Tea Spoons & Fancy (6 Afternoon Tea Spoons, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Butter Knife, 1 Sugar Spoon), Clear Pack, $4.60 (46/-).
2. 7 piece Cake Forks & Lifter (6 Cake Forks, 1 Cake Lifter), Leatherette Case, $4.55 (45/6).
3. Salad Servers, Clear Pack, $3.55 (35/6).
4. Cake Lifter, Cardboard Box, 95c (9/6).
5. 8 piece Grill Set (4 Knives, 4 Forks), Cardboard Box. Xylonite handles, $9.70 (97/-), Pearlex handles $11.20 (112/-).
6. 3 piece Carving Set, Leatherette Case. Xylonite handles $9.50 (95/-), Pearlex handles $10.40 (104/-), Silver handles $14.80 (148/-).
7. 3 piece Jam, Sugar, Butter (1 Jam Spoon, 1 Butter Knife, 1 Sugar Spoon), Clear Pack, $1.95 (19/6).
8. 6 piece Fruit Spoons, Clear Pack, $3.90 (39/-).
9. 6 piece Grill Knives, Clear Pack. Xylonite handles $7.15 (71/6), Pearlex handles $7.95 (79/6), Silver handles $13.55 (135/6).
10. 13 piece Fruit Set (6 Fruit Spoons, 6 Fruit Forks, 1 Server), Clear Pack, $8.40 (84/-).
11. 12 piece Fruit Set (6 Fruit Spoons, 6 Fruit Forks), Leatherette Case, $8.50 (85/-).
12. 12 piece Afternoon Tea Spoons & Cake Forks (6 Afternoon Tea Spoons, 6 Cake Forks), Clear Pack, $5.75 (57/6).
13. 6 piece Afternoon Tea or Coffee Spoons, Clear Pack, $3.20 (32/-).
14. 6 piece Cake Forks, Leatherette Case, $3.65 (36/6).

MANUFACTURED AND GUARANTEED BY MYTTON'S LIMITED. WRITE FOR FREE BROCHURE ILLUSTRATING PATTERNS BOX NO. 1. P.O. STH. MELBOURNE.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972521

Continued from page 56

PENELOPE

He was building this bank. Burglar-proof — he kept saying that — burglar-proof. I tried to discuss it with him once, and he just brushed me off. 'What do you know about it, anyway?' he demanded. Oh—he makes me want to shake him! Then I realised that all those other things I stole—Well, they made no sense at all except in terms of this bank. I had to rob his bank. I had to. Don't you understand, Gregory?"

"I am trying to, Penelope," he said, his voice once more the controlled voice of the analyst. "I want you to tell me about the first time you took anything."

"We went through that. Long ago."

"If you don't mind, Penelope, I would like to go through it again."

"All right," she sighed. "Very well, Gregory, we will go through it again. It was just about three years and three months ago, I believe, and we were having dinner with the Stonehams — the steel Stonehams, who are even richer than most Texans—and that stupid woman was wearing half a million dollars' worth of diamonds and emeralds and things.

"She is stupid, Gregory. She just knew that Eisenhower was a Communist and Kennedy a top man in the Soviet Secret Service, and she would glow when her tiresome husband launched into one of his tiresome tirades against modern art or Harvard. Oh, he could be so provoking!

"And then that silly fool of a wife of his! She flunked out of Finch. Can you imagine? Probably the first girl in the history of Finch to flunk out of Finch, which nobody believed was possible, anyway. Well, that silly fool asks me to step into her bedroom with her because her diamond bracelet is chafing her wrist; and in there she took it off and dropped it on her dressing-table and turned away.

"And then while she fiddled with her earrings I reached out and lifted it and dropped it into my purse, just a step behind her, because at that point I just had to; and then we came back into the living-room together, and I remained with her all evening, so she could swear on a stack of Bibles that I was the only one there who simply could not have pinched those diamonds. It's tiresome, Gregory. You know how many times we have been through this."

"Now think back, Penelope," he said, with a contrived patience and tolerance that Penelope found intolerable. "At the moment you took that bracelet, exactly what were your feelings? Did you want it desperately? Were you upset? Disturbed?"

"For a psychiatrist, you are marvellously insensitive."

"But what . . .?"

"I will not be treated like an idiot or a child. I am ready to admit that I am neurotic. But you yourself said that I am not a kleptomaniac—"

"Yes, yes — of course, Penelope, keeping in mind that kleptomania is an old-fashioned and somewhat meaningless word. A person has an irresistible desire to steal — and no economic motivation. Irresistible desire. That is why I beg you to go back."

"I had no desire to steal, and less to possess an ugly, ridiculous diamond bracelet. And, Gregory, let me tell you this — because you will unquestionably find it useful in your practice. There is a type of woman who gets a certain sexual satisfaction out of diamonds. It replaces the real things. I mean, these women are frigid—"

"Isn't that a rather broad statement?" Dr. Mannix asked.

"By no means. And I am not frigid. I will admit that my sex life leaves something to be desired, but it is not pathological to the extent that I must steal—"

"Penelope," Dr. Mannix complained, "I am still the doctor. Please stop the diagnosis. Can't you answer a simple question?"

"How I felt?" Penelope snapped. "I come here for the answers and you keep asking me questions. My friends go to analysts who never ask questions. Never!"

AT the point of losing his temper and his professional objectivity, Dr. Mannix almost shouted, "Yes, and your friends have nice, respectable, middle-class neuroses. They have civilised anxieties. They do not go around lifting diamonds and robbing banks. They do not pack guns and heist payrolls.

"Furthermore, you are an intelligent woman, Penelope. In secondary school you had an IQ of one hundred and forty-six — genius level. You graduated from college with highest honors. You are not a fool. In three months, before you came to me, you stole half a million dollars' worth of jewels—"

"Closer to seven hundred thousand dollars' worth, Gregory," Penelope said sadly.

"I stand corrected. And today, if you are to be believed, you planned a bank robbery with the kind of precision and audacity that one might expect from a master criminal—"

"I suppose all things are relative," Penelope sighed. "I suppose most criminals are poor pathological things. It doesn't take any great talent to be a master criminal."

"Why? Why? And your husband's bank? Why?"

"When I was a little girl," Penelope said, "I used to think about all the things I would do when I grew up — you know, little girls do think about such things, much more so than they think about such things as planning dinners. 'You know,' I said to James, 'there must be things in banking that are fun.' I mean, we never talked about what he occupied his life with, and he is so certain that I occupy my life with nothing . . . Of course I robbed his bank. That's why I robbed the bank."

"Out of hostility," Dr. Mannix interrupted.

"No, no! I have no hostility toward James. I just don't like him very much. Good heavens! I never said that before, did I, Gregory?"

"Go ahead, Penelope."

"Oh, I don't really dislike him—Gregory, he's very stupid. Well, this is my day for saying things, isn't it? I'm afraid you're not going to like me very much — not even for thirty dollars an hour, Gregory, because here I lie, and suddenly it just seems to me that men are stupid, yourself included, Gregory. Are you very angry?"

"Go ahead. This is quite constructive."

"Oh, really, Gregory — constructive!"

"Just take my word that it is. What is your general feeling towards men?"

"Pity, I suppose."

"Pity?"

"I can't explain that," she said helplessly. "I don't even know exactly what I mean. I have a sort of feeling. James once made a confession to me. He said there are days when his work eases off and there is nothing for him to do; so he locks himself in his office and he just sits. You see — he just sits."

To page 66



Just like home-made —minus the work!

Take 16 juicy, fresh vegetables and simmer them for hours in a delicious beef broth. That's how Campbell's chefs make Campbell's Vegetable Soup. It's the real old-fashioned way to make Vegetable Soup that's just like home-made minus the work.

Campbell's Soups

made to a recipe - not just a price!

*Reg'd trade mark



Also try Vegetable Beef and Chicken Vegetable Soups

3305

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972522

YOGHURT



● If you're counting calories, yoghurt will be familiar to you. It provides a quick, easy, sustaining breakfast or lunch for the busy woman: an eight-ounce carton contains only 200 calories.

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

YOGHURT has been used as a cooking ingredient for centuries. It is said to have originated more than 4000 years ago in the Middle East, where it is known as leban. It is widely used there, as well as in the Balkans and in India, where it is known as dhai.

In most recipes that call for sour cream, yoghurt can be substituted. The dish that results may be slightly more tart than with sour cream; taste and, if necessary, add just a little sweetening, or season to taste.

Yoghurt and sour cream are both bland in taste, and smooth and thick in consistency. However, yoghurt is less rich and lacks the butter fat content of sour cream. Both require careful watching when cooking; they will curdle if boiled.

Commercial yoghurt can be bought at food stores, and in metropolitan areas many milkmen will deliver it. If you want to make your own yoghurt, we tell you how to do this overleaf.

Always make sure the yoghurt you buy is fresh; yoghurt becomes sharp in taste as it ages.

Yoghurt adapts itself well to sweet and savory dishes. In this two-page feature is a wide and interesting selection of recipes to try.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes.



GOLDEN YOGHURT CHICKEN is richly flavored. Recipe, right.

Pictures by Keith Barlow

GOLDEN YOGHURT CHICKEN

Two 2½ to 3lb. chickens, 2 cups yoghurt, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, ½ cup chopped onion, 2oz. butter or substitute, extra 1 cup chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 1 dessertspoon grated fresh ginger, 2 crushed cloves garlic, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 teaspoon ground turmeric, ½ cup grated coconut.

Cucumber Yoghurt Sauce: Half cup shredded cucumber, ½ cup finely chopped shallots, 2 cups yoghurt, salt and pepper.

Cut chickens into serving pieces, marinate overnight in mixture of yoghurt, cornflour, salt, and the ½ cup chopped onion. Next day, cook over very low heat until yoghurt has almost evaporated and chicken is tender. In another pan melt the butter, add 1 cup chopped onion, chopped green pepper, grated ginger, and garlic. When onion is slightly browned, add tomato puree and turmeric. Add this sauce to chicken. Reheat, correct seasoning, sprinkle with grated coconut. Serve with the following sauce.

Sauce: Sprinkle cucumber with salt, leave 20 minutes. Add to yoghurt with shallots; season to taste.

CUCUMBER YOGHURT SAUCE to serve cold with the chicken dish shown below. Recipe on this page.

YOGHURT CHEESE

One pint commercial yoghurt (2 cartons), 2 cups cold water, salt.

Pour yoghurt into bowl, stir in the cold water. Mix until well blended. Pour into clean cloth bag, a teatowel, or piece of muslin. Hang over sink or basin and let it drip 6 to 8 hours or overnight. The longer it is allowed to hang, the firmer it becomes. Scrape cheese into bowl, beat till smooth, adding few grains salt to taste. This quantity makes approximately 8oz.

SEA SLAW

One pound fresh or frozen fish fillets, 2 cups shredded lettuce, 2 cups shredded cabbage, ½ cup shredded carrot, 1 small finely chopped onion, ½ cup chopped green pepper, 2-3rd cup mayonnaise, 1-3rd cup yoghurt, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, lettuce.

If using frozen fish fillets, allow to thaw first. Place fish under hot grill, and cook, turning once. Allow to cool, cut into fine pieces. Combine lettuce, cabbage, carrot, onion, green pepper. Blend mayonnaise with yoghurt, lemon juice, sugar, salt, and vinegar, mix into vegetables. Add fish, toss lightly. Serve in lettuce-lined bowl.

LEBANESE ICED SOUP

One cucumber, ½ pint well-flavored chicken stock, 1 pint yoghurt, ½ pint cream, ½ pint tomato juice, 1 cup shelled prawns, 1 tablespoon chopped mint, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 clove garlic, salt and pepper.

Peel and dice cucumber. Salt lightly, leave ½ hour. Combine stock, yoghurt, and tomato juice. When quite smooth, add cream, drained cucumber, and coarsely chopped prawns; season to taste. Chill thoroughly. Rub tureen or individual bowls with garlic, pour in soup, sprinkle with mint, and chopped hard-boiled egg.

YOGHURT SOUP

Two large cucumbers, 1 pint yoghurt, 1 clove garlic, 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts, salt and pepper.

Peel cucumbers, cut into ¼in. slices. Sprinkle with 2 teaspoons salt, leave in cool place 30 minutes. Mix yoghurt, crushed garlic, and seasoning. Drain cucumbers, add them to the yoghurt mixture. Serve chilled and sprinkled with chopped walnuts.

SPAGHETTI WITH YOGHURT

Eight ounces spaghetti, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 small chopped onions, 3 peeled chopped tomatoes, 1 carton yoghurt (¼ pint), pepper, salt, ½ cup breadcrumbs, ½ cup tasty cheddar cheese, extra 1 tablespoon butter.

Place spaghetti in boiling salted water, cook until tender (about 20 minutes). Drain, rinse under hot water, keep hot. Melt butter in saucepan, add onions and tomatoes, cook until soft but not colored. Season to taste, then add spaghetti. Whisk yoghurt briskly with fork, add spaghetti mixture, mix well, turn into ovenproof dish. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs and grated cheese. Dot with the extra butter, brown under griller until cheese melts and bubbles.

LAMB CURRY

Two ounces butter or substitute, 4 chopped onions, 1 crushed clove garlic, 1 dessertspoon curry powder or paste (or to taste), 1½lb. lamb (cut into cubes), 1 cup yoghurt, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, salt and pepper.

Melt butter in large saucepan, put in onions and garlic; saute until soft and golden. Remove from pan, set aside. Brown lamb in remaining fat, then add curry powder or paste, cook further 5 minutes. Return onions and garlic to pan with seasoning and spices; stir in yoghurt. Cover, simmer very slowly until meat is tender. Thin sauce with a little water or stock, if necessary. Serve with hot fluffy rice.

Continued overleaf

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972523

Banana dessert wins prize

● An upside-down dessert, with a rich caramel and banana topping, wins the prize of $10 this week.

SERVE this dessert, hot or cold, with cream or custard.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-cup-measure are used.

BANANA CARAMEL DESSERT

One cup self-raising flour, ½ cup milk, 2-3rds cup sugar, 2 egg-yolks, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup butter or substitute, 3 or 4 bananas, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ¼ cup brown sugar.

Sift together flour, sugar, and salt. Beat egg-yolks with milk and vanilla, gradually stir into flour mixture to make a smooth batter.

Cream together the butter and brown sugar, spread over base and sides of 8in. pie dish. Cover base of dish with sliced bananas. Pour over pudding mixture. Bake in moderate oven approximately 45 minutes, until firm to touch. To serve, turn pudding out on to warm plate. Delicious hot or cold with whipped cream or custard.

First Prize of $10 to Mrs. E. Blandford, 1 Cochran St., Lismore, N.S.W.

YOGHURT . . . continued from previous page

PRAWN CURRY

One pound shelled prawns, 1 clove garlic, 1in. piece fresh ginger, ¼ cup cold water, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 cup yoghurt, salt to taste.

Crush garlic and ginger. Put into bowl, add cold water. Slice onion, brown in the butter. Add shelled prawns and curry powder; cook minute or two, then add strained garlic-ginger-water and yoghurt. Add salt to taste, simmer 5 minutes or until heated through. Serve with rice.

LAMB AND TOMATO STEW

Two pounds lamb neck chops, 2 medium, sliced carrots, 1 cup yoghurt, 2 large tomatoes (peeled and chopped), 1 green pepper (seeded and chopped), 2 teaspoons chopped mint, salt and pepper, cold water.

Put meat in casserole, add carrots, salt, and pepper. Add ¾ pint cold water, cover, and cook very gently 1 hour. Add tomatoes and the pepper, simmer another hour. Just before serving, stir in yoghurt, sprinkle with chopped mint.

LEMON YOGHURT CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. castor sugar, grated rind 1 lemon, 3 eggs, ¾ cup yoghurt, 6oz. self-raising flour, 2oz. chopped mixed peel, lemon-flavored icing.

Cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy. Add lemon rind, beat well. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add sifted flour alternately with yoghurt, stir in chopped peel. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold gently into batter. Pour into greased loaf tin. Bake in moderate oven about 1 hour. Cool, ice with lemon icing.

AUBERGINES WITH YOGHURT

Two aubergines (eggplants), 4 tablespoons olive oil, 2 crushed cloves garlic, 1 cup yoghurt, salt.

Cut aubergines into ¼in.-thick slices. Sprinkle with salt, set aside 30 minutes; rinse well, dry. Saute until tender in hot oil. Remove and keep warm in serving dish. Crush garlic, stir into yoghurt, pour over the aubergines.

TURKISH DESSERT CAKE

Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup yoghurt, 1 cup self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon grated lemon or orange rind.

Syrup: One and a quarter cups sugar, 1¼ cups water, ½ teaspoon lemon juice.

Make syrup by combining sugar, water, and lemon juice in pan. Bring to boil, simmer 10 minutes; cool. Beat eggs and 1 cup sugar until sugar dissolves, add yoghurt, sifted flour, and fruit rind; mix well. Pour into greased, paper-lined lamington tin, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes or until cooked. Remove from oven, pour cooled syrup over. Cover, set aside until all syrup has been absorbed; chill. Cut into squares or fancy shapes, serve with whipped cream.

YOGHURT AND HONEY PIE

Crumb Crust: Half a pound sweet plain biscuits, 4oz. butter or substitute, ½ teaspoon ground ginger or cinnamon.

Filling: One cup yoghurt, 8oz. packaged cream cheese, 1 tablespoon honey, ½ teaspoon vanilla, grated lemon rind.

Crush biscuits, mix with ginger or cinnamon. Add melted butter, blend to make a shortbread. Spread mixture over base and sides of 9in. pie plate, pressing firmly; refrigerate 1 hour. Combine all filling ingredients, whip until consistency of whipped cream. Pour into prepared pie shell, refrigerate until firm. Before serving, sprinkle with grated lemon rind.

LEMON PIE

Pie Shell: Six ounces shredded wheatmeal biscuits, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon coconut, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind.

Crush biscuits, add coconut and orange rind, combine with melted butter. Press mixture into lightly greased 8in. pie plate; chill.

Filling: One packet lemon jelly, 1 cup hot water, 1 carton yoghurt.

Make up jelly with the water, allow to cool but not set. Beat in yoghurt. Pour into chilled pie shell, set in refrigerator.

YOGHURT CHEESE CAKE

Three dessertspoons gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, 1lb. cottage cheese, 1 cup yoghurt, 4 eggs, ¾ cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, extra ½ cup sugar, 1 cup cream.

Crumb Crust: Twelve ounces sweet plain biscuits, 6oz. butter or substitute, ½ teaspoon cinnamon.

Crush biscuits finely, push through strainer, mix with cinnamon. Add melted butter, blend well to make shortbread dough. Press mixture over base and sides of 9in. springform pan; refrigerate 1 hour.

Meanwhile soften gelatine in cold water. Push cottage cheese through sieve, beat with yoghurt until smooth. Separate eggs. In top of double boiler, beat yolks with sugar, salt, and lemon rind until thick and lemon-colored. Set over hot water; cook, stirring constantly, 5 minutes. Add softened gelatine, stir until dissolved. Cool slightly, stir in lemon juice, then add yoghurt-cheese mixture. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, continue beating until meringue consistency. Fold in lemon mixture, then fold in whipped cream. Pour carefully into prepared crumb crust; refrigerate at least 8 hours or overnight.

DESSERT TOPPINGS

● Mix yoghurt with frozen concentrated orange juice to taste; use as topping for canned or stewed pears or apples.

● Mix yoghurt with honey to taste, serve over peaches or other fruit.

How to make yoghurt

IT is easy to make yoghurt at home: care is needed in heating the milk and maintaining it at the correct temperature.

A thermometer is the most accurate guide; the milk should not exceed 115 degrees when the yoghurt culture (commercial yoghurt) is added. Or, if you haven't a thermometer, the milk should feel slightly hotter than lukewarm when tested on the wrist.

For fermentation, the milk must be held at a temperature round 100 degrees for 8 hours, or overnight. A wide-necked vacuum flask is ideal for this. First warm the flask with hot water, then dry thoroughly before pouring in the milk.

Or, if you have no vacuum flask, the following method can be used and is completely satisfactory. It makes a simple fermentation box.

Take a tall biscuit tin with lid. Choose a wide-necked pint-size jar to fit inside, with a large space round jar. Place a layer of towelling or blanket piece on base of tin, then wrap the empty jar in layers of material so it now fits tightly inside tin. The jar can then be removed and replaced without disturbing the "insulation."

Fill jar with milk mixture, cover with piece of greaseproof paper and another folded cloth. Put on lid of biscuit tin firmly, leave undisturbed 8 hours or overnight.

YOGHURT

One pint fresh milk, 3 dessertspoons skim milk powder, 1 tablespoon commercial yoghurt.

Combine milk and milk powder in saucepan, bring to boil. As soon as it boils, remove from heat, cool to 115 degrees. Blend a little of warm milk with yoghurt until smooth, then stir yoghurt mixture into warm milk. Pour into jar, put immediately into tin or box prepared for fermentation. Leave 8 hours or overnight. When yoghurt is ready, store in refrigerator.



coming along wonderfully...on Carnation Milk

It's wonderful to know that baby is growing up happy and strong and that your choice of Carnation as the milk for baby was right. Carnation Evaporated Milk is pure wholesome cows' milk in its natural liquid form complete with all the basic essentials for baby's healthy growth. Preparing baby's formula with Carnation is simple and accurate. All you do is combine Carnation with a sugar-water solution — it blends smoothly and quickly. You don't have to boil Carnation either. It's completely safe because it is sterilised twice — the second time after the milk has been sealed in the can. Your Doctor and Baby Clinic Sister know all the advantages of Carnation Evaporated Milk. Why not ask them?



Send this coupon for the
FREE BOOKLET
'You and your contented baby'.

It's compiled to help you enjoy your baby completely without worry during those important early months. Fill in and mail this coupon to Medical Department, Carnation Company Pty. Ltd., 252 Swanston St., Melbourne.



NAME

ADDRESS

..... STATE

CM26/40

Easier for Mother – completely safe because it's sterilised twice

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972524

BERLEI DESIGNS FOR THE IN-GROUP



Gigi 5-way. 826. A contour bra with straps that play hide and seek. $6.00 (60/-).

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972525

"THE IN-GROUP ISN'T AN AGE BRACKET. IT'S A STATE OF MIND. AND A FIGURE BY BERLEI."

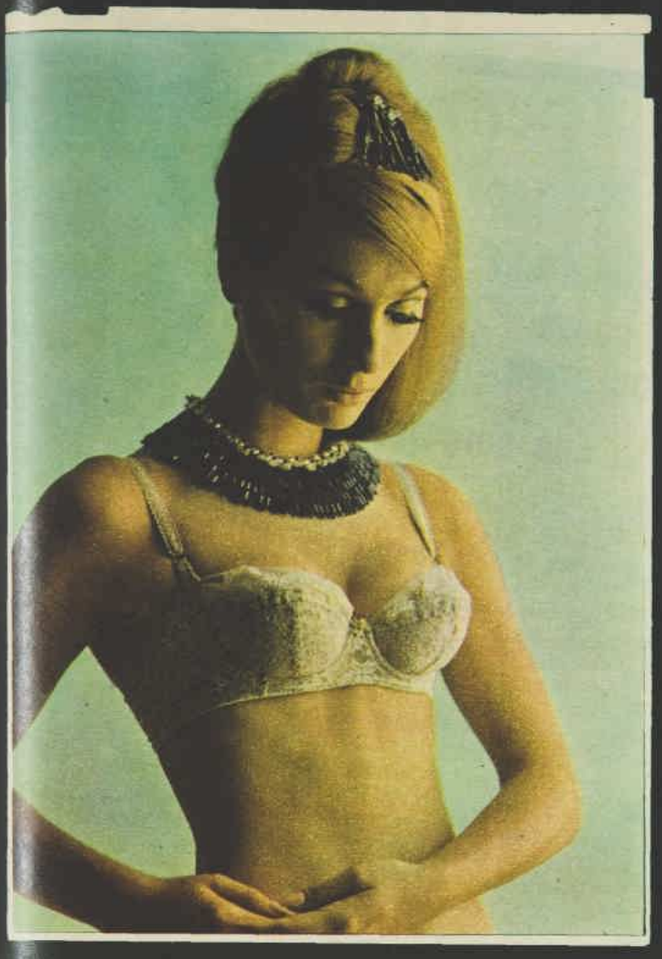


Start making down, not up. Square your shoulders.
The man-tailored look. A Redingote coat.
Sleeves should be skinny. Skirts are for walking in.
Hemlines are still up, and still going.
Squat shoes. (It's fashionable to be comfortable.)

A Man-tailored, double-breasted suit, in Madison Avenue's grey flannel, by Estex Creations. Everything is geometric except the figure—that's Berlei.

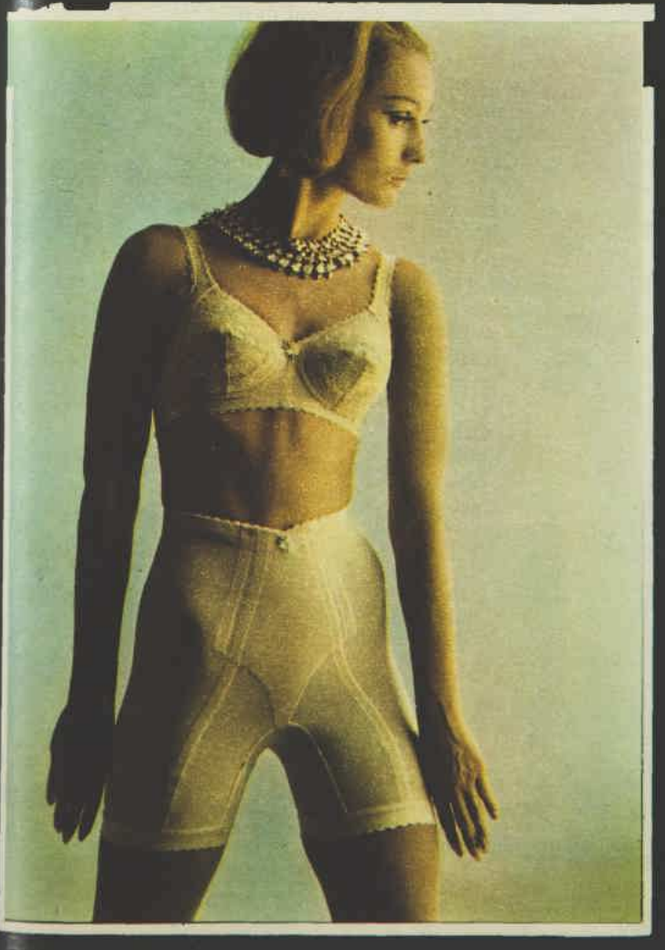
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972526

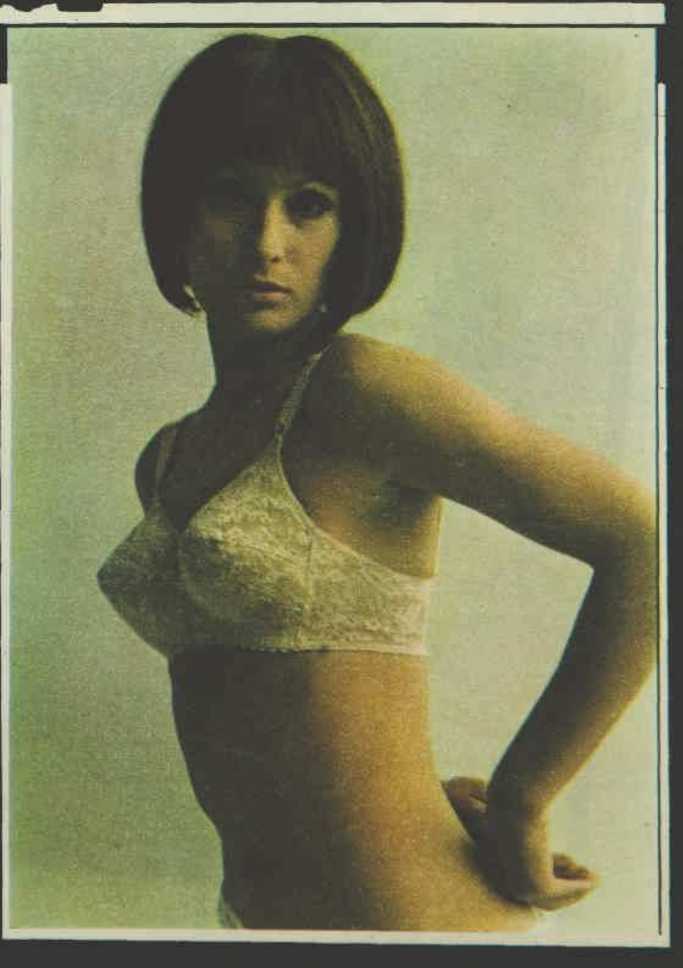
BERLEI IN THE FLESH.



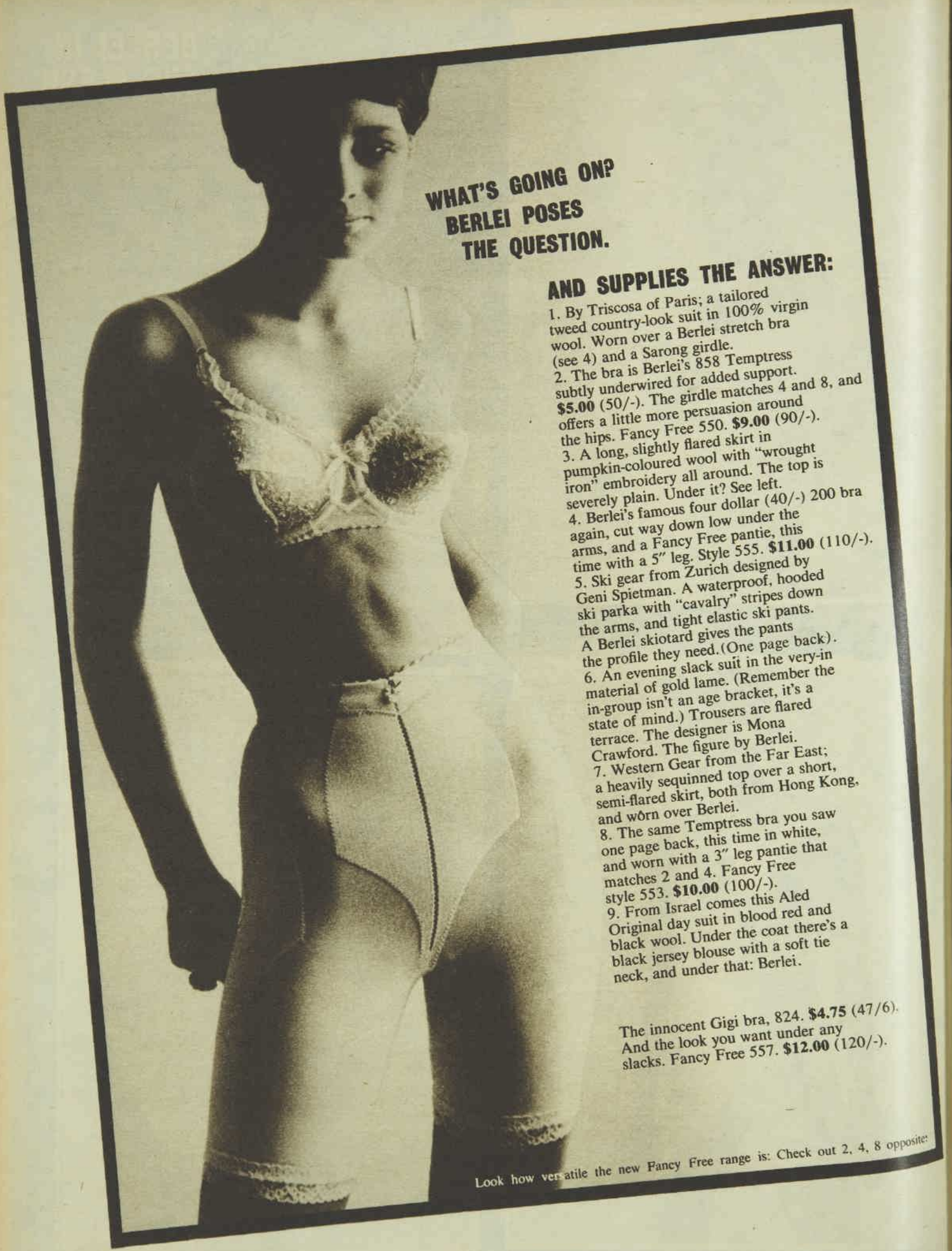
Here are the clues:
1. Show off your figure, but hide your bra. One way: Berlei's 245 Temptress bra in Nylon Alencon Lace lined with Nylon Marquisette. Straps are wide apart, and the low-cut front does the vanishing act — leaving what's yours right where it should be. (With a little help from Berlei's feather foam.) Also comes in white and black. $5.00. 2. How To Succeed At Slimming Without Really Dieting. Invest $8.50 in a Berlei Skiotard 645. Wear it under anything that comes to your ankles — ski trousers and tight slacks. Or long evening dresses and hostess skirts when the climate is cold. 3. The bra is Berlei's new 200 in Nylon lace and Lycra. And the long 5" leg pantie is Berlei style 525, also in Lycra. And who does the figure belong to? It could be yours; for $4.00 the bra, and $10.50 the pantie. 4. From the Gothic range this time — a skintone version of Berlei's famous 990 bra. (You saw it last month in white.) Twinflex back for action. Stretch straps in nylon. Price? 4.25 in dollars.







National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972527



WHAT'S GOING ON? BERLEI POSES THE QUESTION.

AND SUPPLIES THE ANSWER:

1. By Triscosa of Paris; a tailored tweed country-look suit in 100% virgin wool. Worn over a Berlei stretch bra (see 4) and a Sarong girdle.
2. The bra is Berlei's 858 Temptress subtly underwired for added support. **$5.00** (50/-). The girdle matches 4 and 8, and offers a little more persuasion around the hips. Fancy Free 550. **$9.00** (90/-).
3. A long, slightly flared skirt in pumpkin-coloured wool with "wrought iron" embroidery all around. The top is severely plain. Under it? See left.
4. Berlei's famous four dollar (40/-) 200 bra again, cut way down low under the arms, and a Fancy Free pantie, this time with a 5" leg. Style 555. **$11.00** (110/-).
5. Ski gear from Zurich designed by Geni Spietman. A waterproof, hooded ski parka with "cavalry" stripes down the arms, and tight elastic ski pants. A Berlei skiotard gives the pants the profile they need.(One page back).
6. An evening slack suit in the very-in material of gold lame. (Remember the in-group isn't an age bracket, it's a state of mind.) Trousers are flared terrace. The designer is Mona Crawford. The figure by Berlei.
7. Western Gear from the Far East; a heavily sequinned top over a short, semi-flared skirt, both from Hong Kong, and worn over Berlei.
8. The same Temptress bra you saw one page back, this time in white, and worn with a 3" leg pantie that matches 2 and 4. Fancy Free style 553. **$10.00** (100/-).
9. From Israel comes this Aled Original day suit in blood red and black wool. Under the coat there's a black jersey blouse with a soft tie neck, and under that: Berlei.

The innocent Gigi bra, 824. **$4.75** (47/6). And the look you want under any slacks. Fancy Free 557. **$12.00** (120/-).

Look how versatile the new Fancy Free range is: Check out 2, 4, 8 opposite.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972528


1.


2.


3.


4.


5.


6.


7.


8.


9.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972529

"Penelope," Dr. Mannix said earnestly and severely, "where are the jewels?"

"Where I always keep them. In my jewellery box."

"You mean that in your jewellery box, in your dressing-table, you keep half a million dollars' worth of stolen jewels?"

"Gregory, we've been over all this. It's the safest place. No one looks there. And if I were robbed, so much the better. Then I would be rid of the wretched things."

"You could always return them, Penelope — even if you did so anonymously."

"Gregory, sometimes you are simply unrealistic. Simply unrealistic. All these people have spent the insurance money and had the fun of buying new things. Wouldn't it make a dreadful mess if the originals turned up?"

Continued from page 58

Penelope sat up and turned to face Dr. Mannix. "Depths beneath depths," she said, nodding at him. "I always underestimate you, Gregory. I am a kleptomaniac, aren't I?" she smiled sweetly at him.

"I told you, Penelope, this is not a clinical word but simply a descriptive term. Most people who steal are in very reduced economic circumstances — or else they have a moral code that puts them beyond the decent fringes of society. But this, I just don't believe it."

"What, Gregory?"

"That you robbed a bank today. How?"

"It was so simple, Gregory dear. I went into the bank dressed as an old woman, took the money from the teller, went into the ladies' room, took off the old woman stuff and put on my little black wig and walked out. I purposely wore my bright yellow suit. Everyone was looking for an old woman, and they just paid no attention to me."

Dr. Mannix nodded dumbly.

"Poor Gregory — I give you so much trouble, don't I? I keep on making you an accessory after the fact, Gregory . . ."

Dr. Mannix stared at her hopelessly.

"Gregory, I'm going to return all the jewels. Today."

"Thank you, Penny," he said gratefully.

" 'Penny.' Oh, that sounds so nice! This has been such a rewarding hour, don't you think, Gregory?"

Dr. Mannix began to say something, and he shook his head and swallowed his words.

"You are shy, Gregory dear," Penelope said. "But very nice. Very understanding."

"Tomorrow," Dr. Mannix said.

"Of course," Penelope smiled. She had only missed one session in all her three years. As she emerged from Dr. Mannix's office now she met Miss Gilmore's prophylactic and professional look; but Penelope only smiled sweetly and waved at her on the way out.

In the small vestibule that Dr. Mannix shared with the two other physicians who had their offices in the same maisonette there was a powder room, unattended.

From the bright yellow (stopping to cover it with a coat she had checked with a restaurant a block from the bank) she had changed into a tailored blue suit and a mink coat. It troubled her just a little that she was wearing the mink, but then they were common enough on the East Side to defy identification.

She was pleasantly excited, her face flushed slightly, her eyes glowing. One of the drawbacks of being a thief was that it remained of necessity an intermittent occupation. One could not devote oneself to it as one could to needlepoint or bridge or charity. She still felt a guilty sense when she recollected her refusal to work as a volunteer at General Hospital's Thrift Store on Third Avenue. But there was a sour, dry smell of decay about all of these thrift stores that made her wretched and sometimes actually ill. Robbery had its high moments, but they were widely spaced.

YET they were high, deliciously high, she decided as she powdered her face, then took her little black wig out of her purse and carefully covered her blonde curls with it. It was amazing how completely her personality, as well as her looks, seemed to change, once she became a brunette. Now she made a mole on her left cheek, a large and ugly mole, the result of a soft eyebrow pencil; and she finished by stuffing a wad of absorbent cotton into her right nostril. It was enough. Her hair was black, her nose was distorted, and she had a mole. She was not terribly unattractive, she decided, but neither was she Penny Hastings.

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God.***
— 1 John 3:1.

As she walked out of the maisonette, she felt that some might think this is a great deal of trouble to go to, simply to buy a dozen manila envelopes; but envelopes bought by a bright-eyed blonde who perhaps reminded the stationery man of someone were all too readily traceable. Penelope felt that either things were worth doing well and tastefully or should not be done at all; and when she passed Lucy Gaylord on the corner of Park Avenue and Seventy-eighth Street, without eliciting even a raised eyebrow or a puzzled frown, she knew that she had done very nicely indeed.

Dr. Mannix had once said to her, "You do know that you are being a child, Penelope, and playing children's games?"

But didn't everyone play one sort of a game or another? Penelope wondered. Who gave the gold stars of approval? Penelope drifted uptown, her collar turned up, lost in her own thoughts, until she was across the street from the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola.

One summer, on a dude ranch in Wyoming, she had visited a nearby American Indian reservation and had seen such hopeless, despairing poverty, filth, and ignorance as to turn her stomach and make her sick. And in this cesspool of ignominy and misery, the only one attempting to alleviate, teach, or build was one small, middle-aged, and hopelessly overworked priest.

He told her he had once taught at the Loyola school at Eighty-third Street and Park Avenue, and ever since then Penelope had been meaning to do something about it, but forgetting to. Now she went into the church, found the contribution box,

To page 67

PENELOPE



Nature in its wonderful way has protected our skin with an acid cloak which guards against blemishes, dryness and dullness. Many ordinary soaps and cleansers, being alkaline in action, tend to remove this acid cloak, leaving the skin unprotected and defenceless against harmful accumulations and residues which in time cause these blemishes, dryness and dullness. But with Neutrogena, *which contains no free alkali*, your skin, be it oily, dry, normal, or a 'problem' skin, is perfectly safe, because Neutrogena preserves, rather than destroys, this natural protection. This helps to maintain the suppleness, elasticity, and cleanliness of the skin, and so works towards a more youthful appearance. Neutrogena is recommended by doctors, so take their advice—for a clear, radiant, beautiful complexion, give Nature the chance she deserves—cleanse only with safe gentle Neutrogena, the *natural* cleanser.

Prove to yourself that Neutrogena should be your cleanser. Start your one-month beauty treatment today! *Thoroughly cleanse your skin with Neutrogena, rinse with clear, clean water, then cleanse and rinse again. Do this each morning and night, and in just one month you will be amazed and delighted with the youthful fresh appearance of your skin. One month's supply of 3 cakes of Neutrogena is only* 13/6 **($1.35)**

Neutrogena is prepared under the original formula of the eminent Belgian cosmetic-chemist, Dr. Edmond Fromont, and is protected by Australian Patent No. 164532.

Your Family Chemist and selected Department Stores sell Neutrogena—amazingly priced at only **4/6** (45 cents).
Sole Australian distributor : The House of Faulding

NTG 4B

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972530

and stuffed into it ten thousand-dollar bills.

A priest came over and thanked her.

"Is it equally blessed to take—as well as to give?" Penelope asked.

"Hardly," the priest answered.

"I just bet," Penelope said.

Then she walked to Madison Avenue, found a stationery store, and became a Hungarian. Penelope had always been enchanted by any foreign accent, but a Hungarian accent melted her with delight. Zsa Zsa's was her favorite. She became Zsa Zsa as she asked the man behind the counter:

"Pleece, you haff manila henvelop?"

He placed the voice and the accent, frowned, and scrutinised her carefully.

"What size, lady?"

"Zey are in sizes? Vell—maybe seex inches."

"How about five by seven?—You ain't related to the Gabors?"

"Yes fine. Yes. Zey are very dear to me."

She purchased a dozen envelopes and left the store with the good feeling of having brought a little color into a life that did not have an abundance of color and excitement to enjoy—nor had she lied to achieve her effect. Not that she had any silly position against lying. One of the necessities in pursuing her vocation or avocation or hobby—depending upon how you looked at it—was the proper lie at the proper moment.

Pleased with herself, she took a cab home, and in the cab she removed the black wig, the beauty mark, and the wad of cotton in her nose. The cab driver, as might be expected, never noticed the difference.

Martha, cook and housekeeper, always took a severe and privileged attitude with Penelope. This was not because she had been with Penelope (and before that with Penelope's parents) for a total of twenty-two years but because she was an inveterate television watcher,

Continued from page 66

PENELOPE

and followed the fortunes of various serialised television domestics.

She saw herself as a confused blend of half a dozen unlikely household servants, and from day to day Penelope never knew what to expect from Martha — the loyal family retainer one day, the indignant and independent New England housekeeper on another day, the acid-tongued Westerner on still another day; the mother-replacement, the scolding teacher, or the humble and obedient domestic. She was addressing the third of the manila envelopes when a shrewish, I-told-you-so Martha stalked in.

"Now, Penelope," Martha snapped, "you are not even dressed and you're to meet Mr. Hastings at seven-thirty, and that's all the way downtown."

"I'll be there," Penelope replied calmly. In front of her, on her desk, were nine neat packages, folded in white tissue-paper and sealed with sticky tape. She had already labelled and inserted into the proper envelope Josie Stoneham's diamond bracelet, Alice Carter's sapphire brooch, and Jane Parkinson's solitaire diamond pendant. Now she was addressing an envelope to Florence Crichton. Florence was a stout, acid-tongued little woman who never failed to bring up the fact that she had once spent twenty-two minutes with Barry Goldwater.

It was the only time in her life that Penelope had managed to steal jewels directly from a hot, breathing body, and it was the one piece of jewellery Penelope hated to part with. It took a positive effort of will to put the pin into the envelope. It saddened Penelope, and this distraught feeling was reflected in her face. Martha saw it and immediately slid into her substitute mother character and asked Penelope: "Is something wrong, my dear?"

"Silly of me," Penelope answered. "I feel that I am parting with things of importance. But they aren't of any real importance — are they, Martha?"

Penelope finished addressing the envelopes, changed her dress, did her face quickly, flung on the best of two mink coats, and raced out of the door. As Dr. Mannix always said, she blocked all too easily, and only now did it occur to her how angry her husband would be if she were late.

DOWNSTAIRS, she thrust the pile of envelopes containing seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels—give or take a hundred thousand—into the doorman's hands.

"Tom, do be an angel and mail these for me?"

Since Tom considered Penelope to be as much of an angel as one finds on this earth, he was delighted to mail the stuff for her.

Penelope's husband, James Hastings, was sitting in Whitman's Restaurant on Nassau Street. Penelope was already twenty minutes late. With Hastings, as his dinner guests, were John Comaday, the police commissioner of New York City, a grey, thick-necked, unhappy man of fifty-five or so, and Larry Cohen, who was first assistant to the district attorney of Manhattan, and had the reputation of being the brightest young man on his staff. Comaday had put down two whisky sours and was now eating bread in a steady and grim determination to kill his hunger. Cohen nursed his drink.

Hastings apologised again. "Well I think we ought to order," Hastings said; and at that moment Penelope entered.

Her husband managed his temper, but his looks spoke volumes; and as he introduced Penelope to the two men she attempted to chatter away the tension. As each word came out, she knew it was wrong. She could anticipate the evening. At the end, they would go home, and James would be murderously silent.

"I will have a drink," Penelope said in response to Cohen's suggestion, thinking What a very nice young man! James looked at her, and his expression said, Haven't you made us wait long enough? And you know how you get with a drink.

"A very dry martini," Penelope added.

"Penelope—"

"James doesn't think they agree with me," she giggled. James bit his lower lip. "Oh, I am sorry," Penelope said. "If you don't want me to have it, James—"

"You are over twenty-one . . . "

Penelope, sitting between Comaday and her husband, realised suddenly that Comaday's knee was touching hers. Food was on the table, and with it the black beer for which Whitman's was famous, and the men were eating and relaxed and John Comaday's knee was touching hers.

She glanced at Mr. Comaday. His mood had changed. A vast plate of roast beef and crisp brown potatoes, washed down by two mugs of dark beer, had changed him from a sombre, gloomy policeman to a man of the world among men of the world. His knee pressed a trifle harder against Penelope's.

They had been discussing the bank robbery. Hastings was most disturbed by the ease with which the robbery had been perpetrated. It gave the bank a bad reputation. Too easy. Too easy.

"No easier than we'll pick her up, Mr. Hastings."

"You mean you know who the thief is already?" Penelope asked.

"We have a pretty good notion, Mrs. Hastings. That

To page 74

★★★★★★★★★ AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY. Week starting March 30.

ARIES
MARCH 21-APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, lilac. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
★ Things should have speeded up of late. You will feel the urge to accomplish, but perhaps the most critical week of '66 is here — and caution is the keynote in all projects.

TAURUS
APRIL 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ This is a crucial period of '66, and although good stars favor finance and business on the 1st, a major conjunction of Pluto and Uranus could affect romance adversely.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Fri., Monday.
★ There could be big, underground changes in marriage and marital affairs. Things won't quite be the same, unless good sense is vigilantly maintained at all times.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Saturday, Tues.
★ There could be nice news from friends on the 1st, but treat the week with kid gloves — and don't get your fingers burnt on 4th-8th, especially in partnership and business affairs.

LEO
JULY 23-AUGUST 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.
★ There could be a lucky break, status- and career-wise, on the 1st, but the week is overshadowed by unruly stars. Watch the purse-strings — and no risks in financial deals.

VIRGO
AUGUST 23-SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
★ Make the most of the 1st, if action is imperative, but treat the week with circumspection. Big, drastic changes loom, especially for those born 8th-10th September.

LIBRA
SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, blue, black. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
★ 1st is your luckiest day — stars smile upon romance — but you will need all your sense of balance to walk a tightrope. Not good for trusting to your luck, so be cautious.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
★ April 1st favors partnerships and marriage — but rate the week as allergic, escalating into a big conjunction of Pluto and Uranus that spells caution, especially at home.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ Any new ventures, and all to do with partnership and marriage, run into heavy weather. 1st is the best day; even so, don't get reckless—it, too, could have pitfalls.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
★ You'll have to withstand heavy pressure that will tend to depress you and upset your usual prudence. 1st is good for finance and the social round; a day to make new friends.

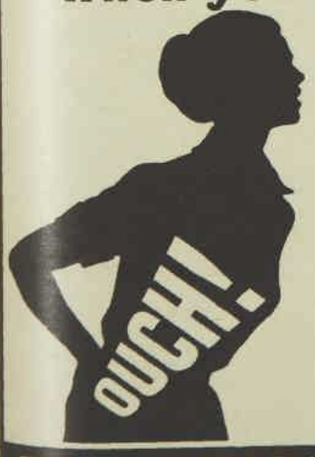
AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, navy, gold. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ A partnership could be suddenly disrupted, perhaps the loss of a "friend" who has been sniping at you. It's a week of big changes. Keep a close watch on finances.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MARCH 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
★ There's a nice vibration on the 1st which favorably influences marriage, betrothal, and contracts. For the rest, a literally "ill-starred period" needing care at all times.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

To you and your family—'Here's good health'

BACKACHE
When your body calls for help!



RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, MUSCLE AND JOINT PAINS.

Feel well again! Feel free from crippling pain! Thousands have proved there's no need to suffer simply because of sluggish kidneys. *You* can prove it too! De Witt's Pills stimulate your kidneys and flush out trouble-causing impurities. Special ingredients bring relief, help you move freely again and face life with a smile. A safe antiseptic corrects simple bladder infections, too.

Try De Witt's Pills for *your* trouble NOW! Enjoy a life free from rheumatism, backache, joint or muscle pains. Remember — within 24 hours of taking De Witt's you will see unmistakable evidence they are working on your kidneys.

DE WITT'S SOLD IN OVER 80 COUNTRIES FAMILY MEDICINES

De Witt's Pills



OOOH!-MY UPSET STOMACH AAAH-RELIEF!



Down goes DeWitt's Antacid Powder . . . away goes indigestion, heartburn, flatulence! You too can forget digestive troubles when you take DeWitts—always dependable DeWitt's Antacid Powder has a triple action!

★ Firstly excess acid is quickly neutralised

★ Secondly, a protective layer is spread over the inflamed stomach lining.

★ Thirdly, an important ingredient—aluminium hydroxide gives prolonged relief.

Wonderful relief—settled stomach—enjoy eating without 'suffering afterwards', thanks to the seven carefully balanced ingredients in DeWitt's Antacid Powder. Suits all ages.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN HANDY TABLET FORM

DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972531

RESTORED . . .



ONLY addition to the exterior of "Penshurst Manor" was some cast-iron railing on the veranda.

● HOUSE of the WEEK

● Standing rather forlornly in lovely grounds overlooking Sydney Harbor, "Penshurst Manor," a large two-storey house of stone and cedar, presented an exciting challenge to its new owners, Mr. and Mrs. L. Lucas. With the help of Anthony Dess, interior decorator, they set about re-creating the lavish Victorian atmosphere of this tudor-style mansion, which has been a private residence, then a boys' boarding school, and later a guesthouse since it was built over 80 years ago.





FRONT door opens directly into sitting-room, seen above before renovation, and at left, after. The room successfully combines antique pieces like a pair of 120-year-old English carved oak chairs and oriental pieces like the lacquered red Chinese jewelbox next to the fireplace.



ROSE-COLORED floral wallpaper is set in mouldings to produce an unusual effect in the main bedroom (shown above, as it was, and right, as it is). Removal of the fireplace provided wall space for the bed, beside which sits Rufus, the family miniature French poodle.



Photographs by Keith Barlow

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972532

old manor regains elegance





***CAREFUL RESTORATION** and choice of furniture and furnishings have revived all the elegance of this large, formal drawing-room, with its central archway (shown above, as it is now; left, before the Lucas' started work on it). Beautiful carved cedar Adam fireplace, on the left, is one of two in this room. Two iron boar's head crests match the crest over main entrance doors.*

To page 70

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972533



● HOUSE of the WEEK

RESTORING "Penshurst Manor" was an enormous task. "If we had realised just how much hard work was involved, we would, perhaps, never have considered it," said the owner, Mr. Leonard Lucas.

"Unfortunately, plans for the house had been lost, so we had to go blindly along making renovations.

"Luckily, there were no major alterations to be made —the plumbing, electrical work, and general conditions of the house were good.

"However, as we worked, we continually found more work that had to be done. For example, when we stripped the walls we discovered there was quite a lot of repair work to be done on the original surface where the plaster had fallen away or cracked.

"And when we pulled up the carpet on the floors we discovered hundreds of tiny tacks, which all had to be removed.

"However, it was worth all the hard work, because we found the original floor was a wonderful oak parquet in a herringbone pattern."

Architect of the house was Colonel Vernon, who built it in 1885 as a replica of his home in England.

His family was the only one to survive an outbreak of bubonic plague in their district, and shortly after this Colonel Vernon adopted the phrase "God's Providence is my Inheritance" as the family motto, which is displayed on the front of "Penshurst Manor."

A feature of the sitting-room is the four magnificent stained glass windows, installed when the house was first built. They portray the historic figures of Martin Luther, Sir Walter Raleigh, William Shakespeare, and John Milton.

Many rooms of the manor had fireplaces, but only three of these have been retained —one in the dining-room, and two beautiful carved oak Adam fireplaces in the drawing-room.

The fireplace in the sitting-room was filled in with pale green onyx, with the less shiny side facing into the room.

—Sandra Funnell



MANTEL over fireplace in formal dining - room, which has an Adam grate, was reduced in height for better proportion. Picture above shows room as it is now, at left as it was. Chandelier is the same, stripped and simplified. Painting over the fireplace is by William Drew. Table is in the style of Duncan Phyfe, and shows off pair of Baccarat crystal lamps.





KITCHEN, where most of the extensive renovations were carried out — this room was formerly a bedroom in the maid's quarters. Breakfast counter is on wheels so that it can be used as a bar when the Lucas' hold parties. The louvred doors hide pantry.

ORIGINAL kitchen was converted into this charming office and servery, next to the new large kitchen. Adjacent to the servery is a small maid's room, from which leads the dining-room. Note pretty straw hat on wall, decorated with bright fruits and flowers.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972534

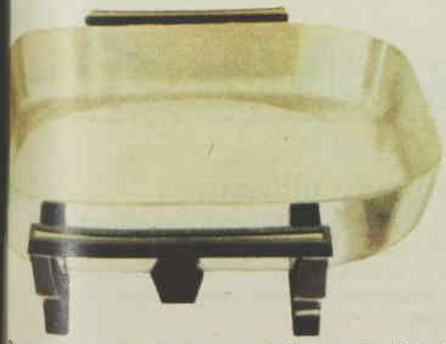


Guess what's inside Sunbeam's new frypans...

1 stay-clean aluminium

2 non-stick Teflon*

3 stainless steel







Bet you can't make up your mind which one you'd like.

No. 1 is made with Sunbeam's unique new pressed metal process . . . It's easier to clean, both inside and underneath. It doesn't pit or corrode either, always looks cleaner than frypans you've known before. And it's 25% lighter. $29.95.

No. 2 is also a light weight. Lined inside with Teflon (the amazing new substance nothing sticks to). Enjoy no-fat, non-stick cooking. Teflon just wipes clean. $32.95

No. 3 frypan is the glamour model. Lined with forever gleaming stainless steel so its beautiful mirror finish always looks new. No scratch-marks, no stains ever. Also light-weight. $35.95. Whichever one you choose, you're getting a better frypan than you've ever had before — one that's 25% lighter and easier to clean.

Sunbeam

THE FRYPAN PEOPLE

*DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS TFE NON-STICK FINISH.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972535



For Lent: Main Course Magic-

You make it a meal when you give them the goodness of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese

Now you can treat your family to a wonderful variety of meatless meals, and *know* you're giving them the protein nourishment they need. With KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, you add rich cheese flavour to all your favourite Lenten foods—macaroni, rice, tuna and haddock. Make it a meal this Lent—with KRAFT Cheddar Cheese.

CHEESE TUNA AND TOMATO RICEBAKE

Ingredients: 2 medium onions, chopped; 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper; 2 oz. butter; ½ cup uncooked Sunwhite Rice; 4 medium tomatoes, peeled and chopped; 2 cups water; 15 oz. can GREENSEAS® chunk style Tuna, undrained; 1¼ teaspoons salt; pinch pepper; 8 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, shredded.

Method: Fry onion and green pepper in the butter for 5 minutes. Add Sunwhite Rice and stir frequently until golden brown. Add remaining ingredients, except cheese, and bring to the boil. Layer rice mixture and three quarters of the shredded KRAFT Cheddar Cheese in a casserole, finishing with rice. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F. gas, 375° F. electric) for 45 minutes. Sprinkle remaining cheese over the top and return to oven for a few minutes to brown the cheese. 5 servings.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972536



HOME STYLE MACARONI CHEESE

Ingredients: 1 cup uncooked MILANO Macaroni or 6 oz. Noodles; 3 teaspoons salt; 1 medium onion, chopped; 2 oz. butter; 2 tablespoons flour; 2 cups milk; 1 teaspoon salt; good pinch cayenne pepper; ¼ teaspoon dry mustard; 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce; 8 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, shredded.

Method: Cook MILANO Macaroni or Noodles in 3 pints boiling water with the 3 teaspoons salt, until tender. Drain and rinse. Meanwhile: Fry onion in the butter for 5 minutes. Add flour and cook a few minutes. Stir in the milk gradually and bring to the boil. Add salt, cayenne pepper, mustard, Worcestershire sauce and three quarters of the shredded KRAFT Cheddar Cheese. Stir until cheese melts. Add the macaroni or noodles and adjust seasonings if necessary. Pour into a casserole and sprinkle remaining cheese on top. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F. gas, 400° F. electric) for 25 minutes or place under a heated grill to brown the cheese. 5 servings.†

BUDGET FISH CASSEROLE

Ingredients: 15 oz. can GREENSEAS chunk style Tuna; 6 small onions, cooked; 1 medium carrot, cut in pieces and cooked; 1 cup cooked peas.
Sauce: 2 oz. butter; 3 tablespoons flour; 2¼ cups milk; 6 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, shredded; 2 teaspoons salt; ½ teaspoon dry mustard; pinch pepper.
Method: Drain liquid from the GREENSEAS Tuna and reserve for the sauce. Place vegetables and tuna in a casserole.
Sauce: Melt butter in a saucepan. Add flour and cook a few minutes. Stir in the milk and liquid from the fish gradually. Bring to the boil. Add the shredded KRAFT Cheddar Cheese and seasonings and stir until sauce is smooth. Pour sauce over the tuna and vegetables and mix lightly. Heat in a moderate oven (350° F. gas, 375° F. electric) for 20 minutes. 6 servings.†





HADDOCK WITH MORNAY SAUCE

Ingredients: 14 oz. packet FRIONOR Haddock; ½ oz. butter; 1 tablespoon lemon juice; salt and pepper.
Mornay Sauce: ¾ cup milk; ½ small onion; ¼ teaspoon salt; 2 peppercorns or pinch pepper; small piece bayleaf; ½ oz. butter; 1 tablespoon flour; 3 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, shredded.
Method: Thaw FRIONOR Haddock slightly then cut diagonally into 8 pieces. Melt butter in a frying pan, add fish, lemon juice and season with salt and pepper. Cover and cook over a low heat for 20 minutes. Drain off liquid and reserve ¼ cup. Keep fish hot.
Mornay Sauce: Heat milk, onion, salt, peppercorns or pepper and bayleaf in a saucepan. Cover and allow to stand for 7 to 10 minutes. Melt butter, add flour and cook a few minutes. Strain milk and add gradually, stirring until sauce boils and thickens. Add shredded KRAFT Cheddar Cheese and reserved liquid from fish, stir until cheese melts. Pour sauce over the fish. 4 servings.†

† *All spoon and cup measures are level. An 8 fluid oz. measuring cup is used.*

without meat!

KRAFT

for good food and good food ideas

KRAFT Cheddar Cheese is rich in protein, vitamins and calcium because it takes a whole gallon of creamy milk to make every pound of this fine cheese. KRAFT Cheddar is a bargain in nutrition — available in 8 oz., 1 lb. and 2 lb. packs as well as ready-sliced.

*Reg'd. Trade Marks KR323



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972537

doesn't mean we have her name or address. But we have what we call an MO file, modus operandi, or method of working. (Again the pressure of his knee increased ever so slightly. When John Comaday desired to he could be a warm and charming man.) — and we have this in a cross file. All criminals are repeaters, and very few of them have any intelligence to speak of. We begin with women bank robbers — narrow it to an age group — cross search on rubber masks, wigs, bright yellow clothes—"

"I have a bright yellow suit," Penelope interrupted.

"I'm sure a million women have. But they are not bank robbers," Comaday continued warmly, understandingly, while Penelope's husband frowned with annoyance. "We simply continue to cross check until we have narrowed down our suspects to— Well, how many would you say, Larry?"

"Two or three if we're lucky," Cohen nodded.

"That's one approach, my dear lady," Comaday said expansively. "Another is the film. Don't forget, we have a motion-picture record of the thief — which we intend to look at directly after dinner."

"A motion-picture!" Penelope cried. "How absolutely wonderful."

THE police commissioner, being a consistent man, was continuing to apply pressure. Penelope glanced down. There, beside her, was Mr. Comaday's side pants pocket, and projecting slightly from it his wallet. Penelope could not resist. In one motion and moment she did the following: She increased the pressure of the knees slightly; she squeezed Comaday's arm with her left hand, just a simple squeeze of goodwill; and with her right hand she reached across her lap and deftly slipped the wallet out of Mr. Comaday's pocket, opened her purse, and dropped it in. And all the while she was saying: "But suppose this was the first time? Now, please don't feel that I am casting any reflection on the quality or theory of your work, Mr. Comaday — but couldn't this be a new thief? A sort of amateur?"

"Penny," Mr. Hastings said, "would you please leave crime to the commissioner?"

Comaday smiled benignly and assured Penelope that the work of an amateur was just that, while the work of a professional was something else entirely. Larry Cohen, on the other hand, studied Penelope shrewdly; and without ever looking directly at him Penelope caught his glance and wondered what she could have said or done to make him appraise her so thoughtfully. She had no desire for anyone to be overthoughtful about her tonight, and she said coyly to the commissioner: "You must remember, Mr. Comaday, that I see very little of this hard, terrifying underworld of yours."

"Which is our purpose," replied Comaday. "The decent citizen should never ever be aware of an underworld if police work is done properly."

"If it's done properly," Hastings said. He might have a silly little fool for a wife, but he was still Hastings of the City Federal Bank, and he counted for something in this town. "If it is done properly, Commissioner," he repeated. "But how properly is it done when some woman can walk into my bank and rob it without so much as a by-your-leave?"

"Well, sir," said Larry Cohen, "if the police could prevent all crime, then we would, indeed, have Utopia, wouldn't we?"

James R. Hastings took care of the bill, but when they came to the coat-room John Comaday insisted

Continued from page 67

PENELOPE

that this must be on him. He waited until he and the two other men were wrapped in their overcoats, and then he examined his loose change. He had fifty-five cents, but with Penelope watching him so admiringly he could hardly tip less than a dollar for the three of them.

He reached into his pants side pocket for his wallet — he had never taken to carrying notes loose or in a money clip, considering this in the way of a gesture of contempt for hard-earned money — and Penelope smiled encouringly at him as his hand emerged empty. He smiled back, but a bit vacuously — going through his other pants pockets.

"Anything wrong, Commissioner?" Larry Cohen asked.

"Can't understand—"

"Let me —" Hastings began.

"No, no — not at all. I just don't seem to have my wallet," Comaday said bewilderedly.

"Poor thing," said Penelope. "I always feel that a man is so helpless when he loses his wallet. I mean — it's like — like losing himself—"

"Actually," Larry Cohen said, "we don't know that the commissioner's wallet has been stolen at all, Mr. Hastings. The fact is that he probably mislaid it in his office. I am sure it will turn up."

He glanced at Penelope as he said this last, and she nodded and walked over to Commissioner Comaday and took his arm. "Of course it will turn up," she declared. "And now I am dying to see those films. Imagine—photographing a thief in the very act!"

Most of the seats in the viewing room were already occupied when they arrived. The back row, upholstered in contrast to the hard finish of the other rows, was reserved for high officials and their guests, and was still unoccupied.

Recovering but slowly from the shock of his missing wallet, Commissioner Comaday managed to keep his place by Penelope's side and he said to her, "You will sit with me, dear lady — that is, if you have no objections?"

"It will be thrilling," Penelope answered.

Larry Cohen, meanwhile, had sent a policeman into the commissioner's office to look for the wallet. Not that he had any real hope of finding it, but he was intrigued by the case of the missing wallet. Comaday nodded sombrely when he was informed that it was not there.

"Wallet?" asked Rothschild, who with Bixbee was discussing the film with the commissioner.

"Forget it," Comaday snapped.

Sergeant Moodus, in charge of the Technical Film Division, asked everyone to be seated, and then said: "For the sake of the Press and certain guests we have tonight I was

To page 75



Formfit 597 "Dress Shaper" Bra. Nylon Tricot Lace, adjustable stretch straps — Powder Buff, White, Black — A 32-36, B and C 32-38, $3.50 or 35/-.

Formfit 900 "Skippies" Lycra Girdle. Powder Buff, White — S, M, L. $5.99 or 59/11



Formfit 597 "Dress Shaper" Bra. Nylon Tricot Lace, adjustable stretch straps — Powder Buff, White, Black — A 32-36, B and C 32-28, $3.50 or 35/-.

Formfit 802 "Skippies" Lycra Pantee. Powder Buff, White — S, M, L. $7.99 or 79/11



Formfit OH! Bra. America's nudest sensation. Sheer Nylon, adjustable stretch straps — Powder Buff, White, Black — A, B and C 32-36. $2.99 or 29/11

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4068WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972538

asked to say a few words of explanation.

"In the case of the City Federal Bank four cameras are in use, with a focus of eight feet to infinity. Among the four the interior is covered, but the cameras were activated only when the teller screamed. Thus we have no film of the old-lady disguise. However, we have cut and edited what film we have so as to give the various points of view of the various cameras. Commissioner Comaday has the controls at the panel in front of his seat, and he can stop, hold, or reverse the film when desired."

Sergeant Moodus finished, and the lights went down. Penelope sat entranced, watching the awkward, poorly lighted silent film.

"How exciting!" Penelope burst out. "It's like a Western film — I mean the way they are with their

Continued from page 74

guns drawn and heaven knows what will happen—"

Now the door of the restroom burst open, and the young lady with the black hair emerged. Penelope could have perished with excitement — as she told Dr. Mannix afterward. Not only was it the first time she had seen herself on professional film — so to speak — but it was a crowning disappointment. Her face was screwed up in hysterical fright and half-covered with one hand.

Then the guards closed in on the black-haired lady; then Mr. Shepson blocked her face. After that, the film was edited so that every frame in which the thief figured was included, but there was not one clear shot of an uncontorted face.

PENELOPE

The lights went up. The commissioner had been so frustrated by the nature and condition of the film that he had forgotten to make even a semblance of a pass at Penelope. She sympathised with him. "It was disappointing, wasn't it?"

Larry Cohen said that the stills would be ready in a few moments, and why didn't they all go into the commissioner's office and wait there, and the glossies would be brought to them. Comaday agreed heartily to his suggestion, and as Bixbee led the guests to his office Comaday fell into step beside Larry Cohen and said: "Mrs. Hastings is a fine little woman, I like her."

"I imagine you do," Cohen replied.

It was no happy little cluster of co-operative citizens that gathered in the commissioner's office to wait for the enlarged still photos; and as she looked around from face to face Penelope pondered upon the way of men as they went about conducting the affairs of men. Here was the head of the largest police force in the world, an out-thrust underlip turning his bulldog face into a pout; and here was the head of the third (or was it the fourth, she wondered) largest banking house in the United States pouting right back. Here were two highly placed policemen staring glumly at the floor and ceiling respectively; and here was the assistant to the commissioner examining his fingernails with profound interest and intense concentration. And here, too, was the assistant district attorney—he alone willing to watch Penelope as she said gaily:

"I for one refuse to sit here as if I were at a wake. I just cannot see what is so dreadful about a criminal who displays enough competence not to be caught immediately. If all criminals were utterly incompetent, there would be no use for a police force — would there, Mr. Comaday?"

"Dear lady," Comaday began, wrestling with his thoughts and his words . . .

He was rescued by the entrance of Sergeant Moodus, who carried a stack of glossy photographs—stills of the bank robber. They were handed around, and everyone examined them with intensity.

Penelope, looking with pleasure at those passed to her, said to her husband, "James — her suit is exactly like mine! I think that is very exciting. There's no question about it—"

"Penelope," Hastings began, "what difference can that possibly make?"

"No, no," Rothschild interrupted. "With your permission, Mr. Hastings," Hastings nodded shortly and sat back and Rothschild said to Penelope, "What do you mean, Mrs. Hastings — about the style? Are you sure?"

"Oh, believe me, Commissioner," Penelope began, but was interrupted gently by Rothschild.

"No, Mrs. Hastings. I am not a commissioner — only a lieutenant of detectives at the Nineteenth Squad—that's the area where the robbery took place."

"And I thought you were all commissioners, like Mr. Comaday."

THERE was polite laughter and a very thoughtful smile from Cohen, who regarded Penelope with new interest.

"Only Commissioner Comaday," said Rothschild.

"And now you are all laughing at me — I've been so silly about all of it." But the look on Cohen's face made her wonder whether perhaps she had not gone a little too far; and the expression on her husband's face was as close to hatred as James R. Hastings had ever permitted.

"Where did you buy this suit, Mrs. Hastings?" Rothschild said.

"At Givenchy — that is, he made it for me."

"Givenchy?" Most of the faces were blank.

"In Paris," Penelope said. It had simply not occurred to her that there were people to whom Givenchy was unfamiliar. "You mean he's a French designer like Dior and the rest of them?" Comaday asked.

"Only the best — but that's only my opinion." Penelope said apologetically, "I have no right to judge, really."

"Then that would mean," Larry Cohen said, "that there is only one of a kind of this suit in the whole world — is that so, Mrs. Hastings?"

"I never thought of it that way," Penelope reflected. "Yet, I suppose that is true. It does sound wretched and status-y when you put it that way, doesn't it?"

"But it is a fact?"

"I just don't know. I never thought . . ."

"It could have been copied,"

To page 76

Nothing so fabulously feminine has ever happened to foundations:

Look! They're skin-toned- to blend with your skin, in a subtle new shade called "Powder Buff" They're next-to-nude. Natural as natural. What a beautiful way to feel bare all over!

"Powder Buff" the nude new skintone by

Formfit

For the name of your nearest stockist contact Formfit P/L Box 20 P.O. Guilford N.S.W. 632 0285



Formfit 582 "Dress Shaper" Nylon Lace Bra — adjustable satin straps. Powder Buff $4 or 40/-.

Formfit 930 "Skippies" Girdle. Terylene Powernet. "Triple V" control panels — Powder Buff, White, Black — S, M, L, XL. $7 or 70/-.



Formfit 598 "Dress Shaper" Contour Bra. Embroidered Dacron/Cotton, adjustable stretch straps — A 32-36, B and C 32-38. Powder Buff, White. $5 or 50/-.

Formfit 831 "Skippies" Pantee. Terylene Powernet. "Triple V" control panels — Powder Buff, White, Black — S, M, L, XL. $9 or 90/-.

RIVETS



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972539



OUR TRANSFER

SIXTEEN novelty designs for all your linens are from Embroidery Transfer No. 207. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 15 cents plus 4 cents postage.

Continued from page 75

Rothschild said, a little impatient now with the whole direction of the inquiry.

"I hardly think so," Cohen said.

"Well, that's a hell of a note!" Hastings put in angrily.

"Wait a minute," Rothschild said, "what is all this? So two suits are alike — they're clothes. It's coincidence."

"Not any more than two Mona Lisas would be a coincidence," the district attorney decided, and then turned to Mr. Hastings. "What color is your wife's suit, Mr. Hastings?"

"I don't remember," he mumbled.

"Why, James," Penelope said, smiling with excitement, "of course you remember. It is bright yellow. And it cost eleven hundred dollars, and you were so provoked. That makes it the same color, doesn't it?" She asked this of Comaday, who nodded unhappily. "This is delicious," Penelope said. "That means I could be the thief, doesn't it?"

"Penelope," her husband said icily.

"And where is the suit now, Mrs. Hastings?" Cohen asked casually.

"In my closet, of course. No. No, as a matter of fact, I left it in the pantry for Martha to give to the cleaner."

"Martha?"

"Martha is our housekeeper," Penelope explained.

"Dear lady," said the commissioner gently, "it is just within the realm of possibility that something happened to your suit."

"Do you feel up to calling Martha now?" Cohen asked.

Penelope nodded.

"Good. Now, if you just give me the number, I will get it for you. Then I switch on this contraption on my desk, dear lady, and Martha's voice will be amplified, so that we can all listen to the conversation. If you don't mind? I mean, if you don't feel this is an intrusion upon your privacy?"

"I do feel it," James said firmly. "What the devil kind of a circus is this? What can my wife's suit possibly have to do with this robbery?"

"Suppose we see," Comaday said firmly.

"Oh, yes, James!" Penelope cried. "It will be such fun — like actually being a part of some exciting mystery. And just suppose it were my suit?"

"This is damn nonsense!"

"Suppose we see, Mr. Hastings," Cohen said, watching Penelope quizzically. And Penelope, feeling that things had gone far enough and amazed at her own attitude toward her husband, gave the number to Comaday. He made the call, and a moment later Martha's voice, strangely hollow and electronic, sounded in the room:

"This is the Hastings' residence, this is Martha."

JAMES looked fiercely at Penelope, who had to rummage quickly through her defects to recall that he hated to have Martha announce herself in that manner.

"Martha, this is Penny. Yes, we're downtown at police headquarters — the most fascinating place. Right now everyone is interested in my yellow suit — the Givenchy."

"Are you going to sell it, Penny?" asked Martha.

"I'm not selling it, Martha."

"I'm so glad; I really am." Martha was being confidante, good friend, adviser. "After all, Penny, it did cost an arm and a leg, you know — and I always feel that a man shows great forbearance when he puts out for such a thing — I mean, the way things have been between you and Mr. Hastings — and—"

"Martha, for heaven's sake," Penelope interrupted, "there's loudspeakers hooked up to this phone and a roomful of men sitting here listening to you, including Mr. Hastings, so I just don't think it's any time for—"

Comaday took things in hand here and introduced himself to Martha. "Do you mind if I ask you a few questions, Martha?"

"Nope."

"Does that mean yes or no?" Comaday asked Penelope.

"Martha?"

"Yes?"

"The police commissioner is going to ask you a number of questions, and you are to answer him as straightforwardly and truthfully as you can. Do you understand me?"

"Am I being grilled?"

"You are not being grilled, you are being impossible," Penelope said. "You are being questioned by a very sweet gentleman whose name is John Comaday, and please answer him."

"All right," Martha sighed. "You can't fight city hall."

"Martha — this is Mr. Comaday."

"Yes, chief?"

Rothschild and Bixbee bit their lips, Cohen struggled to keep his face firm, and Hastings glowered.

"Would you please look into Mr. Hastings' wardrobe and see whether this yellow suit, the Givenchy, as you call it, is there? We will wait."

"I know it's not there. Mr. Hastings gave it to me this morning and asked me to have it cleaned."

"And did you send it to the cleaner?"

"I suppose so," Martha replied. She had fallen completely into her best tight New England manner by now.

"What does that mean — you suppose so? Did you or didn't you?"

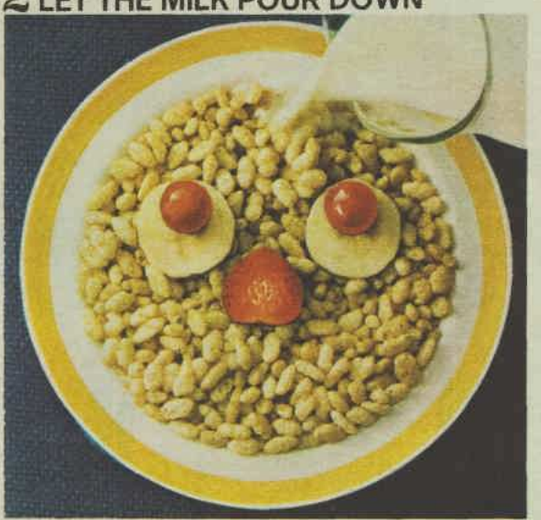
To page 77

RECIPE FOR THE HAPPY SOUND

1 TIP THE PACK!



2 LET THE MILK POUR DOWN



3 LISTEN FOR THE HAPPY SOUND...





Kellogg's Rice Bubbles! The only cereal so crisp it goes Snap! Crackle! Pop! when you pour on milk. So cheerfully delicious it fills you with fun (and the whole grain nourishment of rice). Make morning spirits bright with the happy sound of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles.



* Registered Trade Mark † Rice Bubbles is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972540

Continued from page 76

PENELOPE

"When we have things for the cleaner, they are placed on a cabinet top in the pantry until the delivery boy from the cleaner picks them up."

"And was the suit picked up?"

"Well, 'taint there now, so I suppose it was picked up."

"You don't know, you suppose!" Comaday snorted. "Do you mean to tell me you are that casual about a dress that cost over a thousand dollars?"

"Not a dress, a suit."

"Is the back door in the pantry?"

"Yes."

"Is it kept locked?"

"Not during the day," Martha answered.

"Then anyone could have walked in and stolen the suit?"

"We don't have thieves in our building."

"I'll give you a medal of honor," Comaday said nastily, then cut the connection. He sat back in his chair and Bixbee, turning professional, asked Penelope:

"Who are your cleaners, Mrs. Hastings?"

"I think — well, I think that now we are using the Two Square Cleaners on Third Avenue."

"Lieutenant," Bixbee turned to Rothschild, "go out and put a fire under them. I want to know who picked up that yellow suit — if it was picked up — and what time and exactly what happened to it."

ROTHSCHILD nodded and left the room, and those who remained in the commissioner's office remained in silence—broken finally by the buzzing of the commissioner's intercom, and when he switched it on the voice of his secretary informed him that a detective from the Nineteenth Squad was outside with a priest and that they had been sent up to his office by the sergeant at the desk downstairs.

"Send everyone up here," Comaday shrugged. "Yes, I'll see them."

They came in. There was Detective Eagin, and with him a small, white-haired man introduced by Eagin as Father Sam Donnelly, of Loyola.

"What can we do for you, Father?" Comaday asked. "We're out of bury and kind of personal here tonight."

"I think it fits in," Eagin ventured, only to be halted by a glare from Comaday.

"Well, my goodness," Penelope said, "I have always felt that there is a kind way and a nasty way of doing everything. Mr. Comaday's not in the habit of being a policeman," she explained to the priest.

The priest nodded. He was not young, nor in the best of health. He seated himself and glanced at Penelope with the intimacy of recognition, then realised he had mistaken her for someone else. Penelope smiled helpfully at him.

"Do make yourself comfortable, Father," she said. "I do think that police stations are such grim places built to scold people, not to comfort them. But I suppose they are inevitable as sin."

The priest nodded, and Penelope took upon herself the introductions. When she had finished the priest took out of his pocket an envelope, and out of the envelope a slim package of bills, which he laid on the commissioner's desk. He sighed resignedly.

"What the devil—?" Comaday began.

They were thousand-dollar bills. The men grouped around the desk. Someone counted the money, just touching the bills with his fingertips. Then Penelope picked them up, looking with pleasure, and Cohen said rather sadly:

"There could be fingerprints on the money, Mrs. Hastings."

"You mean it's stolen money," the priest said with resignation.

"I'm afraid it is, Father," Cohen agreed. "Could you tell us how you came by it?"

"Today I went to the collection box in the church and I found it. I suppose I knew all along that it wasn't real."

"Then you don't know who put the money in the box?" Cohen persisted.

"I just may—" He looked from face to face uncertainly.

"This is not privileged, Father," Comaday said, directing one stubby finger at the priest, "unless the knowledge came in the confessional?"

The priest shook his head.

"You must not be intimidated by them, Father," Penelope said. "On the other hand, I cannot believe that the church would shelter criminals."

"That's just it," the priest said unhappily. "Can I believe that she was a criminal? Do criminals give to the church?"

"Then it was a woman!" Cohen exclaimed. "You did see her, then?"

"Churches are not well lighted. But I saw her."

"What did she look like?"

"Well — about my size, trim, some deformation of the nose, as if it had been broken at one time, black hair—"

"And what was she wearing?"

"A fur coat of some kind. It might have been mink. I can't say for sure."

"What kind of a woman, Father?"

"I really wouldn't presume to say," Father Donnelly answered.

His eyes were caught meanwhile by the still photos that lay on Comaday's desk. He picked one of them up. "I do believe that's the

To page 81





We're wearing Tam O' Shanter styles
(like all young people should)
They never shrink or lose their shape
Kayser makes them good!

(Front) **HONEY. Style No. 31877.** Snappy little roll neck shift in easy-care double knit cotton. Red/White and Navy/White. Sizes 2-4 yrs. $3.50.
(Centre) **SANDRA. Style No. 38776.** Cosy raglan jumper with snug collar. Softest Cashmilon in Navy/Grey, Brown/Aqua, Brown/Bone. Sizes 28-32. $7.25.
LAZY DAYS. Style No. 35482. Trim fitting stretch nylon slacks faced inside with warm brushed cotton. Elasticised waist. In five fashion colours. Sizes 4-6 yrs., $4.75, 8-14 yrs., $5.50.
(Back) **TERRY. Style No. 38193.** Polo neck Fair Isle jumper in soft, warm Cashmilon. Red, Brown and Navy combinations. Sizes 24-28. $7.00.
NEW YORKER. Style No. 34301. Smartly tailored trousers in good-looking stretch nylon. Warm colours checked with White. Sizes 3-7 yrs. $5.25.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972541

WIN A SCHOLARSHIP FOR YOUR BABY IN THE $14,000



Nestlé's BABY FOOD CONTEST!

5 First Prizes of $2,000 Educational Endowment



You can win enough money to help your baby through university or an equivalent level of tertiary education. And you don't have to be an academic yourself to win for him this golden opportunity. It's so easy!

Winners will have $2,000 paid into an "Educational Endowment" account at the bank of their choice.

What a wonderful start in life for your child! Enter now. It couldn't be simpler.



50 Second Prizes of $50 Savings Bank Accounts

A very useful sum of money for any youngster starting out in an adult world. And by the time your baby needs this amount it will have increased considerably with bank interest and you'll probably have added to it from time to time yourself too.

600 Consolation Prizes of 1 doz. supersoft nappies.

And what an easy way to win them! Baby will have plenty of extra nappies now! They're beautifully soft and thick too.

HURRY. ENTER NOW

HERE'S HOW EASY IT IS . . .

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS USE YOUR OWN EXPERIENCE AS A MOTHER

1. Study the list of Nestlés Baby Food Varieties below.

2. Decide which are the best-liked by Australian babies in order of preference.

3. Go on through the list and number one to five in order of preference **both** Strained and Junior Varieties. For instance, if you think Nestlés **Strained** Pears is most popular Strained Variety, write "1" in the square beside it.

STRAINED VARIETIES (Number 1-5)

- ☐ LAMB & VEGETABLES.
- ☐ CHICKEN BROTH.
- ☐ PEARS.
- ☐ BEEF & VEGETABLES.
- ☐ EGG CUSTARD.

JUNIOR VARIETIES (Number 1-5)

- ☐ APPLES.
- ☐ LAMB BRAINS & VEGETABLES.
- ☐ CHICKEN DINNER.
- ☐ EGG CUSTARD & RICE
- ☐ HAM & VEGETABLES.

4. Entries should be mailed to: **NESTLE'S, C/- Box 425, P.O., Darlinghurst, Sydney, N.S.W.**

RULES FOR CONTESTANTS:

(a) Contestants may send as many entries as they like but each must be on a separate entry form or sheet of paper.
(b) Each entry must be accompanied by a label from a jar of Nestlé's Strained or Junior Baby Food.*
(c) Neatest correct or nearest correct entries received will be awarded the 655 prizes.
(d) Judge's decision is final. The correct order is established by Nestlé's Baby Foods sales records over the last 18 months.
(e) No correspondence will be entered into.
(f) Nestlé's employees and their families may not enter the contest, nor may the members of Nestlé's Advertising Agencies and their families.
(g) Entries close at 5.00 p.m. on April 8th, 1966.

* Labels not required where this contravenes State Law.

Winners will be notified by mail; winners names will be published under Public Notices in morning newspapers in all state capitals on Friday, May 6th, 1966.

(PRINT IN BLOCK CAPITALS)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Your Baby's Name..... Age.....

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972542

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their unusual antiques.

COULD you please tell me something about my teaset? As well as the cup and saucer, there is a large sugarbasin with lid, and a jug. The pale pink petals of the flowers are raised, but the rest of the design is flat. Underneath there is what appears to be a five-petalled flower with a nick at the top of each petal. The cups are thin and light.—Mrs. W. J. Steel, Trafalgar, Vic.

It is a Japanese eggshell or porcelain teaset about 60 or 70 years old. The shape of the teapot and coffee-pot indicates that the Japanese potter has emulated the production of the famous French Limoges porcelain.

WOULD you be able to tell me anything about some teaspoons I own? Sterling silver, they were brought out from Scotland in 1863. They are the full teaspoon size, but are rather more tapered at the top than usual. The marking on the back is CM CM. As my great-grandfather came from Scotland, I would assume they are Scottish-made.—Mrs. I. Cumming, Mosgill, N.Z.

Your sterling silver teaspoons are definitely of Scottish origin. They are late George III examples and bear the Perth (Scotland) assay mark. They were made by Charles Murray in 1816.



● Delicate porcelain

HILE overseas in Europe last year I picked up a couple of plates. I have consulted various books on pottery and have failed to come up with the answer as to the origin. The marking on the back is a scroll decoration and the plates are also numbered "299" and "300" and bear the name Kaufmann." They are so artistic the painting on the front is quite in detail. — Mrs. L. B. Tamworth, N.S.W.

They are Austrian plates — Vienna ware—and were manufactured about 1880-90. The decoration is copied from a painting by Angelica Kaufmann, who was a painter in England during the last quarter of the 18th century. She also decorated porcelain.

★ ★ ★

WOULD you know the age and origin of an old pottery figure of mine? It belonged to my uncle and was for many years the property of the Victoria and Albert Museum. The figure is that of a boy (in a sailor's uniform) holding the arm of a woman, who is seated. — Mrs. R. Hewitt, Ringwood, Vic.

The delightful group is English and Staffordshire made about 1830-40.

★ ★ ★

WOULD like some information about a china plate with a blue pattern. The only mark I can see is on the back and it resembles a half moon with a dot under it. Also would you know anything about two silver spoons I have? On the satin lining is the name of the jewellers "B. W. & Co., 50 Oxford Street, London, W." On the spoons themselves are the marks "W," a picture of a lion, a crowned leopard, and a head and the silhouette of a man. The second spoon has the same marks but in a different order. — R. Harris, Newmarket, Qld.

Your plate is English Staffordshire decorated with the willow pattern, which is transfer-printed under the glaze in blue. It was made about 1845 to 1855.

Both your spoons are sterling silver. George III fruit spoons (George III, 1760-1820). The first bears the London hallmark for 1802, while the second George III spoon bears the hallmark for 1802. The spoons were originally plain. They have been redecorated at a later period. The style of decoration is typically Victorian.

★ ★ ★

WOULD you please identify two countries, "Commerce" and "Industry," which my father purchased in Auckland some forty years ago? They bear the words "Aug Exhibition."—D. J. Gisby, Auckland.

Your French Spelter metal figures were made about 1900-1910.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE a blue Doulton plate decorated with a picture of Robert Burns and the names of his famous poems. On the back is the English crown and the lion of Royal Doulton as well as the number D2392.—Mrs. E. J. Grieves, Waverley, Vic.

Your Doulton plate was made in 1896 to commemorate the centenary of the death of Burns (1759-1796).



If this costs 3c a cup &...



this 6c a glass...



what should you pay



for one of the world's finest teas?



With Broken Orange Pekoes



from Lipton's own estates...



100% pure Ceylon



Surprise!

Lipton

TEA MERCHANTS TO THE WORLD

FOR ALMOST A CENTURY

one of the WORLD'S FINEST packet teas costs ⅓ cent per cup!



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972543



"Those people think of everything!

Until I started to talk about wills and trusts with the specialists at the Perpetual Trustee Company, I had never fully realised the problems and pitfalls of the trustee business. Of course, we've all read in the papers about court cases involving home-made wills and breaches of trust by people who often just didn't know any better. I soon found out how easy it would be for almost anybody to run into trouble without proper guidance.

I know it's a horrible thought but do you know for instance what happens when husband and wife are killed together? With all the car accidents these days, it's not so uncommon either. Well, the law says that the elder of the two died first unless it can be proved otherwise. This is usually the husband and that means his estate must go first to his wife's estate — that is, if as often happens, she was his main beneficiary. This, in turn, means double administration costs and usually further duties must be paid before the children or anybody else gets a penny.

Now at Perpetual, they tell you how this can be avoided. Nobody likes to dwell on such things but this was just one of the many important points Perpetual cover when they're advising you. They have had a tremendous amount of experience — and this makes them think a long way ahead. It's reassuring to know you've had the best advice you can get on such matters — especially when there's a lot at stake."

Perpetual Trustee Company Limited, a member of Australia's largest trustee group — Perpetual Trustees Australia Limited — is equipped to handle every problem of estate administration efficiently and sympathetically.

In all legal matters, Perpetual will continue to employ the solicitor who has acted on your behalf and is therefore familiar with your business affairs.

Call in for a confidential discussion with a senior officer of the Company . . . or write for informative literature on the services we offer.

Perpetual
TRUSTEE COMPANY LIMITED

33-39 Hunter Street, SYDNEY, N.S.W. Telephone: 2 0377

Offices in Newcastle and Wollongong

A member of the Perpetual Trustees Australia Limited Group, operating in N.S.W., Vic., Q'ld., and the A.C.T.

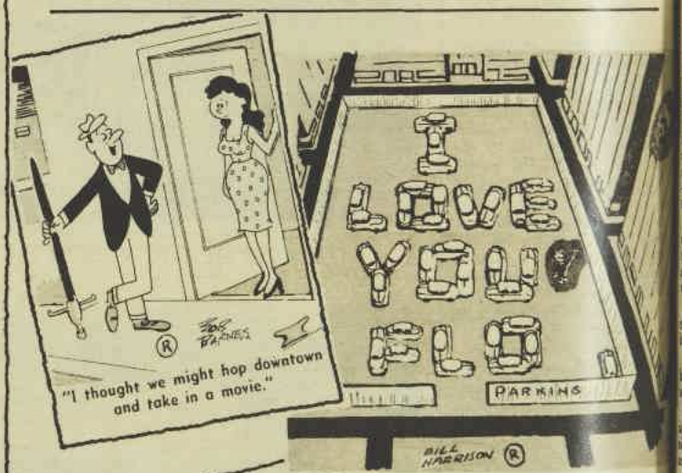
PTA

PTA3A





COURTING TROUBLE





National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972544

PENELOPE

Continued from page 77

ame woman. I couldn't be sure, and think there's a difference in her ce—it could be a mark of some kind."

Roxbee handed him the other otos and he glanced through em, nodding. "Oh, yes—yes, it ould very well be the same oman."

During this, Rothschild re-ntered the room. Cohen whispered quick explanation to him; and enelope took her cheque book out of her purse and began to write.

"Penelope," her husband said owly and ominously, "just what the devil do you think you are oing?"

"Drying the ink on a cheque," he answered matter of factly.

"For what?"

"For Father Donnelly's church," he said casually, handing the eque to the priest.

He looked at it, thanking her utomatically in the turmoil of his wn thoughts. "My dear Mrs. Hastings, this is so kind of you, so ery thoughtful. But you have no bligation, really—"

"Are you all right, Father?" Cohen asked.

"This cheque," he whispered, —it's for ten thousand dollars—"

"What?"

"James . . ." Penelope tried.

"Did you say ten thousand ollars?" he roared at Father Donelly. "Did you say that she gave ou a cheque for ten thousand ollars?"

"Please, please," Father Donnelly ntested. "I don't want trouble, ertainly not between a man and is wife—"

"And we don't even belong to our faith!" Hastings shouted.

FATHER DONNELLY held out the cheque toward Penelope, but she ignored it and said, "James . . ." The icy edge of her wn voice astonished her, but there was. "James, I think we have said quite enough. I never thought we would have to discuss such matters in front of strangers, but may I remind you that this is my own money, my own bank account and deriving from my own inheritance. I can do as I wish with it."

And to the priest, "Keep the heque, Father Donnelly. I doubt that it comes from as good a source as those thousand-dollar bills, but it will help."

She turned to her husband. "And now, James—I think we have been here long enough."

After Penelope and her husband had departed, silence descended upon the men in the room.

Larry Cohen took the priest's arm and led him through the door. Outside for a moment, Cohen grinned and said:

"Don't let it keep you awake, Father."

"You mean the cheque's no good?"

"I mean the cheque is as good as gold, tomorrow or next week. You know, I have a notion—I have a notion that this was something she never did before."

"It's possible," the priest said.

"And it's almost as if the same person gave you ten thousand dollars twice."

"Now that you mention it," the priest smiled, "it is. I have had a very curious day, Mr. Cohen, believe me."

"Indeed, I do believe you," Cohen replied, and then he said good night to Father Donnelly and went back into the room where Lieutenant Rothschild was reporting on his part of investigation re Two Square Corners.

"You guessed it," Rothschild said to Roxbee. "Sure, it was obvious. They never picked up the suit. It wasn't stolen. Someone had opened the pantry door, reached in, and walked off with it. Just like that—as if it was a standing invitation."

"Why?" Larry Cohen asked.

"Why?" Rothschild snorted. "So

To page 83

HOUSEHOLD HINTS FROM READERS

● These useful hints from readers will help housewives to save time, effort, and money when attending to their daily routine of household chores.

CHILDREN'S wax crayons can be used successfully to fill small holes in polished or colored woodwork. Press a small piece into the hole with a heated knife blade. Polish after wax has hardened.—Mrs. M. Peters, Duncan St., Braidwood, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

After stewing dried fruit such as apricots, prunes, or figs, add 1 dessertspoon cornflour to every 1lb. fruit. This improves the flavor and makes a good syrup. —Mrs. T. H. Benson, 7 Grantham St., Port Augusta, S.A.

Worn honan or seagrass mats in natural and colored squares can be made to look like new by painting the colored squares, usually red or green, with pavement paint in the same shade. — Mrs. M. H. Osborn, "Daintree," Buderim, Qld.

★ ★ ★

Keep an old crochet needle handy in the laundry to remove pieces of cotton and fluff that collect in the pump on the washing machine. — Mrs. E. Johns, 22 Atkins St., Ermington, N.S.W.

Use a long pipe cleaner to clean the inside of a coffee percolator tube. — Mrs. A. Walters, "Inverness," Elong Elong, Dubbo, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Very often, when separating an egg, the yolk breaks and falls into the white. When this happens, dip a cloth in warm water, wring it dry, and touch the yolk with a corner of it; the yolk will adhere to the cloth for easy removal.—Mrs. V. Cole, 14 Heller St., Rangeville, Toowoomba, Qld.

When mashing bananas for sandwiches, blend in a tablespoon of lemon butter. This will prevent browning and improve the flavor. —Mrs. N. F. Godbee, Chances Plains, Chinchilla, Qld.

★ ★ ★

Lisle stockings will not ladder easily but do rub and wear on the heel. To prevent this, cut out the heel of an old nylon stocking and sew over the lisle heel. The stocking will have a much longer life. —Miss D. Smith, 6 Eldon St., Lindisfarne, Tas.



New Master Foods PRO-MITE — a good source of B vitamins for your family!

That's right! A fifth of an ounce of Pro-Mite contains half the daily requirements of all three B vitamins, in a delicious, healthy and nutritious spread that all your family will enjoy.

New Pro-Mite spreads easier, has the proven popular taste — and costs you less too!

So, for a delicious snack, spread Pro-Mite on toast, bread and butter or in sandwiches. Incidentally, a teaspoon of Pro-Mite in hot water makes a warming winter drink.

Pro-Mite is yet another example of Master Foods *quality products at reasonable prices* — developed through modern food technology and research.

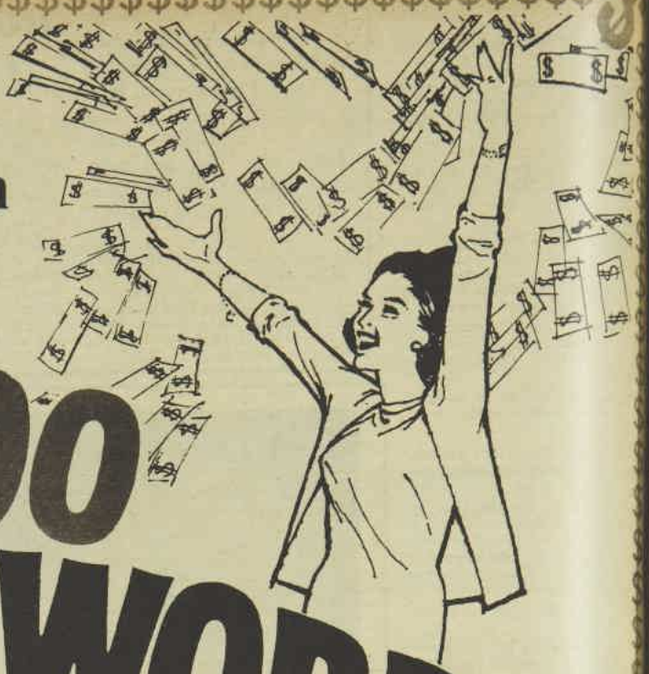
Master Foods
QUALITY PRODUCTS — REASONABLE PRICES

MF152

MASTER FOODS MAKE OVER 150 FINE FOODS. THE LARGEST RANGE OF FOOD PRODUCTS IN AUSTRALIA. AT ALL GOOD FOOD STORES.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972545

You don't have to be a contest wizard to win a dollar fortune!



$30,000 DOLLAR WORDS CONTEST!!

HURRY! CONTEST CLOSES 16th APRIL!



Have a try now! Use your wits and see what fun it can be (you'll find the full puzzle on special contest packs of Super Rinso, Omo, Persil and Surf).

HERE'S HOW IT'S DONE

The idea is to complete the words in the puzzle by carefully studying the clues and then printing the missing letters in the spaces. The letters required to make up the correct word must be selected from the letters appearing in small print in the appropriate squares; e.g., the correct answer to 4 Across must be either "meat" or "meal." *The solution to every clue is the only word which is truly appropriate.*

SAMPLE CLUES ACROSS:

4. The would be eaten by any hungry animal.
9. Anyone on stage who can entertain an audience has an
11. The boy's parents were disturbed to learn that his girl friend hated the
14. Dancing sometimes takes place at a
16. Animal lovers prefer a dog to a although some homes have both.
17. A car loses its value when it becomes covered in
18. It's not necessary to have a knowledge of horses in order to one.
20. It's not unusual to see a golfer a ball.
21. You should be able to rely on one to mind the children.
23. The house was seldom and had never been tenanted.
24. She to clothe her children.

SAMPLE CLUES DOWN:

2. It is not dangerous to a savage lion if it is caged.
3. Some cricketers never
5. A bull can be ferocious at times.
12. The office boy who doesn't very often won't impress the boss.
13. Families of men who have been to are glad to see them safely home.
15. The shepherd could not locate a single sheep. Knowing a wolf must be near he kept a tight grip on his
18. He identified the marks on the ground as a wagon . . .
19. A polite actor would not criticise the which was offered him.
22. He was told to the boat but not travel any distance in it.

1st PRIZE—$15,000
2nd PRIZE—$3,000
3rd PRIZE—$750
Over 900 other big cash prizes



LK1/31 WWFPg

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972546

Continued from page 81

you tell me why! Why does someone pay eleven hundred dollars for a dress or a suit or whatever the hell it was? Why does someone steal it? How do I know? Am I a philosopher?"

"No price tags on it," Cohen said.

"OK," Comaday said. "So the thief didn't know what the suit was worth and only needed a yellow skirt to pull a job."

"And got one that fitted perfectly."

"It happens," Comaday said. "At least you got to admit that it gives us the lead we want. Whoever snatched the suit went in and out of that building."

"We're on it already," Rothschild said. "There're twenty stories of large Park Avenue building and it could have been a maid or a delivery boy or a contact of one of them—maybe three, four hundred possibles, but we'll go through them and we'll turn up that suit."

"Or maybe you won't," Cohen said.

THEY all looked at him now, and Comaday wanted to know just what he knew that the others didn't, and why.

Cohen sighed and picked up the telephone on Comaday's desk and said to the building operator, "Would you call the 'New York Times' society page and find out who is the volunteer in charge of the Sloan-Kettering Thrift Store, the one on Second Avenue in the Eighties, I believe. And when you get the name, locate her and put her through to Commissioner Comaday's office."

"I'd like to see your nose rubbed in the mud this time, Larry," Comaday said. "I don't know where the hell you are going or what track you are on, any more than

PENELOPE

I know what pulled me into this."

"Thirty branches in five boroughs," Cohen grinned.

"Go to hell." He was going through his pockets. "Where the devil is my wallet? That's another thing—"

"I think you'll have it in the morning," Cohen said smugly; and whatever Comaday might have replied was interrupted by his telephone. He motioned to Cohen, who picked it up, and then Comaday flicked the loud-speaker switch.

"This is Mrs. Jerome Green," she began.

"Mrs. Green? This is Larry Cohen—"

"The district attorney?"

"One of them. Perhaps you remember, we met at your daughter's wedding."

"My dear boy," Mrs. Green said, "I knew your mother long before I ever had anything to wed to anything else. Of course, this is not a social call at this time of the night. I do hope it's a crime or something of that sort."

"It is a sort of criminal business. Were you at the thrift store today?"

"Indeed I was, and might I say that we are a cause worth keeping in mind, not only for the work we do but whatever you give up represents a tax deduction up to its value. That may not appeal to you—"

"It does indeed, Mrs. Green, and I will keep it in mind. But right now, I wonder whether someone gave you a gift today—a yellow suit by Givenchy?"

"I knew it. I knew it. I just knew it—"

"Then the suit was given to you?"

"You know, the labels were torn out. I said to Claire Ebbling, now that is an unusual suit. But she would not have it. People don't give us unusual suits, acording to Claire — in spite of the fact that last year someone gave us a star sapphire never knowing what it was. I said it was a designer suit — but no, she knew better. Then Sadaba came in—"

"Sadaba?"

"You know — Sadaba on Madison Avenue — the one who always talks about herself in the third person."

"Mrs. Green," Cohen said, "are you telling me that this yellow suit, this Givenchy, was given to your thrift store today, and that subsequently a woman called Sadaba who operates a dress salon on Madison Avenue came in and purchased it?"

"Well, of course — and for fifteen dollars! Oh, I could—I could just walk out of the window. You know, if it were anyone else, I would telephone her and say, 'But darling, a treasure is one thing and a cause is another. We are not Bergdorf's. We operate a charity store in the cause of cancer research, and we are all volunteers, and I do think that the least you could do is to volunteer a twenty-dollar bill on to the fifteen in the cause of research, since you did come into a treasure'."

"Would you permit me to send you my own cheque?" Cohen asked.

"Darling boy, I should not permit it, but I will."

"And tell me now, Mrs. Green, what time was the suit left at your store?"

"Oh—in the afternoon. About four, I would guess."

"By a woman with black hair and a broken nose?"

"How did you know?"

"And where do I find Sadaba?"

"The east side of Madison, between Seventy-fourth and Seventy-fifth."

"That's the store. Would you know where she lives?"

"Over the store, my dear — current style, of course. She owns the whole building, one of those Madison Avenue granite-front types. She's positively richer than Croesus. Salon on floors one and two, and living quarters above. Very posh, but she will poor-mouth you to death. And if you go there, be prepared to buy. Her claws are like fish-hooks, and her prices are like the national debt."

"I will be eminently wary," Cohen said. "And I do thank you with all my heart, my dear Mrs. Green. You have been a great help to us."

"And dear boy, make out your cheque to Sloan-Kettering. You can send it to me or to the store."

"I will indeed."

LARRY COHEN replaced the telephone. He could not resist a slight smirk of satisfaction as he looked about him from face to face.

It was half-past ten when Captain Bixbee, Lieutenant Rothschild, Sergeant Kelly, and Larry Cohen drew up in front of Sadaba's Dress Salon. Madison Avenue, at that hour in the evening, was almost

To page 84

Hair That Sparkles



Fair hair becomes even more beautiful, clearer, cleaner and youthful, sparkling with the brilliance of diamonds to reflect its loveliness at depth, when shampooed with the modern "Peek-In" glow shampoo by Delph.

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

EVELYN." — This smart long-line jacket suit is available in burnt-orange, lipstick-pink, and mid-blue boucle-finish wool frocking. Jacket is fully lined.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, $19.45 (£9/14/6); 36 and 38in. bust, $21.65 (£9/16/6).

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, $17.35 (£8/13/6); 36 and 38in. bust, $17.75 (£8/17/6). Postage and discount 60c (6/-) extra on all garments.

NOTE: If ordered by mail, send to address given on page 40 Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 246-6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



"They said I couldn't reduce



I am taking my Menthoids first thing in the mornings or at bedtime.

The first week I didn't lose a pound, but my waist, hips and bust were an inch smaller. Now I've reduced from 158 to 147 lbs. My best weight is about 137 lbs. Can I continue to take Menthoids? I feel wonderfully fit."

The Menthoid way will help you, too.

Many people have been taking Mackenzie's Menthoids regularly for forty years to maintain youthful energy and vigor with normal weight.

Menthoids contain no dangerous drugs and their gentle diuretic, osmotic and nourishing elements help keep one's body free from poisonous wastes and supplied each day with the essential trace elements needed for energy and vitality.

That's why you feel so wonderfully revitalised as you take your Menthoids each day.

Eat sensibly and save money.

The Menthoid way of living will help you to choose food most suitable to keep your best weight with maximum energy and youthful vitality.

People have asked us, "Are Menthoids habit forming?" They emphatically are not, but they make you feel better as spectacles let you see better. "How long do Menthoids take to reduce?" Usually a gradual loss of several pounds each week. "Do Menthoids have any side effects?" No. They contain no strong or dangerous drugs or appetite depressants.

Please feel free to write to Menthoids, P.O. Box 31, Arncliffe, N.S.W., because any information concerning the Menthoid way of living will always be available to you.

FREE HEALTH CHART

Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope, stating your age, weight and height, to Menthoids, Dept. W1, P.O. Box 31, Arncliffe, N.S.W., and a copy of the Menthoid Way of Living Health Chart will reach you by return mail.

Get your Mackenzie's Menthoids today and begin to enjoy again the vigor and vitality of youthful energy and glorious health.

50c, 90c, $1·50 everywhere in Australia.

MM2

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972547



"George, I want you to think! Who were you supposed to pick up at the station tonight?"

Continued from page 83

PENELOPE

deserted, lighted gently by the rich gloss of the antique shops and the art galleries, offering the treasures and riches of the world. On the next corner, like an old, bruised pensioner seeking recognition, stood the bereaved branch of the City Federal Bank.

In Sadaba's shop, however, the lights were still on, the front door masked with shade; and after Sergeant Kelly had parked, the four men walked over to the door of the dress salon and knocked. There were steps inside, and an edge of the shade was pushed back to show the shadowed face of a man.

"Police," said Lieutenant Rothschild tiredly. "Lieutenant Rothschild — Nineteenth Precinct."

"Sadaba! Is police," the man said.

"Is police, Sadaba wants to see credentials."

Rothschild took out his wallet and opened it to display his badge and credentials. The shade was pushed farther back and a woman looked out.

"Looks all right. Ah, open the door, Ducky."

Ducky opened the door. He was a small man, no more than five feet two or three inches, dapper, waxed moustache, a diamond ring on each hand, thin hair plastered to his skull. Behind him stood Sabada, who was five feet and ten inches in her flat-heeled shoes, dressed in high-style black, hair dyed jet-black and pulled back tightly, make-up heavy and bold. Once she had appraised the four men she spread her arms and said:

"Close the door, Ducky. Dollings, come in and see. I have no more secrets now. For Sadaba there is no rest, no peace — vork, vork, vork. Is it a life? I am hoping you are accusing me of murder. Sadaba murders Sadaba. Because that is the truth."

Ducky, meanwhile, was drawing up chairs for the visitors. On Ducky's part, every movement evidenced a tremendous and long-standing respect for the police.

"Not at all," said Rothschild. "The truth is that we are accusing you of nothing at all. It is just that you can be of some help to us."

"Your name is Lieutenant Rothschild, yes?"

"Yes."

"You are related to the Rothschilds — to the Rothschilds?"

"No — no, ma'am," Rothschild replied.

"We were told that you bought a yellow suit today at Sloan-Kettering Thrift Store on Second Avenue, and we would like very much to look at it."

"Is not for sale," Sadaba shrugged.

"You see, we don't want to buy it," Larry Cohen put in. "We only want to look at it."

Rothschild threw him a grateful glance, and Sadaba snorted, "Sadaba is ashamed you should look at a rag."

"Would you please bring it to us and let us look at it?" said Cohen. "We are not going to confiscate it unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless we determine that it is stolen property," said Rothschild. "In which case it must be returned to its rightful owner."

"Sadaba does not remember vere it is," Sadaba shrugged. "Could take a week to find it here."

"You had better start remembering," Bixbee said coldly. "Otherwise we are going to charge you as a receiver of stolen property and you can spend tonight in a cell."

"Vy get angry?" Sadaba smiled. "Sadaba remembers. Ducky — go bring the yellow rag. Better it should not be in my shop."

DUCKY went through the drapes at the end of Sadaba's lounge, and a moment later returned with a bright yellow suit. Rothschild held out his hand for it, and Ducky gave it to him. The three men crowded around Rothschild who examined the suit inside and outside—fixing finally upon a label sewn inside the jacket, namely GIVENCHY, Paris.

"This label . . ." said Rothschild to Sadaba.

"A label? In every creation is a label."

"Except," Cohen put in, "that I spoke to Mrs. Green earlier tonight. She informed us that when this suit was left at the store today no labels were in it."

Sadaba looked from one face to another.

"You sewed in this label?" Rothschild asked.

"Is a crime? This is a creation of Givenchy, no?"

"We are not accusing you of any criminal act," Rothschild said, lighting himself. "We only wished to see the suit you bought today."

"Is here, no?"

"Yes. Now, could you tell us anything else concerning this suit — anything at all?"

"Sadaba brings to her clients creations—Diors, Givenchys, Chanels, Balenciagas, Lanvins; but Sadaba does not lecture on what is in the soul of a creator when he creates creations."

"That is not exactly what the lieutenant means," Cohen explained. "He wants to know whether you have ever seen this suit being worn."

"Sadaba slaves eighteen hours a day. Who sees anything?"

"This afternoon," Rothschild said, "the new branch of the City Federal Bank across the street from here was held up. It was robbed by a woman wearing this suit — so far as we can ascertain. A woman with black hair."

"Size ten," Sadaba said softly.

"You know about the robbery?"

"Who knows about the robbery? Dolink, Sadaba knows nothing. Sadaba sees nothing. Sadaba is not even knowing the bank is robbed until Ducky tells her. Dolink — please is very late. You are taking the yellow rag with you?"

"I am afraid so," Rothschild said. "It appears to be stolen property. We can ask the Sloan-Kettering people to return the price of it to you."

Sadaba spread her hands in horror. "Never. For the noble work they are doing, the money is Sadaba's gift. Not one penny of it will Sadaba take back."

Rothschild took the yellow rag and they said good night to Sadaba. Larry Cohen was silent and thoughtful.

To be concluded



SELF-CONFIDENCE — AND AN ACNE-FREE COMPLEXION

If you are not satisfied with your skin—if you have acne or blemishes—try washing with pHisoHex. It helps. pHisoHex helps because it is a special liquid cleanser that thoroughly removes all dirt, grease and grime. It contains no harmful alkali. But it does contain a powerful antibacterial germ fighter, hexachlorophene, which can keep tiny blemishes from developing into unsightly pimples. Wash with pHisoHex 3 or 4 times every day to help clear your skin of acne—and then to help it stay clear. Use pHorac Cream, too, to help heal and cover pimples. Winthrop Laboratories, Ermington, N.S.W.

pHisoHex
(Pronounced Fy-so-hex)

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

ALSO AVAILABLE IN NEW ZEALAND

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972548

AT HOME . . . *with Margaret Sydney*

● An American scientific journal, in lighter mood and as a side reference to its discussion on the recent Soviet soft landing on the moon, has drawn its readers' attention to the fact that between 1892 and 1966 the word "moon" has appeared in 43 of the titles of song-hits of those 74 years.

THE journal quotes its figures (and titles) from the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. It starts off with "Moonbeams" in 1906, followed by "Shine On, Harvest Moon" in 1908, and works its way up through "Moonlight and Roses" (1925), "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain" (1931). "Moonlight Serenade" (1939). "Moonlight Becomes You" (1942), till it arrives at the present day.

The article goes on to wonder facetiously what songwriters will do when we've conquered the moon and moved on to the conquest of Mars — forcing them to make unromantic rhymes such as bars, chars, jars, and cars.

This made me laugh. I *know* he was joking, but surely only a dedicated space scientist could believe there was enough truth in the idea that space exploration influences songwriters to make this sort of joke or to think those pitiful 43 titles in 74 years in any way significant.

Think back to the poems you had drummed into your unwilling head(?). It's moonbeams to mudpies that "moon" will appear in at least one of the first three you bring to mind.

Remember "The Highwayman"? Remember Masefield's "moon-washed apples of wonder"? Remember Shelley's "Art thou pale for weariness/Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,/Wandering companionless/Among the stars that have a different birth . . ."?

Or you can go farther back to your nursery days and remember "Boys and girls come out to play" and "Hi-diddle-diddle."

From Chaucer onward, can you think of a single major English poet who hasn't celebrated the moon's changeable beauty? There's no prize for coming up with a line from Shakespeare, because the moon appears in his work in a hundred quotable quotes.

To English writers the moon is always feminine ("I saw the new moon late yestreen wi' the auld moon in her arm"). She is fickle, beautiful, changeable, which led Tennyson to the wicked thought that:

"Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine."

I don't think either the poets or the space explorers need worry. No matter how long or how short a time it takes them to weigh and measure and map the moon and finally make up his mind what it is made of (A solid core, and stand upon feet of dust? A porous agglomerate? Green cheese?) it will hold its place in the world's romantic language, and your great-great-grandchildren, and mine, when they reach adolescence, will still be laboriously spooning moon with June and tune and soon, and hopefully submitting the result to the school magazine.

The fact is that moonlight does become you—and everything else it touches—and no amount of scientific data, irresistibly interesting as it may be, will ever wipe out the slithery thrill of wonder the sight of a full moon has given man since the beginning of time.

So shucks to the spacemen if they think they're going to interfere with the immemorial language of romance. What do they want to do? Turn us into the sort of people comedian Fred Allen was talking about when he said, "The only thing he ever takes out on a moonlight night is his upper plate?"

A little "drattic" action on the home front

AFTER eighteen months of comparative peace, industrial warfare has broken out again in this household. I am once more on a regulation strike.

I refuse to sweep bedrooms unless the floors are relatively sweepable (i.e., haven't got three dozen things on them that have first to be picked up), and I refuse to search in improbable places for dirty clothes. I'll wash only those things which are put out to be washed.

This has happened before—how often! Readers have written and pointed out to me kindly but firmly that my children must have been badly brought up. I agree. But what has happened to the law of averages? Shouldn't I, in all fairness, as an untidy parent, have produced one phenomenally and aggravatingly orderly child?

Mike acted as agent provocateur in this strike. While I was tearing my hair over the number of assorted articles dumped and left in the kitchen last weekend, Mike, after a quick look round in which he couldn't see anything for which he could be reasonably blamed, said, "What you want to do is something really drattic."

"Drattic" is Mike's current shortening of the word dramatic.

"Such as what?" I asked.

"Why not zot out to the incinerator and burn all this junk Di and Kat leave round?"

Burning it seemed a little drastic, so I called a strike.

Poor Mike, he was only trying to help, and it made him very bitter to find that the strike, once begun, applied to his quarters and his belongings as much as to the girls'.

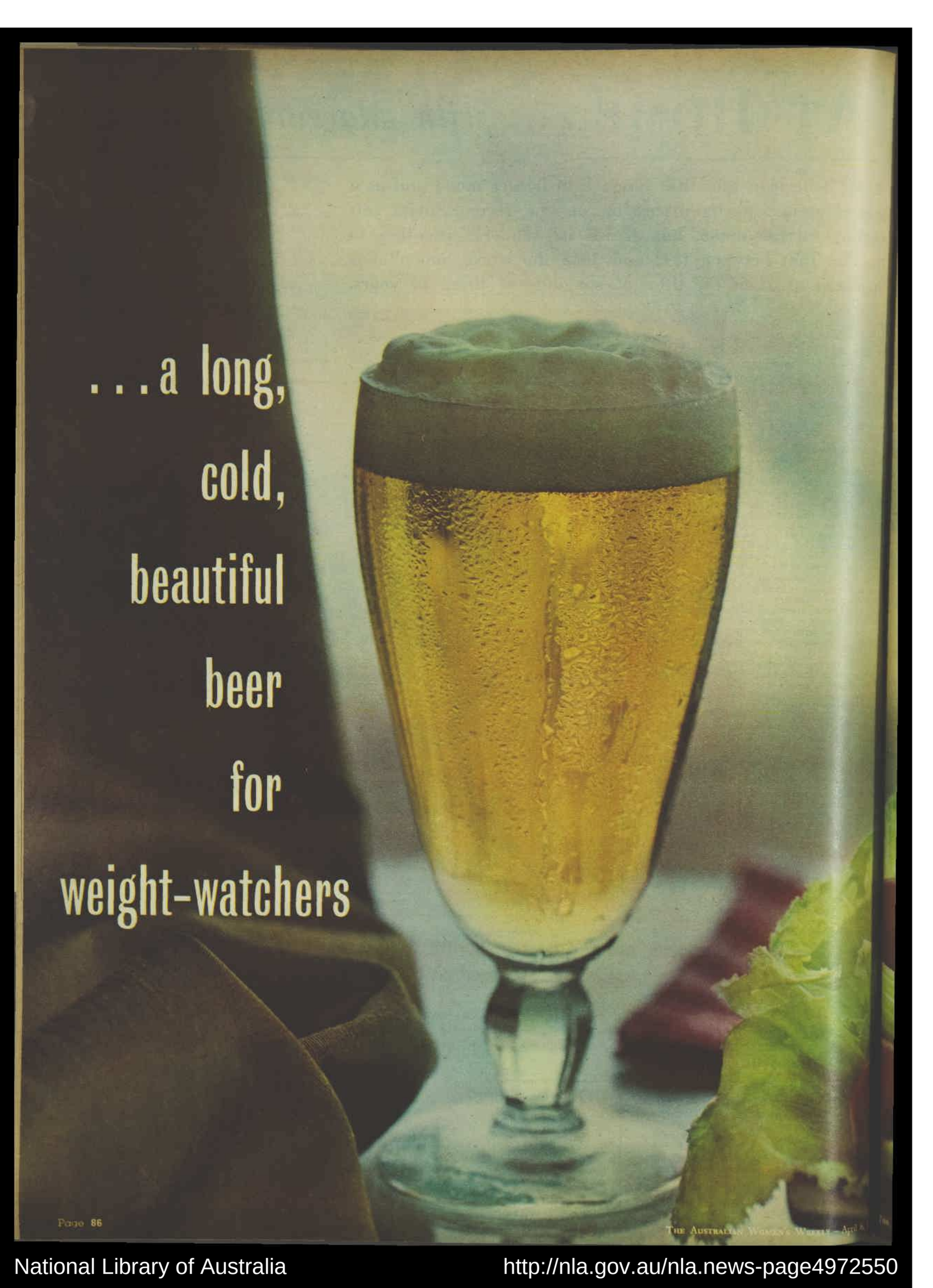
"You can't trust women," he told his father. "They've got no loyalty, no gratitude, and no solidarity."

"Leave me out of it," Hugh said. "I'm a non-combatant." I'm afraid that's only too true. He's not much tidier than the rest, but what's the point of taking strike action against someone who refuses to find it in the least degree uncomfortable?

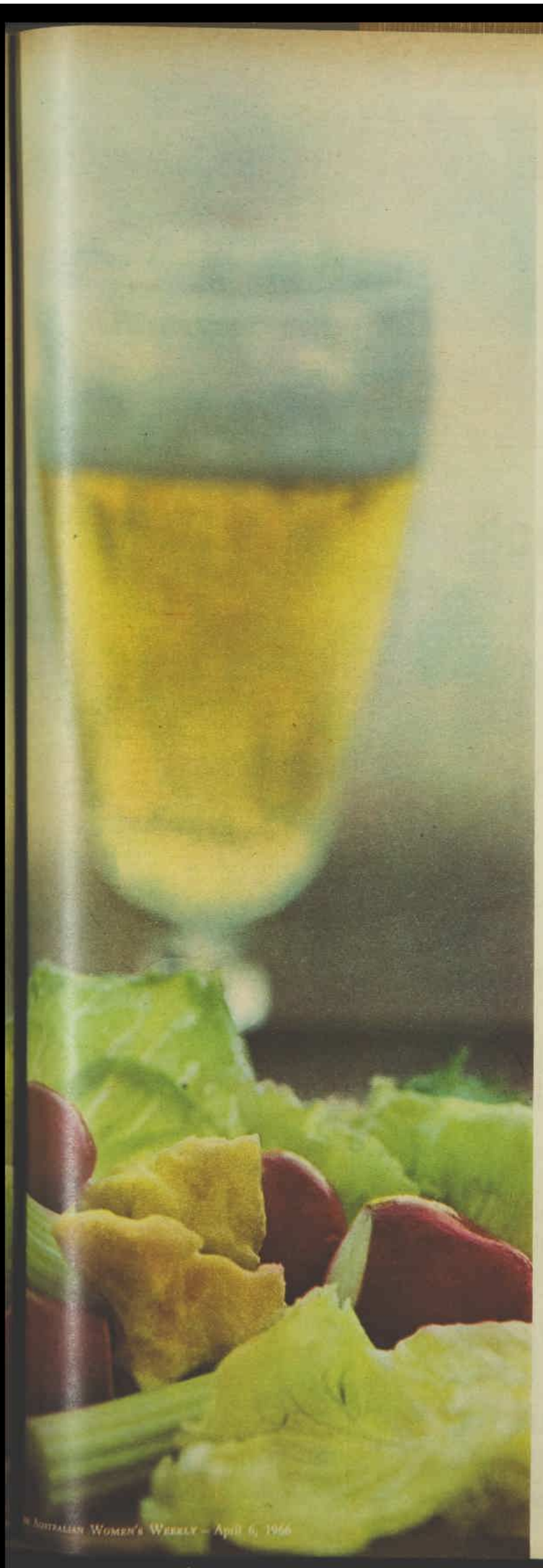


BA4101

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972549



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972550





It's Millers High·Lo

*Lower in calories by 20% or more**

If you like beer but have a weight problem, then Millers High-Lo is definitely for you. Lower in calories and with a sugar content of ½% or less, it's the one beer you can really relax with and enjoy. High-Lo is a Premium beer, with the extra sparkle of natural carbonation, the happy "lift" that comes only from long, unhurried maturing. That makes it a little more expensive—but what's a cent or two compared to your figure?

Make friends with Millers



DIAL A DOZEN, 560-7222.

Naturally every Millers Hotel has Millers High-Lo. Many other hotels, clubs, licensed grocers and liquor retailers sell it, too. If you live in the Sydney metropolitan area and have any difficulties obtaining supplies, 'phone 560-7222 during office hours and we'll arrange delivery for you!

**Comparison with standard bottled beers.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972551

RAGLAN CARDIGAN IN MOHAIR

● Weightless and warm, this cosy mohair cardigan has the new off-centre fashion fastening, with collar shaped to suit.

Materials: 15 (17, 18) oz. Sirdar Caprine; 1 pair Nos. 8 and 10 knitting needles; 10 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length, 21 (21½, 22) in.; sleeve seam, 13in.

Tension: 5 sts. and 6½ rows to 1in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st(s)., stitch(es); st-st., stocking-stitch (1 row knit, 1 row purl); tog., together; t.b.l., through back of loops; sl., slip; beg., beginning.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 82 (88, 92) sts. loosely.

Work 6 rows in st-st.

Purl 1 row on right side to mark hemline. Beg. again with a p row, work 7 rows in st-st.

In next row turn back lower edge and k tog. 1 st. from needle, and 1 loop from cast-on edge, all along row, thus making a hem.

Purl 1 row.

Change to No. 8 needles and proceed until work measures 6in., then inc. at each end of next and every 8th row following until there are 92 (98, 102) sts. on needle.

Proceed until work measures 12½in.

To Shape the Armholes: Cast off 3 (4, 4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 74 sts. rem., then each end of every alt. row until 28 sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 35 (38, 40) sts. loosely with No. 10 needles.

Work 6 rows in st-st. P 1 row. Cast on 8 sts., p 1 row.

Next Row: K to last 8 sts., sl. 1, k 7.

Slipping 8th st. from front edge on every k row, work 5 rows.

Next Row: Make hem as for lower edge of back until 8 sts. rem., sl. 1, k 7.

P 1 row.

Change to No. 8 needles. Cont. to sl. 8th st. from front edge on every k row throughout, proceed until work measures 6in. Inc. at side edge on next and every foll. 8th row until 48 (51, 53) sts. on needle. Proceed until work measures 12½in., finishing at side edge.

To Shape the Armholes: Cast off 3 (4, 4) sts. at beg. of next row. Work back. Dec. at side edge on every row until 39 sts. rem., then on every alt. row until 26 sts. rem., ending after a p row.

To Shape the Neck: Dec. in next and every alt. row thus:

1st Row: K 2 tog., k 15, k 3 tog., k 6.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., k 13, k 3 tog., k 5.

5th Row: K 2 tog., k 11, k 3 tog., k 4.

Cont. thus until 5 sts. rem. Now dec. at side edge only on every alt. row until all sts. are worked off.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 57 (60, 62) sts. loosely on No. 10 needles.

Work 6 rows in st-st. Break wool. Cast on 8 sts. on free needle, then p sts. from main needle.

P 1 row.

Next Row: K 7, sl. 1, k to end.

P 1 row.

Repeat last 2 rows twice more.

Next Row: K 7, sl. 1, make hem over rem. sts.

P 1 row.

Change to No. 8 needles.

In next row make buttonhole thus: K 1, cast off 3 sts, k 2, sl. 1, k 3, cast off 3 sts., k to end.

In next row cast on 3 sts. over each buttonhole.

Work 4 rows.

In next row make 2nd buttonhole as before.

Make 4 more pairs of buttonholes in this manner at equal intervals, last approximately level with beg. of neck shaping.

Making buttonholes as required, proceed until work measures 6in.

Inc. at side edge on next and every 8th row until 70 (73, 75) sts. on needle. Proceed until work measures 12½in., finishing at side edge.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 3 (4, 4) sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. at side edge on every row until 61 sts. rem., then on every alt. row until 48 sts. rem., ending after a k row.

To Shape the Neck: Next Row: P 19, cast off 14 sts., p 14, turn.

Proceed on first set of sts. only and dec. at each end of every alt. row until 3 sts. rem. P 1 row. K 3 tog. Break off wool and fasten off.

Rejoin wool to rem. sts. and dec. each end every alt. row until 5 sts. rem., then at side edge only on every alt. row until all sts. are worked off.

SLEEVES (Both alike)

Cast on 44 (48, 51) sts. loosely with No. 10 needles. Work hem as for lower edge of back. P 1 row, and inc. in every 7th st. 50 (54, 58) sts.

Change to No. 8 needles. Inc. each end of 7th and every foll. 6th row until 72 (76, 80) sts. on needle. Proceed until work measures 13in., ending after a p row.

To Shape the Top: Cast off 3 (4, 4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end every alt. row until 22 (22, 26) sts. rem., then every row until 6 sts. rem. Cast off.

COLLAR

Cast on 185 sts. loosely with No. 10 needles. Work hem as for lower edge.

Next Row: Cast off 32 sts., P 120, cast off 32 sts.

Change to No. 8 needles. Rejoin wool. Work 6 rows, inc. 1 st. each end every row. (133 sts.)

Dec. in the next and every foll. 4th row thus:

1st Row: * K 7, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 7, repeat from * to end.

5th Row: * K 6, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 6, repeat from * to end.

9th Row: * K 5, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 5, repeat from * to end.

13th Row: * K 4, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 4, repeat from * to end. (77 sts.)

Change to No. 10 needles and proceed until work measures 5½in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Set sleeves into armholes. Join side and sleeve seams. Hem front borders and neaten buttonholes. Sew cast-off edges of collar borders to side edges of collar. Press lightly. Sew collar to neck edge as in photograph. Press seams under damp cloth, sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Fasten neck edge under collar with press stud.



AN EASY JACKET to make, even for beginner knitters, it's all in stocking-stitch, with raglan sleeves. Directions for 34, 36, and 38in. bust measurements are complete above.

"M·B·F is my choice for hospital and medical benefits"



$45,130,600 paid in benefits last financial year by M.B.F. • 2,000,000 people are covered by M.B.F. • 9,000 M.B.F. Agents and Groups for your convenience

You can share in this security and experience by contacting your paymaster at work, or the local agent—usually your family chemist.

M·B·F

MEDICAL BENEFITS FUND OF AUSTRALIA LTD.

258 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY • TELEPHONE 2 0558

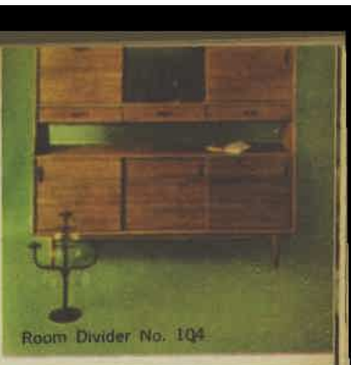
Registered to pay Commonwealth Hospital and Medical Benefits

A BLUE CROSS FUND

V304A

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972552













Berryman complements any decor

Elegant dining and bedroom furniture designed on clean, international lines blends perfectly with any decor — contemporary or classical. Berryman — created from only selected Teak — is quality furniture meticulously handcrafted to last a lifetime.

See Berryman at all Grace Bros. stores, David Jones', Farmer's, Anthony Hordern's, and all quality furniture stores.

**In New Zealand, Berryman Furniture is manufactured under licence, and distributed by McKeown Furniture Co., Ponsonby Road, Auckland.*

TO: **BERRYMAN FURNITURE, 76-80 BEAUCHAMP ROAD, MATRAVILLE, Phone 661-0616, 661-0617.**
Please send me your **free** Berryman furniture catalogue.

NAME _____

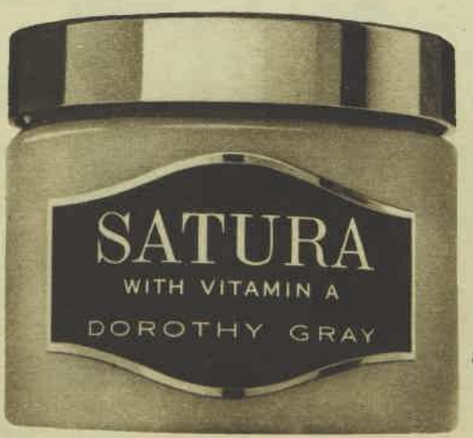
ADDRESS _____

BERRYMAN FURNITURE FOR A LIFETIME

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972553



Why let time and weather steal the moisture from your skin? Smooth on Satura Moisturiser to protect your skin from sun, wind and time. Satura replaces lost moisture to bring back the freshness, keep the softness of youthful skin. The only award-winning* moisturiser you can buy.



* Gold Medal Award of the International Society of Cosmetic Chemists.

SATURA by DOROTHY GRAY
MOISTURISER
NEW YORK · LONDON · PARIS · SYDNEY

AVAILABLE NOW AT SELECTED PHARMACIES AND BETTER DEPARTMENT STORES

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972554

SONNY AND CHER



***THAT KINKY DUO** Sonny and Cher have made a big business out of being just a little more way-out than anyone else. Because of his outlandish clothes Sonny has been "kicked out of some of the best joints in Hollywood."*

Sonny and Cher have a style all their own. For a start, Sonny's hair is not as long as Cher's — although that may be only because Cher's is waist-length and worn straight. And then they are married — and they don't think it a bit square to be in love.

THESE qualities may have been enough to blast them to the top of the pop charts — but they also have a very interesting style—with a song.

From obscurity last year, Sonny and Cher (or Mr. and Mrs. Bono) found themselves overnight being invited to sing at private parties for Mrs. Jackie Kennedy and their kinky clothes being imitated by teens around the United States.

"I Got You Babe" is the song Sonny wrote that moved him and his young and beautiful wife out of suburban clubs in California into television studios in Hollywood and London and into engagements around the world.

As well as writing the song, the record was produced in the studio by Sonny. It became a million-copy seller within a couple of months and you can still hear it on juke-boxes around the world.

When Sonny and Cher first met, in 1962, Cher was 17 and Sonny 23. Cher LaPiere, a stunning, slender brunette, sang mainly to pay for acting and dancing lessons. Her mother, a Hollywood actress, started her off on an acting career by hiring acting teacher Jeff Corey to tutor her.

By BILL WILSON in NEW YORK

Sonny Bono was trying to break in as a singer and songwriter, and his pen was mightier than his vocal cords. From his pen came hits such as "Koko Joe," "You Bug Me, Baby," and "Dream Baby." They were sung by others.

A few months after Sonny and Cher first met—they were both hired as background singers for a Phil Spector recording session—they decided to become a duo, both professionally and domestically.

Early in 1964, at a recording session at which he was playing and singing, Sonny Bono met Charlie Greene and Brian Stone, and the three became close friends. Soon after that first meeting, Sonny called Charlie and Brian in the middle of the night to play and sing a song for them called "Baby Don't Go." That's the kind of person Sonny is—inspiration strikes fast and sharp.

Greene and Stone, who were independent record producers, liked the song so much they decided to record it at once with the vocal by Sonny and Cher, and it was sold to the Reprise label.

Seeing themselves as working a goldmine, Greene and Stone drew up a contract to manage the duo and to produce records in partnership with Sonny. In December of the year, Cher cut "Dream Baby" as a soloist and she was signed by Imperial Records.

continued overleaf

Teenagers WEEKLY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972555



TF17

'Oh dear!

Where did I put my Tru-Flo teat cover?'

"The last time I saw it was yesterday. I stopped for a rest during a feed. Mum put the teat cover on my Tru-Flo feeder. She does that to keep germs off the teat. Maybe I dropped it somewhere. That wouldn't hurt the *Tru-Flo* teat cover, 'cause it's unbreakable. It's made of opaque plastic.

What's that Mum? You took my *Tru-Flo* teat cover away to boil! Phew. I was worried there for a minute. A fella likes to have a teat cover for his *Tru-Flo* bottle. Gives him peace of mind".

Ask your chemist to show you the complete *Tru-Flo* range of feeders, teats and weaning aids.



TRU-FLO



LA7

(Based on a true life story)

Grumpy Girl yesterday

Giggling girl today!

"Yesterday Julie was so irritable," says her mother. "I'm so glad the chemist told me about Laxettes.
One square last night and today she's full of beans!"
Children's upsets are often due to constipation.
Laxettes help restore regularity overnight. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of safe, gentle laxative.
When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes! 3/6. (35 cents).

Did you know you can play NEW Scrabble Crossword Cubes anywhere? Anywhere. No board, you see.

SCRABBLE • STANDARD • JUNIOR • NEW CUBES

SCRABBLE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR GAMES

STANDARD $3.50
FOR JUNIORS . . . $2.25
CROSSWORD CUBES . . $2.75
From Stores and Newsagents.

THE IDEAL GIFT
A SUBSCRIPTION TO
The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

	RATES ½ YEAR	1 YEAR
Aust.	$3.45 (£1 14 6)	$6.90 (£3 9 0)
New Guinea	$4.35 (£2 3 6)	$8.70 (£4 7 0)
N.Z. and Fiji	$5.20 (£2 12 0)	$10.40 (£5 4 0)
Brit. Dems.	$5.25 (£2 12 6)	$10.50 (£5 5 0)
Foreign	$6.55 (£3 5 6)	$13.10 (£6 11 0)

Now You Can Wear
FALSE TEETH
With Real Comfort

FASTEETH, a new, pleasant powder, keeps teeth firmly set. Deodorizes. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. To eat and laugh in comfort, just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. Get it to-day at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.

Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay $2 for each letter used.

You've got to go after the fun

UNTIL I turned 16 I was very shy and thought everyone was thinking how silly I was. So I never went out, but stayed home and waited for something to happen to me. Nothing ever did.

I saw all my friends having a wonderful time and wanted the same for myself. But I didn't realise that you don't wait for fun to come to you, but have to go and find it.

After I turned 16 I woke up, and all my dreams did come true. I have a wonderful boyfriend, and am in with a beaut group of friends who are asked to all the parties.

My hope is that others will learn from this letter and that I will have helped them to go out and find fun and friendship before it is too late and the best part of their lives is over. — *"Happy," Lindfield, N.S.W.*

Power of words

THE English language — including grammar, expression (both oral and written), spelling, and vocabulary — should be a compulsory examination subject.

Word power is one of our most valuable and indispensable assets. Without words we could not communicate, nor could we read, write, and think. If we have a wide range of words at our disposal, and if we are able to use these words well in our speech, then obviously we can think more clearly, learn more ideas, and converse more lucidly.

Often our ability to make our ideas clearly understood, both verbally and through writing, is just as important as academic qualifications—for example, when we apply for a job or scholarship.

Our success in examinations relies heavily on our ability to write down facts and thoughts in good English. A hazy vocabulary and loose expression indicate to the examiner hazy ideas and loose thinking. — *"Student," Legana, Tas.*

Fan talk

ANY star will tell you that there are all kinds of fans, and here are a few tips to make your favorite love —not loathe—you.

1. When approaching a star to talk or ask for an autograph—don't be timid. Most stars are grateful for your attention and will put you at your ease.

2. If you want an autograph, have your own pencil and paper ready. (You'd be amazed at how many fans annoy stars by expecting them to carry their own.)

3. Don't barge in when a star is obviously busy. And never, never try to crash his hotel room or living quarters.

4. Stars are thrilled by screaming demonstrations. But they are rightly frightened by the type of fan who mobs them and tears at them —some have been injured this way.

5. If a star snubs you (this happens rarely), don't feel bad. Remember that such behaviour will keep him from being a star for long. —*"Experienced Fan," Pymble, N.S.W.*

Playing up

I WISH to bring up the subject of students who like to play up on teachers. Being a fourth form high school student, I speak from the side of the teenager.

When I was younger, I, like most children, loved to indulge in activities other than school work during school hours. But I have now realised that we do not hurt the teachers by doing this — we hurt ourselves.

It is the student that has to learn, not the teacher. The teacher has learnt this already, and whether we pass or fail our exams he will still receive the same salary each week.

So I strongly advise schoolchildren to pay attention to the teacher and not to play up. —*"Matured," Merewether, N.S.W.*

Speech-making

THE reason that teenagers who can write good English often fail when called on to "say a few words" is, I feel, because they forget that the people they are talking to are just as human as they are.

If people would not go overboard striving for effect, or try to use an unaccustomed string of awe-inspiring words, but would say simply and sincerely what they feel, then we would have a lot less embarrassing pauses in formal speeches.

The sudden awareness that other people are going to be listening to what you have to say should not cause you to freeze up if you believe in what you are saying, and you remember that you are no better, and no worse, than anyone else. Also that you are just as entitled to your view on any subject if it is honestly held. — *Bruce King, Clarence Park, S.A.*

Non-conformism

AS freshers and freshettes poured into University during Orientation Week, several students conducted a survey by putting to students the very simple, "Are you a conformist?"

Many students, after thinking for a little, sadly admitted that they were, but equally as many were most indignant, answering, "Why certainly not!"

Yet it was funny how many of these were following the mod trend in their clothes. However, one girl summed up the situation nicely by saying that most teenagers conformed to non-conformism. — *S. Johnson, Ryde, N.S.W.*

Natural rebellion

TEENAGERS everywhere rebel against something — their parents, the values and customs of society in general, the restrictions placed on them in life.

It's natural and an important part of growing up. But as we seek independence I believe we should think seriously about how we will use it.

As Matthew Arnold said, "Freedom is a very good horse to ride, as long as one is riding it somewhere." — *J. Read, Broadview, S.A.*



SONNY AND CHER, continued

Then Sonny and Cher met Ahmet Ertegun of Atlantic Records. Their first record was a hit on the West Coast. Their second was "I Got You, Babe."

It was released last June and started moving up the charts very fast. Then Sonny and Cher went to England in July for a promotional tour and "I Got You, Babe" climbed the British charts even faster until it hit the top there and in the U.S. at the same time.

Meanwhile, Cher made a Bob Dylan tune, "All I Really Want to Do," and within a few weeks she had a hit, too. Sonny made a record as a single, "Laugh at Me"—another chart-topper. Sonny and Cher's first LP, "Look at Us," came out last August. Within three weeks Atlantic Records went to the goldsmith for a gold record to present Sonny and Cher to mark the LP's million dollars in sales, one of the fastest selling records ever.

Sonny is one of the fastest writing songsmiths. It takes him just about an hour to dash off a song—both words and music—although he maintains the ideas have been jostling each other in his mind for weeks. In the recording studio he experiments with the structure of the song, stretching and squeezing until he gets the shape he wants.

"This is what we call building music," he says. "We start slowly, build it a little faster, and then use every instrument possible to get a loud, fast, and deep ending." And to get this unusual construction Sonny will use woodwinds, vibes, guitars, electric organ, xylophone, and tambourines. He has not yet discovered bagpipes.

"We set out to go after a certain sound—and we keep building around it," Sonny explains.

They go out after a certain look as well—their appeal is almost as much visual. The least that can be said about their clothes is that they're different. So different, as a matter of fact, that they have been thrown out of hotels in London and some of the best joints in Hollywood. It was as a result of being kicked out of a Hollywood restaurant that Sonny was inspired to write his plaintive hit "Laugh At Me."

"He was so upset," said Cher, "he went home and wrote the song right away. I guess those people didn't think he had any feelings."

Sonny is rarely seen without his ponyskin or leopard-skin waistcoats, which are really more like sleeveless, collarless jackets. He wears one or the other over a collarless rugby shirt and colored jeans.

Cher favors bell-bottom slacks—in fact, she doesn't have a single dress in her wardrobe—and poor-boy tops. She has the slim figure essential for such outfits.

Cher has also branched out as a fashion designer, and has conceived a collection for Gordon and Marx of California that her fans will soon be able to buy in departmental stores across the U.S. Her designs are the kind of hip-hugging bell-bottoms and tops that teens now identify with her.

"When Cher used to work as a secretary," said Sonny recently, "she couldn't wait to get home and throw off her clothes, kick off her heels, slip into pants and be comfortable. She always wears pants, because she just digs them."

On stage, Sonny and Cher dig each other, addressing their songs to one another. "We love each other with our music," says Sonny, "and we want our audience to feel the same way."

Says Cher: "We need each other for the song, but the music follows Sonny's very definite ideas. It's quite honestly an achievement in unusual sound."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972556

Remedies for "spots"

This is the second instalment of "A Teenage Guide to Healthy Skin and Hair," in which noted dermatologists continue expert advice on what to do for acne.

IF only more young people and their parents realised that acne can (and should) be treated medically by a physician! Treatment can prevent so many miserable moments. It can restore self-confidence and poise. It can help a teen feel and look more attractive. It can prevent a pitted or pock-marked face. We'll discuss the ways and means of creating acne a little later. First, though, let's go over the reasons why acne occurs.

We know that the awakening of hormone production during the adolescent years is a vital factor in causing acne. Both boys and girls secrete male (**androgen**) hormones and female (**estrogen**) hormones, but in different proportions. When your body's balance of androgen-estrogen hormones goes out of whack, acne usually is produced.

These hormonal imbalances stimulate the sebaceous glands of the deep skin (dermis). Busily, they send extra amounts of sebum, the skin lubricant, to the surface of the skin. The sebum, like a layer of cold cream, makes the skin surface oily and encourages the growth of bacteria. The sebum also plugs up the pores of the skin.

If the sebum has no way of exuding from the skin it builds below the skin surface in the follicle and causes a raised red bump (papule or pimple) that becomes infected. To fight the infection, the white corpuscles enter the area of infection. Some of these corpuscles engage in the battle and pus forms. These pus-filled, infectious lesions are the most disturbing form of acne.

Hormone imbalance can be just one cause of acne. The food you eat is another. The sebaceous glands need food to function. They get their raw materials from your daily intake of food that is transported to the skin by the blood. The wrong kinds of food may help encourage acne or aggravate an acne condition that already exists.

Faulty digestion of the food you eat also contributes to acne. You remember that one of the skin's functions is to excrete waste. If the bowels are not functioning properly, more of a strain is put on the skin's excretion efforts.

Bacteria breeding anywhere on the body can add to the spread of acne. An infection of the tonsils, appendix, lymph nodes, teeth, or gums can encourage ugly acne lesions.

We also know that acne may be hereditary. If your father or mother ever had a severe case of acne, you may very well have the same tendency.

The final major cause of acne is emotional.

Now let's look at the bright side!

By Irwin I. Lubowe, M.D., and Barbara Huss

Many things can be done, both by you at home and by a doctor, to control acne.

What can you do?

Keep your skin clean. Wash your face gently, several times a day, with soap and water, rinse thoroughly and dry.

This facial is an effective means of removing bacteria, grease, and oil as they accumulate on the skin surface. Using an antiseptic soap, work up a rich lather of suds, stroking gently upward from the chin. Then stroke across the cheekbones from the bridge of the nose outward to the temples. With lather and fingertips, use a circular motion to clean around mouth area and a stroking motion on the forehead between the eyes. Let soapsuds set on your face while you lather neckline and throat area thoroughly. Complete the facial by rinsing first with warm water, then with cool water, and pat dry.

Girls, avoid using greasy cosmetics and excessive amounts of cold cream. One of the basic problems of acne is too much grease (sebum is your skin's own cold cream, remember?) and you don't want to add more grease to a skin already saturated with it.

Shampoo your scalp and hair frequently and thoroughly, using a soap or detergent shampoo. There are sebaceous glands in the scalp, too, and many cases of acne don't improve until oil, grease, and dandruff on the scalp have been removed.

Don't squeeze pimples or pick at your face. First, if you squeeze, you often force the infection to spread under the skin, which results in nastier-looking bumps. And, secondly, your fingers and nails are not surgically clean, so you may spread the infection to other areas of the skin.

Watch what you eat. If a certain food seems to make you break out, don't eat it. (You'll find a special acne diet at the end of this chapter.) Of course, you should always check with your own doctor before attempting ANY diet on your own.

Keep your digestive system working smoothly. Try especially to avoid constipation, which encourages acne. Drink plenty of water, eat your quota of fresh vegetables, fruits, and cereals that provide bulk in the diet.

Keep fit. The basic health menu of daily helpings of outdoor exercise, sleep, rest, study, and fun is important to follow. Moderate exposure to the natural rays of the sun is nature's remedy.

Try not to let life get you down! All the nervous energy you spend worrying contributes to the state of your health.

Suppose you have been scrupulous about treating your skin at home, but you notice that pimples are forming on the skin. It's time to see your doctor. Not only can he do a great deal to control the situation now but he can also help prevent permanent damage and scarring.

No method of treatment will cure acne overnight. Sometimes, when your general health is not up to par or you get blue or tense, you may have a setback or two. But you mustn't get discouraged. It takes time to build up the body immunity and to calm overactive sebaceous glands.

NEXT WEEK: Different types of skin.

THE ANTI-ACNE DIET

THIS diet is basically a low-fat diet with a moderate allotment of carbohydrates and proteins. You should eat plenty of these foods from the four basic groups every day:

MILK GROUP: Skim milk, margarine, cottage cheese, yoghurt. (Cottage cheese is made of skim milk and has a low animal-fat content.)

MEAT AND EGG GROUP: Broiled, boiled, or roast lean meats, such as beef, veal, lamb, liver; fresh broiled fish; boiled, broiled, or roast poultry; poached or boiled eggs.

VEGETABLE-FRUIT GROUP: Fresh fruits and vegetables of all kinds, including boiled, baked, or roast potatoes; low-sugar or dietetic canned fruits; unsweetened fruit juices.

BREAD-CEREAL GROUP: Enriched or whole-grain cereals, noodles, and rice; enriched or protein bread or toast; plain unsweetened biscuits.

Be sure to use saccharin instead of sugar. Honey can also be used.

In addition, you should avoid eating these foods, especially those that are in bold type:

Chocolate, nuts, pork, bacon, ham, cream, cocoa, **gooey desserts,** pies and pastries, **shellfish, iodized salt,** soft drinks (non-dietetic), sharp cheese, dates, sugar, homogenised milk, **butter, hot coffee and tea** (which, because of their heat, dilate the blood capillaries, especially of the face). Foods fried with animal fats, such as butter, bacon-grease, etc. Foods fried in vegetable fats are permitted in moderation.

THEY'RE ROCKING THE VOTE

ROUND ROBIN

I SEE that pop singer Screaming Lord Sutch is standing against Prime Minister Harold Wilson in this week's British elections.

Lord Sutch is the leader of—and only candidate for—the National Teenagers' Party.

It is interesting to imagine political life if teenagers' parties swept into world government.

Many problems "bugging" oldie politicians would be dismissed by the youthful leaders . . .

For example, Britain, under the old regime, was under pressure to give Gibraltar back to Spain.

But who can forget Sutch's stirring statement in the House of Screaming Lords: "Don't Knock the Rock"?

The Beatles play a big part in British politics.

Asked in the House how they would tackle the Common Market problem, they flatly (Ringo's always rather flat) answered: "We Can Work it Out."

In America, Defence Secretary Nancy Sinatra forced Cassius Clay to do his Army service.

She told him: "Those Boots Were Made for Walking."

Of course, as in any party, there are feuds.

In England, there was a lot of noise about P. J. Proby and a girl called Maria, and Proby's pants ripped when he crossed the floor.

That split in the party caused him to lose his seat.

In America, Vice-President Presley rowed with President Roy Orbison. "I'm a Puppet on a String," complained Presley.

"Breaking Up is Breaking My Heart," mourned Orbison as he accepted his resignation.

And in Australia there is a move to force Normie Rowe to retire as Prime Minister.

Many people feel he should make way for a younger man.

—Robin Adair



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972557

Louise Hunter Here's your answer

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

Dinner date doubt

"IT has been 13 months since I broke off with my boyfriend. I haven't seen him in all that time, and then, out of the blue, he rang me and asked me to have lunch with him, and I find that I still like him very much. I was wondering if you think I would be chasing him if I rang and asked him over for dinner one night, as his parents are away and he is batching. I wouldn't want him to think I was trying to get him back again. I am 18 and went with this boy for almost two years."

"Cookie," Vic.

I do think you would be chasing him (and he might just have an inkling, too), but I don't think it is always such a bad thing. You like him and he probably likes you, too, and the circumstances at the moment are perfect for you to make a quite correct and reasonable move to see him again. However, if he does not follow up your dinner invitation, do not contact him again. Once is enough.

Expensive gifts

A FEW months ago I started dating a boy who liked me a lot more than I liked him, and he became very serious. My mother didn't agree on our seeing each other too often, as he is five years older than I. I am 16. I agreed with my mother and explained the situation to him, but he still comes round a lot and buys me expensive gifts. I feel guilty when I accept these, as he asks me out a lot, but I go only occasionally. I feel as though I am using him, and he puts me in an awkward situation. What should I do?"

"Too Young," Qld.

If you have explained to him how you and your mother feel, you are not really "using him" if he still chooses to take you out when you accept. But you must stop accepting his presents. Expensive presents from casual friends are pretty bad form at any time —and especially in your situation. Be firm about it.

King-size crush

"WHAT can I do? I have a king-size crush on a member of a popular Melbourne group. My boyfriend is a bit jealous, but says it will pass. I don't want it to pass, as I meet them sometimes, and when I do I enjoy feeling this way. Should I forget him or should I try to get him interested in me, as I know I could?"

"Gonk," Vic.

Don't do anything — it sounds as if you have a very nice boyfriend as it is. Band members usually work every night and have very little time to themselves. They also have to be nice to all girls — and you probably are mistaking this as attraction to you. Don't do anything — but keep on enjoying the feeling till it passes.

Bikini rivals

"I AM writing on behalf of my girlfriend and myself. Just recently we have discovered that our steady boyfriends are different toward us when there are certain girls around (that is, girls in brief bikinis or revolting tight slacks) and they talk about them in front of us. Do you think we should treat them in the same manner? We have tried, but it doesn't seem to worry them. What do you think we should do?"

"Doubtful Duo," N.S.W.

Ignore the remarks, wear bikinis yourselves, or start admiring other handsome boys in your boyfriends' company. All three ought to focus the attention back on you—but you might lose your boyfriends in the process. Why not just ignore the remarks and stop being such drags?

Unwanted letters

"DURING the summer holidays I met and went out with a boy from another State. He was a nice guy and good fun, but I thought it was only casual. My problem is that he is now writing to me and I don't want him to. He gets quite romantic in these letters and says some very complimentary things about me. I have answered his letters out of politeness, but I have tried to be 'newsy' and not at all too friendly (you know, kisses at the end—nothing like that). These letters have become embarrassing to me at home and I no longer like him and would like to get him to stop writing without hurting him. Also, please tell me what is the right way to approach a nice-looking but lonely boy at a party?

"Problems," W.A.

Write to him and tell him that you feel you should explain that you do not return his feeling for you and that therefore it would be better if you both stopped writing. Say it as nicely as you can. He will be hurt, but he will be more hurt if you allow him to make a fool of himself any longer. Then do not reply to his letters any more. About the boy at the party—go up to him and say something like "Would you mind helping me pass round these sandwiches—the maid's run away!" Or just "We haven't met—my name is . . . " and then go into general conversation



The freedom of Meds*

Five days of new freedom. So off you go — swim! Play beach-ball. Dance. Go for a spin with the crowd. Leap into the active life you love, every day of the year. For super absorbent MEDS — worn internally — give you modern, unrevealing freedom. MEDS. So simple, so safe. Make all the outing plans you want for the days ahead. Enjoy them *all* with the comfort, care and protection of MEDS. Economy pack of 20 or packs of 10 with or without applicators. MEDS Tampons. Modern. The choice of most women. A must for the active life.

Meds Tampons — ' for 5 days of new freedom.'

Johnson-Johnson

*Reg'd Trade Mark



For free booklet, mailed in plain wrapper, write to:
NURSE REID, JOHNSON & JOHNSON PTY. LTD.,
BOX 3331, G.P.O., Sydney.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____ STATE _____

AWW 6-4-66

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972558

BUTTERICK PATTERNS



3294



3114

3294.—For street wear or after-5, this dress has a fitted bodice, with a slightly A-line skirt. Pattern provides sheer shirt-sleeves cuffed with dress fabric or a sleeveless version with ruffle at hem. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- or 60 cents includes postage.

3114.—Semi-fit shift with shallow neckline for wear over winter woollies. Separate pattern for tall, medium, and short. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- or 60 cents includes postage.



3721

3721.—A Gerald McCann design for street or party wear. Contrast petal collar, sleeve binding, bow and button trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 7/- or 70 cents includes postage.

3304.—Maternity shift and turtle-necked blouse with three-quarter-length banded sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- or 60 cents includes postage.

3694.—A-line, short-sleeved dress with contrast away-from-the-neck collar and patch pockets, button trim. Sizes 7 to 14 (25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest). Price 5/- or 50 cents includes postage.

3713.—Little girl's dress, shift, and tights set. Shift has braid and button trim. Dress is slightly A-line, turtle-necked, with long sleeves. Tights to match dress. Sizes 3 to 6X (22, 23, 23½, 24, 25in. chest). Price 5/- or 50 cents includes postage.



3304



3694



3713

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W.
(N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE
ADDRESS		

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

THE COBRA'S flier approaches Xanadu, where orders are to shoot down any planes in the area. The flier's plane is shot down. Still the Cobra won't give up his aim. NOW READ ON . . .



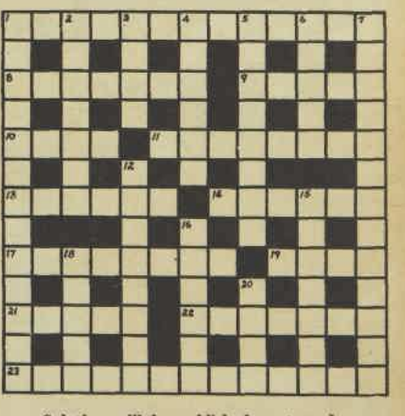








THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. This can dry up even the best writer's work (8-5).
8. When ten dive, it may become obvious (7).
9. Stratagem of the most rickety person (5).
10. Become closely united (4).
11. Beats soundly a swelling in wagers (8).
13. If it's a shoe, is repaired, if an American, is full of money (6).
14. Retard (anagr., 6).
17. Officer of high rank with a yellow alloy headcovering (5, 3).
19. Self-satisfied person with broken drinking cups (4).
21. Negative declaration in bridge (2, 3).
22. Separate vice with rod (7).
23. We cannot be unconscious of it (13).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

1. Safe-blowers and successful gamblers may do it (5, 3, 5).
2. I twice force an aperture (7).
3. According to Joyce Kilmer only God can make it (4).
4. Find fault at rent (6).
5. Large vessels for baseball players (8).
6. Hecuba's husband (5).
7. Hogarth engraved this development of a debauchee (5, 8).
12. Muddled by deep sums (6, 2).
15. Plunge and crop up if headless (7).
16. If it's not worth it, it is not worth the trouble (6).
18. Move as a horse does with blame (5).
20. Save prayers (4).

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972559

Simply serve with Sao

Sao biscuits make foods taste twice as good, more satisfying and more appetising. At meal times or between-times throughout the day, Sao biscuits make all the difference. There is nothing like a buttered Sao.

Sao biscuits make all the difference



Arnott's *famous* Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972560

Woolworths

WINTER FASHION EDITION 1966

WOOLWORTHS work a fashion miracle,
new winter wear from St. Mark—
the best in style,
the best in price for all the family.
Read on for full details of
these exciting little-money fashions
at all Woolworths Variety Stores
and large Supermarkets.



LIFT-OUT SHOPPING GUIDE



















National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972561



SLEEPING BEAUTIES '66 STYLE:

Delicious as a dream walking—
that's you in St. Mark.

Caressable, cosy night-time glamour. The latest styles, the laciest trims, the loveliest colours. The easy-care warmth of wonderful BRI-NYLON. Tiny, tiny prices that start from only **20/-** ($2). St. Mark is Australia's top-value sleepwear.

Look your best from yawn to dawn in this season's sassiest slumberwear. *Left to right:* **Nautical Ninas swing in jaunty bell-bottomed 'jamas.** Softest brushed Bri-Nylon in zingy aqua and melon. **45/-** ($4.50). **Snuggly flannelette**—the IN thing to be in on long winter's nights. Posy-printed, just like Gran's. **20/-** ($2). **Frills galore—happy-go-lovely long-leg pyjamas.** Sheer nylon and brushed Bri-Nylon, in six fresh colours. **45/-** ($4.50). **Soft-as-a-cloud waltz-length nightgown** (sweetly smocked). Sheer nylon overlay misted over brushed Bri-Nylon. Delicate primrose, pink, blue, aqua, lilac, mist. **40/-** ($4). **Shortie Victorian sleep shirt** of cuddly, brushed Bri-Nylon, bibbed and hemmed with lacy ruffles. Surprise colours, flamingo, hot pink, melon, aqua. **30/-** ($3). *All styles, sizes SSW to OS.*

St Mark

woolworths

Many prices slightly higher in some country areas.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972562

woolworths

WHAT'S HAPPENING AT WOOLWORTHS?

Perhaps you're wondering "why the fuss?" Woolworths have had winter clothes before. But never like this. Our St. Mark brand is a new star of fashion. These styles for winter, 1966, are just the start of something big; fashions for all the family—that all the family can afford! It's the most exciting thing that's happened to Woolies for years and we want to share it with you.

WHY . . . A survey showed wide gaps in price and quality between cheap clothes and expensive models. Surely, we thought, people would prefer to have fashion at prices that mean value-for-money.

HOW . . . So we selected specialists from Woolworths' staff (and from our Australian manufacturers) and sent them all overseas, scouring the world for trendsetting styles, the newest fabrics, the most advanced methods of production, packaging and presentation.

THEN . . . It was out with the old—in with the new. Where before we said "Make us a blouse to sell at a price," now we say "Let's make some really lovely blouses. We'll worry about cost later." The result: better fabrics, better finish, more scope for style, more attention to details. And then we discovered a fashion miracle. The cost was practically the same.

NOW . . . Once you've seen the St. Mark fashions you'll vote them the most exciting thing that's happened to *you*, too. There are countless different variations—we couldn't possibly show all the styles, sizes, colours in our collection here. But we promise a full range of wonderful St. Mark fashions is waiting for you now at every Woolworths store throughout Australia. Be our guest, soon.

St. Mark stands for honest value. Value that's known and expected throughout Australia.

Wherever you see this St. Mark label, on all the new fashionwear, slumberwear, knitwear, menswear, boyswear, babywear, childrenswear, it means uncompromising quality—at the lowest possible price. If you want the best your money can buy, look for the St. Mark label. It's backed to the last stitch by Woolworths famous guarantee, "Money back cheerfully if not completely satisfied."



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972563



VERY NEW, VERY YOU

THE ELEGANT CASUALS

This is the year of the sweater. New season's favourites include every shade and shape, from slimfit knits to big, bold stripes. Continental influence shows in rich rib collars, graduated stripes.

Here we show: **Dove-blue fine-knit acrylic**—meltingly soft, supremely feminine, with gentle roll collar, self-hemmed sleeves and hipline. **Dramatic stripes light up a deep nigger-brown sweater.** Easy-fitting style is pared close to the body . . . hints enticingly at a shapely figure. St. Mark fashion knits in navy, brown, blue and a host of lovely colours. SSW-OS. **39/11** ($3.99). **His shirt**—electric blue brushed Bri-Nylon. **38/6** ($3.85). More St. Mark for Men fashions on back page.



A FRESH LOOK AT GREAT CLASSICS

Details make the difference in time-honoured classics like cardigans and shirts.

Here *(left)* **the flattering roll of ribbed revers** softens tailored perfection. Raglan-styled, fully fashioned, high-bulk acrylic cardigan in sweet pink, silver grey, silver kasha, royal blue, mid-brown, white and black. Sizes SSW-OS. **70/-** ($7).

Fully fashioned styling *(right)* shows off superbly in the understated elegance of this V-neck acrylic cardigan. Not shown: match-mate cardigans featuring button-to-neck style, beautifully finished with Peter Pan knit collar. Both in pink, blue, white. SSW-OS. **55/-** ($5.50).

Autumn tone long-sleeved shirt in nubbly textured raw silk. As good with slacks as with skirts. SSW-OS. **29/11** ($2.99).

Many prices slightly higher in some country areas.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972564

St Mark

woolworths

WOOLWORTHS take a casual look at the winter scene—and come up with these going-places-doing-things St. Mark fashions. Verve and swinging style go together with fine fabrics, exquisite knits, superb detailing and finish.

Look at the prices: so low they fit easily in any budget (wives, mothers, daughters, career girls—Woolies love you all). Now look again. Two or three of these beautiful trendsetters could work wonders in your winter wardrobe. And why not? With Woolworths you can afford them.



Flattery afoot in St. Mark black glitter stretch lamé boots. These fleecy-lined foot-huggers feature rubber soles for wear indoors and out. Red or gold highlights. **25/-** ($2.50).

FASHION'S NEWEST CAN'T-LIVE-WITHOUT—THE SKIMMER-SHIFT.

More than your money's worth of fashion in this versatile shift. Dress it up or dress it down, it always looks "made-to-measure" for all ages, all occasions.

Here are five variations to spark your imagination *(left to right):* Free 'n' easy in unbelted coral, pinky-tone St. Mark Tetrex blouse. Lacy diamond-pattern socks. **The way he'll love you to look**—romantic in powder blue, sweetened with ruffles and long-sleeved lace. **Wild wheat shift over chocolate skivvie**—with old gold knee-highs—for fashion that zings! A wow at barbecues and things. **Navy blue never looked better**—skimmer, socks and the vivid streak of striped sweater.

Another look at powder blue: Bloused, belted and bowed. Businesslike, but warm at heart.

The St. Mark shift itself is a V-neck skimmer slightly flared from the hip, fashioned from washable Janilaine Double Knit that hangs perfectly, doesn't need lining. Won't seat and sheds wrinkles. Favourite colours—navy blue, wild wheat, glowing coral and dove blue. Sizes XSSW to XW (with generous hem for adjusting to the length you like best). **39/11** ($3.99).



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972565

FASHION IS AN ANY-AGE THING

NOW YOUNG LADIES GROW UP IN FASHION.

Woolworths present St. Mark styles for pre-teens and junior teens. The full range is scaled for "in-between" sizes, to fit and flatter every budding beauty.

Two trim tomboys and their even trimmer Mum wear St. Mark stretch slacks—with stylish ribbed Fair Isle sweater (left) of high bulk acrylic (left: from **39/11** [$3.99]) and sleek skivvie (right), boldly double striped —turquoise/grey, bone/brown, lemon/coffee, blue/pink, blue/navy, pale blue/mid-blue—all on white, 32-38. **25/-** ($2.50). Between them the nonchalant St. Mark raw silk shirt *(details page 4)*.





TOP GEAR FOR TODAY'S YOUNG TEENS—

Team a thick-knit acrylic sweater (V-neck, with roll collar insert, 24-34, **39/11** [$3.99]) with slim, pleated skirt, 27-39. **39/11** ($3.99). Slip a skivvie under St. Mark's marvellous Double Knit Shift *(details page 5)* for a ready-made "grown-up" look. **Dozens of St. Mark skivvies**—"in" colours, way-out colours, wide stripes, pin stripes, in fleecy cotton or plain. Price—women's, from **15/-** ($1.50); girls, 24-34, from **13/11** ($1.39). Knee-high socks—another St. Mark any-age rage. All sizes, colours—from **6/-** pair (60 cents).

SMART YOUNG MEN IN THE FASHION PICTURE.

Pure wool knit shirt in the same Continental style as Dad's *(shown back page)*. Empire blue, black coffee, flannel grey. 5-6, **40/-** ($4); 7-8, **45/-** ($4.50). **Tailored foam jacket** looks good enough for "best." The latest no-collar style with insignia trim. Dry-cleanable, too. 2-4, **42/6** ($4.25); 5-8, **47/6** ($4.75). **Both boys' jeans:** Fleecy backed sanforised "Huskies" in shades of grey. 3-12, **27/6** ($2.75) pair.

Many prices slightly higher in some country areas.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972566



St Mark

woolworths

WOOLWORTHS bring you fashion and value in children's wear—St. Mark Small Fry Collection is top quality, the best of international styling—at the very lowest prices. St. Mark clothes for girls and boys are (wherever possible) marked with age as well as size. No need to know the size; simply ask for the age.

Babies are a cuddlesome delight—especially in softest acrylic jackets like this wool-embroidered cardigan. Many other styles suit babies, infants, toddlers. Soft pastels. Sizes: 18"-22". **25/-** ($2.50).

BIG LITTLE STYLES



Playtime's a gay time with these enchanting St. Mark styles for girls and boys. This gamin miss is the centre of attention in her A-line shift of back-buttoned corduroy, fully lined. Red, brown, sky, lemon. 16-20, **25/-** ($2.50). Knee-hi sox, **3/11** (39 cents). **Matching corduroy coogans feature happy-go-lucky patches.** Elastic back-waist leaves scope for playing—and growing. 18"-22", **14/6** ($1.45). Both children wear St. Mark fleecy T-shirts, 18"-22", **8/6** (85 cents). **Patch-pocketed tub-happy corduroys** go well with brightly checked flannelette shirt. Trousers, 2-6, **18/6** ($1.85); shirt, 3-7, **8/6** (85 cents).



Fashions for the land of nod *(above)*—She wears the latest track-suit 'jamas. Carnival-pattern top with matching plain pants and bands of lemon, pink or blue. Sensible opening slips easily over sleepy heads. 20"-22", **17/6** ($1.75); 24"-30", **19/11** ($1.99). **Snug 'n' cosy flannelette pyjamas for boys.** St. Mark have them in many gay colours. 2-4, **12/6** ($1.25); 5-14, **15/-** ($1.50).

Even an heiress would love these young lady styles (below). Wide Fair Isle acrylic sweater is very "in" worn with knife-pleated pure wool skirt. 27-39, **39/11** ($3.99). Sweater, 24-34, from **39/11** ($3.99). **Carefree and casual in skivvie and slacks.** The skivvie gaily striped. 24-34, **13/11** ($1.39). The stretch slacks, 4-14, from **29/11** ($2.99).



Printed by Consress Printing Ltd of 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney, at 61-63 O'Riordan St., Alexandria

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972567



TOPS FROM THE INTERNATIONAL SCENE *(above):*

He-man casual wear that looks good anywhere. From the States: bold "lumberjack" checks in a husky brushed cotton sports shirt. SM-OS. **25/-** ($2.50). **Handsome knit shirt** *(centre)* shows strong international influence, with tailored rib collar, buttoned high, broad-shouldered raglan styling. Distinguished pure wool colours: black coffee, flannel grey, empire blue, jet black. SM-OS. **60/-** ($6). **Rugged style combines with dramatic contours** in brushed nylon casual shirt. Take your pick of green, bright blue, bold sand, or striped in toning colours. SM to OS. **38/6** ($3.85).



A MAN'S WAY TO LOOK GREAT THIS WINTER.

THE BUSINESS CLASSIC: **the shirt voted most popular ever** with Australian men. Little wonder why: This St. Mark is a really fine-quality shirt—stay-put collar, proportioned arm lengths, link-style cuffs, banCare spin-dry poplin. 14½-16. **24/6** ($2.45).

St. Mark for Men: Now the male of the species takes style in his stride. St. Mark spotlights these styles from a range that gives you the best in fashion at the best in price for every man in the house.





MASCULINE GOOD LOOKS AT ANY AGE: **the timeless V-neck.** Seen at its classic best here with narrow neckband, unusual close-knit ribbing. Not seen: taped shoulder seams that never lose shape. Colours include bronze mix, brown mix, grey mix. SM-XOS. **42/6** ($4.25). Boys' sizes, 8-14, **29/6** ($2.95).

ST. MARK FOR YOUNG MEN. **Junior version of Dad's long-sleeved check shirt** in brushed cotton. 7-14, **12/6** ($1.25). Man-style shower jacket of practical proofed foam-backed poplin features snug-ribbed neck and cuffs, fleecy lining. 3-8, **69/6** ($6.95); 9-12, **79/6** ($7.95).

Many prices slightly higher in some country areas.

WOOLWORTHS

Money back cheerfully if not completely satisfied

VARIETY STORES AND SUPERMARKETS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972568



The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents . . .

EASY DOES IT

A 16-page lift-out book on

SIMPLIFIED HOUSEWORK

● **Based on material made available by the Home Economics Department of Wayne University, Michigan, U.S., and the National Heart Foundation of Australia (Victorian Division), this book will show you how to use tested methods to save you housework fatigue, help you relax while you work, gain more time for leisure.**

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972569

HOW TO CUT THE WASTED WORK

● If you are a victim of housework fatigue, and your doctor can find no medical basis for it, probably it can be traced to simple — and avoidable — causes.



Too much of the emotional frustration you get when three more pots tumble out with the first and roll round noisily on the kitchen floor.

Too much of the drastic indoor callisthenics you get, for instance, when you bend double, several times a day, trying to get a pot lid or saucepan from a dark, lower shelf.



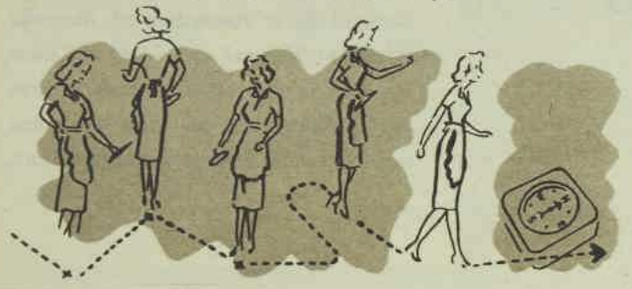


Too much of the strong-arm work you do when you lift and carry wet washing or move heavy furniture about.



Too much of the tiptoe-reaching you do when you try to get something down from a high shelf above your head.

Too much of the indoor hiking you do when you walk across the room to put the lid on the pot.



MULTIPLY these daily energy wasters by the 365 days in a year, and you get a simple explanation of fatigue. Let's take it for granted that most housewives don't deliberately set out to do more work than they have to. Then why do so many of them do so much unnecessary work? Tests of hundreds of housewives have proved what usually causes this overwork.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972570

Causes of overwork

- Kitchen work surfaces, shelves, and appliances either too high or too low for comfortable working.
- Haphazard distribution of household equipment and supplies.
- Shelves and drawers cluttered with too much hardware and china, too many utensils and kitchen tools.
- Unconscious (or just stubborn) insistence on doing things "the way Mother always used to" (the hard way).
- Stoical (or just impetuous) use of muscle instead of wheels to carry heavy loads.
- Stoical refusal to sit while ironing, dishwashing, preparing vegetables, and doing other jobs that allow sitting.
- Insufficient, if any, planning of chores.
- Poor (ranging to miserable) lighting of work areas.
- Lack of knowledge of body mechanics to save effort.

Recommendations

- Rearrange equipment and supplies to store them as close as possible to where you actually use them, and at your correct working height.
- Junk or retire to less valuable space all housewares not actually needed.
- Forget what Mother used to do. It tired even Mother.
- Save kitchen mileage by planning meal preparation and by using a traymobile (in setting the table, for example).
- Save your back by using wheels (a laundry cart, for instance, to carry heavy loads of wet washing).
- Learn to use correct body mechanics.

In this booklet we show you how to put all these recommendations into practice. The results in savings of time and effort will astound you.

Tests have proved that the housewife can save herself up to 67 miles of walking a year if she uses correct methods in the preparation of only one meal a day. Imagine the saving in energy when correct methods are used for all forms of housework.

Don't be an energy burner

Start your reform wave by becoming conscious of the energy-burning things you do in keeping house with the habits you have just now.

Home economists have conducted metabolism and lactic acid tests that show which housekeeping motions are the greatest energy-burners. They'll probably surprise you.

If lying down (the dream way of doing housework) is taken as zero energy-burning, you use 38 percent to 48 percent more energy to stand up, 160 percent to 290 percent more to walk, 372 percent more to walk downstairs, 1336 percent more to go upstairs. And note this: It takes only 30 percent more energy to sit in a chair.

Moral: Don't walk upstairs any more than you can help; don't walk when you can stand; don't stand when you can sit.

Reaching and bending show even more dramatic differences in energy-burning. If standing still with arms relaxed is taken as zero energy-burning, reaching for something on a shelf level with your elbow takes an increase in energy-burning of only 12 percent.

Reaching at eye level shoots it up by 24 percent, reaching above the level of your head increases it by 50 percent, and straining on tiptoes increases it astronomically — the 50 percent for reaching above your head plus the energy needed to lift you.

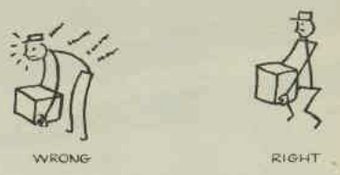
Bending to get something from lower shelves is just as bad. You use roughly about 19 times more energy to get something (a pot lid or a short-handled dustpan) three inches from the floor than you do standing up.

Moral: Avoid reaching, stooping, and bending as much as possible. In the following pages you will find dozens of helpful suggestions.

Correct body mechanics

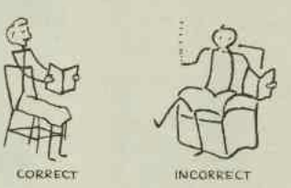
It's not only what you do in the house that is important. It's how you do it.

One of the easiest ways to save energy is to use your body properly. Few people do this unless they train themselves. Correct body mechanics is the art of distributing work over several sets of muscles and using the stronger ones. If you do this you will use less energy, have fewer accidents, and feel fresher at the end of the day.



Posture

Think about your posture. Keep your head erect, shoulders relaxed and low, chest high, abdomen flat, hips tucked under. Keep your knees straight, but not stiff, your weight toward the outside of your feet. Sit well back on the seat of your chair with feet flat on floor, and the upper part of your body in a straight line. Always bend forward from your hips, never from your waist.



Walking should start from your hips, not your knees. Swing your arms freely. Point toes straight ahead. Touch ground first with your heels, transfer weight forward toward outside of your feet and push off with your toes. Avoid swaying hips from side to side and don't lock your knees. In other words, develop a relaxed, graceful, energy-saving walk.

Climb stairs this way. Keep body erect, place foot on step, and straighten knees to lift body. Raise yourself by leg action and a vigorous thrust with your toes.

Lifting should be done with leg muscles rather than back muscles. Bend your knees and get your body as much underneath what you are lifting as you can.

When pushing a heavy object lean forward from your ankles, brace your feet firmly, and push against the ground.

When pulling something, brace feet firmly, bend knees, round your back, take hold of object firmly and allow your body weight to do most of the work.

Learn to relax



Find for yourself a rhythmic, relaxed way of doing things and you will accomplish more while expending less energy. Music is a help—listening to records or the kind of radio program that makes you feel serene and happy rather than restless and excited. Try to work out your own rhythmic pace.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972571



***KITCHEN** in home of Mrs. R. Somervaille, East Lindfield, N.S.W., has many labor-saving ideas. Convenient wall racks hold constantly used equipment, such as egg-slice, salt, spices, cooking knives, cheese grating board. Sink and lower table provide two counter heights as suggested opposite. Telephone extension saves unnecessary steps. Helps to relaxation are small radio and pleasant outlook through glass wall to courtyard gay with plants.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972572

THE RIGHT KITCHEN FOR YOU

● The kitchen may be the heart of the average home, but it is often the backbreaker of the average homemaker.

UNLESS your kitchen was designed specifically for you, it is likely that your shelves, cupboards, and equipment are either too high or too low for comfortable working.

Fortunately, many of them can be easily adjusted. But first you must do some measuring. Ask your husband or a friend to help you.

How high should shelves be for articles used every day?

Wearing the shoes you normally wear for housework, stand about a foot away from the wall. Reach as high as you can without straining. Ask your helper to put a chalk mark on the wall at that point. That mark is **your** upper shelf limit.

How low should shelves and drawers be for articles used every day?

Without changing your position, and without bending, lower your arm (as shown in diagram at right) and have a chalk mark placed on the wall at that point. This chalk mark is your lower shelf and drawer limit.

If you have metal wall cabinets you can probably lower or raise them by detaching them from the wall and replacing them at a comfortable height.

If a high wall cabinet cannot be lowered you can install an open shelf below it for storing articles used every day.

How high should the sink be?

Standing comfortably, let your arms hang naturally before you, all muscles relaxed, with your palms down. The floor of your sink should be at the level of your palms. A difference of even a few inches can increase energy-burning by as much as 15 percent.

If the sink is too high, you can "rise" to it by standing on a wooden platform.

How high should counters be?

The height of the work surface should be comfortable for the work done at each counter. This height should make it possible for you to stand in a relaxed position and work without stooping or raising the hand above elbow level. Ideally you should have two counter heights, one for using short-handled tools as when preparing vegetables, and a lower one when using long-handled tools such as egg-beaters and large spoons.

(For average-height women, 5ft. 4in., correct heights are 36in. for the higher counter, 32in. for the lower.)

If your counters are too high and lowering them, especially if level with the sink draining boards, would be too difficult and expensive, try to sit at them as often as possible, adjusting your stool to the correct height—or use a platform.

Another idea is to use a pull-out lap board or a table.

Width of counters is also important. A counter should not be so wide that you must stretch to reach the back. Your most comfortable reach is about 16in. from each elbow in all directions.

How high should a kitchen stool be?

Sit at your counter or work table in a relaxed position, preferably on a stool or chair with a back. Your stool or chair should be just high enough to raise you elbow height to your table or counter with your feet resting on the floor or platform. Better still, buy yourself an adjustable stool.

Most important of all—and something you can do easily—is to arrange your kitchen equipment in the most suitable zones as shown in the accompanying diagram.

Continued overleaf



EASY DOES IT — Page 5

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972573

THE RIGHT KITCHEN FOR YOU . . . continued

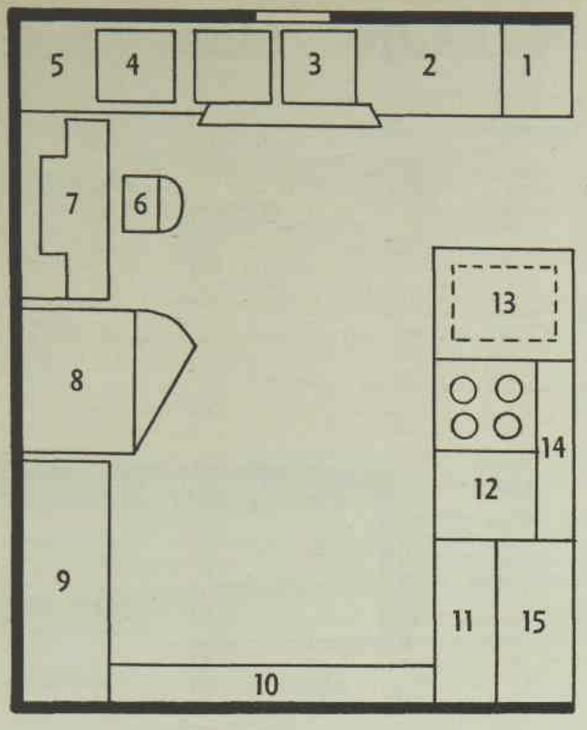
For example, place the articles you use daily or fairly often where you don't have to reach or stoop for them. Seldom-used articles can be stored in the too-high or too-low zones. With the things you NEVER use, be ruthless. Give or throw them away.

Kitchen layout

The floor plan at left shows an ideal layout for the home kitchen. Placement of storage units, oven, sink, work counters, and other equipment is designed to save the homemaker as much time and effort as possible when preparing meals, washing-up, etc.

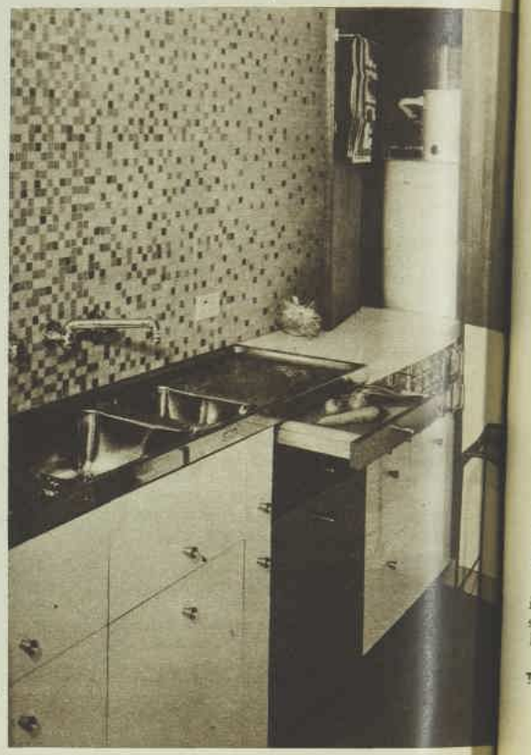
You won't be able to rearrange all units in the kitchen you already have, because many of them will be built-in. However, a careful study of the plan (a full descriptive key is given beneath it) should be helpful.

Note that open shelves are recommended for easy accessibility, also revolving shelves which are available in many furniture stores. Garbage disposal and paring centre are close to sink and running water.



IDEAL KITCHEN PLAN
(key below)

1. Shelves (open from both sides).
2. Garbage disposal and paring centre.
3. Double sink.
4. Washing-up machine.
5. Revolving shelves.
6. Work chair.
7. Mix centre.
8. Refrigerator.
9. Storage for cleaning tools.
10. Grocery storage.
11. Cooking utensils storage.
12. Range and oven.
13. Work counter.
14, 15. Good china, extra storage.



PULL - OUT lap board in kitchen (right) provides useful, extra work surface for preparing vegetables. Other labor-savers are a rail inside hot-water-service door — keeps teatowel dry — and lightweight, easily moved stool.

THE ELEGANT

Dramatic stripes light up a deep nigger-brown sweater

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972574

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE

• Rearranging your kitchen supplies will help to banish housework fatigue. Your main objective should be to keep the things you use every day at the point where you actually use them.

FOR easier vegetable preparation and cleaning-up, for example, store at the sink the things used first with water — vegetables which don't need refrigeration, soap, kitchen knives, and strainers.

Store dry ingredients you use when baking, e.g., flour, sugar, spices, near your rolling-pin, measuring cups, mixing bowls, and baking pans. Keep tea and coffee near electric jug or kettle.

For further suggestions along these lines check the Safety Zone diagram (page 5), which includes a brief storage guide. Better still, try this "place through use" test.

Take one cabinet or drawer at a time. Place its contents in a carton, and put the carton on a table. Proceed with your normal routine, and every time you use an article from the carton, leave it at the work centre where you use it. After washing it, replace it at that centre. At the end of a few days, you'll know the most convenient storage areas for all the things in the carton.

Incidentally, anything left in the carton after several days probably could be retired (above or below the safety zone), given to a neighbor—or ruthlessly junked.

Continue the "place through use" procedure until you have cleaned out all your cupboards and drawers. The kitchen will look untidy for a week or two, but the results will be worthwhile.

By the way, you might discover that it would be wise to have duplicate sets of some items to place at two work centres. For instance, you could have spices, salt, sugar, etc., both at the mix centre and the range.

When you have worked out the right places for all your kitchen supplies, the next step is to increase your storage capacity so that everything you use regularly is within comfortable reach.

YOU CAN:

1. Use pegboards, cut to any size, to hold kitchen tools and even pots and pans. Three is a good number, one over the range, one over the sink, and one near the mix centre. You may object to having pots, pans, and utensils exposed to view. But remember that a kitchen is a workshop and has every right to look like one.

Time and effort saved by having tools in sight instead of in deep drawers or behind closed doors will give you some of that leisure you want so badly, and with the gay utensils now available your pegboards can be interesting, decorative features of your kitchen.

2. Double your shelf capacity by installing half shelves between those you already have for cups, glasses, and other small items. Shelves 4½in. deep will hold about 85 percent of packaged foods. For larger dishes, saucepans, mixing bowls, and so on, 12in. overall depth is usually enough.

3. Use vertical dividers for tall platters, trays, pie tins and lids.

4. Build small trays in top sections of deep drawers to make small things easier to get at.

5. Build racks on the inside of cabinet doors to hold many items, groceries, for example. Many stores supply cupboards already fitted. If you want to hide your pots and pans hang them inside cabinet doors and avoid bending and scrambling for the saucepan you need.

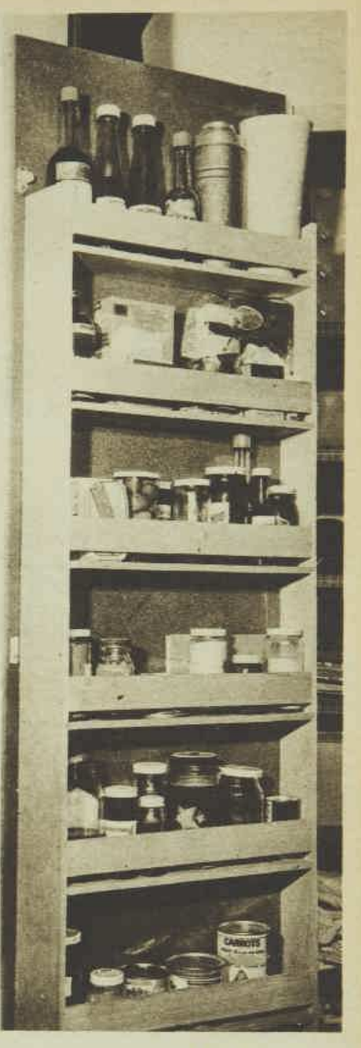
6. Avoid stacking different-sized dishes and saucers in one pile, and consequently needless lifting, by using plate racks.

7. Raise or lower shelves to fit exactly the articles to be stored.

8. Buy sliding tracks for drawers or shelves and allow them to slide out quickly and easily.

9. If you are building or rebuilding kitchen shelves, make them shallow enough for certain packaged and canned foods to be stored one row deep for maximum accessibility.

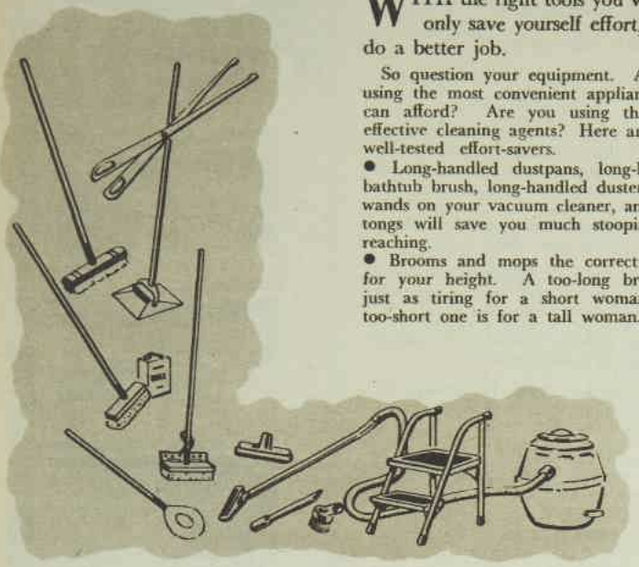
(Note: Many of the items suggested here can be tackled by the man of the house.)



***SHALLOW** shelves (right) on inside of this cupboard store packaged and canned foods one row deep for easy access.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972575

CHECK YOUR EQUIPMENT



WITH the right tools you will not only save yourself effort, you'll do a better job.

So question your equipment. Are you using the most convenient appliance you can afford? Are you using the most effective cleaning agents? Here are some well-tested effort-savers.

- Long-handled dustpans, long-handled bathtub brush, long-handled dusters, long wands on your vacuum cleaner, and shelf tongs will save you much stooping and reaching.
- Brooms and mops the correct length for your height. A too-long broom is just as tiring for a short woman as a too-short one is for a tall woman.
- Double-duty cellulose mop with back bristles for scrubbing.
- Step stool.
- Dusting mitts will help you use both hands to clean.

There's no need to use old-fashioned scrub-and-rub methods to clean and polish floors or furniture. Take advantage of the new time-saving quality products which cover two steps in one.

For vinyl, linoleum, ceramic, and other man-made floorings use a wash-and-shine polish which wipes off grime and wipes on shine. You simply rinse the applicator occasionally (instead of rinsing the floor) and the dirt washes away. The floor is actually washed, rinsed, and polished in one operation.

For wood floors you can use a liquid spirit-based product. Dirt, heel marks, grease come off on your applicator while the polish stays on the floor, ready to be buffed up with an electric polisher or a long-handled dry mop.

For furniture an aerosol cleaning wax is best. You polish as you dust. The cloth picks up the dust instead of scattering it in the air to settle somewhere else. There is no rubbing, no waiting, and no change of cloths.



Salute to the traymobile

IF you own a traymobile make the most of it. You'll save yourself thousands of steps in the course of a year.

Use it when you set or clear dining-room table (one trip each way). Pile it with cleaning supplies—dusters, furniture polish, containers into which to empty ash-trays, and other odds and ends—and wheel it from room to room.

Let it hold the contents of shelves and tables while you dust. Use it to carry clean and soiled linen when you make beds and distribute clean towels.

Use it as an extra work surface in the kitchen, or as a table for a solitary lunch. In every way possible let the wheels and trays take the strain from your arms and your back.

If your kitchen is too small to house a traymobile, keep it in the dining area. Many models come in handsome finishes. Some are collapsible, fold so the top half makes a table or desk with the bottom tray out of the way of knees and legs.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972576

LADIES BE SEATED

● Sitting down to the job is one of your best energy-savers. So do it whenever possible.

FOR some strange reason, housewives who think nothing of sitting down to darn socks or shell peas feel there is something rather shameful about sitting down to iron, wash dishes, or prepare meals.

Yet sitting down to work obviously takes less energy than doing the same job standing up.

Ironing: Mother may have felt foolish trying to sit down to an old-fashioned ironing board, but Daughter has available models that were specially designed for sit-down ironing. Recommended procedure for right-handers is to sit in a back-supporting chair with ironing board 2in. above thighs. Place unironed clothes in laundry cart within reach of right hand and have a rack, table, or chair within reach of left hand. Work then proceeds in an uninterrupted flow from right to left. Southpaws reverse direction.

Don't do unnecessary ironing. Why not just fold sheets, towels, children's underwear. Consider the advantages of drip-dry clothing, paper napkins, plastic tablecloths.

Washing dishes: This chore is far less tiring if you sit at the sink. First, stack traymobile with dirty dishes and wheel directly to sink.

Another work-saving suggestion is to first wash and dry silver and glassware—then wash china and cooking utensils but don't towel-dry them. Instead, place rack in sink, pour over very hot water, and allow to dry.

Cut down on dishes and utensils by using the same dish for cooking and serving as much as possible, e.g. casseroles, or prepare enough for two meals, e.g., pastry.

While cooking, wash and put away utensils as you finish with them. You will work better and be less fatigued in a tidy kitchen.

Preparing meals: You'll find yourself less tired at the end of the day if you sit whenever possible during meal preparation. You can do this more easily than you think if you first assemble all utensils and ingredients on your work surface. Many modern counters have pull-out boards that slide out at right angles to the counter, providing comfortable knee-room when you sit. (See picture on page 6.) A drawer fitted with a board cut to size serves the same purpose.

Note: Remain seated at meals. Assign one other member of the family to serve. You deserve that bit of rest after preparing a good meal.



IRONING the energy-saving way — use an adjustable ironing-board, sit in a comfortable chair and just relax. If you like, watch a television show.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972577

AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE

● Every bit of housework can be simpler and less tiring if modern, tested methods are used.

AS you go from room to room, from one chore to another, check with the suggestions given below. You'll be surprised how much energy they will help you to save, how much fresher you'll feel after your day's work is done.

House-cleaning: If your house has two floors it is cheaper in the long run to get an extra set of cleaning materials than to try to get another back after you wear out your original back by lugging supplies up and down stairs.

Never try to sweep a rug with a straw broom. It takes more than twice as much energy as using a vacuum cleaner or carpet sweeper.

Winnow out knick-knacks by asking yourself, "Is this really worth dusting?" If knick-knacks belong to some member of the family, perhaps you could have a short conference before you put them in storage.

Avoid lifting a heavy piece of furniture, such as a chair, to clean under it by placing it where it can be easily moved aside. If this is impossible, tip it back far enough for your vacuum cleaner to reach under it. Thus, the floor bears half the weight of the chair.

Learn to use all the fittings of your vacuum cleaner, including the dusting attachment, which can save bending and high reaching. Provide yourself with an apron with pockets or loops to keep the smaller attachments and nozzles within easy reach. Never try to vacuum at too fast a pace. If you vacuum more than one foot a second, you not only use up energy fast but do a poor job.

Laundering: Never mind that mink coat you'd like for your birthday. Insist on a laundry cart. Without it, some housewives have been known to lift a **foot-ton** doing a single wash. Use your cart to (a) transport the laundry to the washing machine, (b) transport the wet wash to the clothesline or dryer, and (c) transport the dried clothes from the line or dryer to the sorting table and ironing board.

Another tip is to hang out clothes in the order in which they are to be ironed, e.g., all synthetics together, handkerchiefs and small cotton articles which need to be damped together, and so on. Stagger sheet-washing and try not to hang out more than the equivalent of two double sheets on one day.

Bedmaking: Avoid all heavy (even family heirloom) bedspreads unless they are left on the beds overnight. Strip beds completely only once or twice a week; reverse the mattress once or twice a month. Never—if you can help it—place a bed where you have to lift it to make it. If a bedroom is too small to keep beds away from the wall, provide the beds with castors.

Lighting: Up to 25 percent of your energy can go into merely trying to see. Poor lighting is what made Grandma raise her work surfaces so high. She had to, to see what she was doing. You're luckier. See to it that each of your kitchen work centres, as well as the ceiling, is well lighted. There are many efficient modern fixtures to choose from. Save bending to plug in appliances by installing waist-high electrical outlets.



***FLUFFING PILLOWS:** In first picture Mrs. X wastes energy lifting pillow from bed while shaking it. In second picture she fluffs pillow the correct way, without lifting. It's also quicker.*

Dramatic stripes light up a deep nigger-brown sweater.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972578







***PUTTING ON BEDSPREAD:** In left-hand picture Mrs. X lifts and throws heavy bedspread with maximum effort. At right she uses energy-saving method, places spread (folded inside out in quarters when taken off) on bed and arranges without exertion.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972579

BE A GOOD ORGANISER

● This depends more on your mind than your body, but it is an important factor in saving time and effort.





MRS. N. SYDNEY, Castlecove, N.S.W., has well-organised children's meal-times. With this counter designed by her architect husband she can feed two small sons, prepare adults' meal at the same time.

THE first thing to consider is your mental outlook to your work. Control of the mind is more difficult than control of the body, but if you fuss and fume about your household tasks you'll still be weary no matter what labor-saving methods you use.

Remember, too, that worry and irritation are costly in terms of health and happiness both for you and every member of your family. Moreover, most of it is unnecessary. The answer is organisation.

Recommendations

- Cut out all unnecessary work.
- Work out a daily and weekly routine which not only allows you to do all necessary chores satisfactorily but also provides short rest periods during the day, and longer relaxation periods for going out, enjoying a hobby, etc.
- Plan your work to avoid unnecessary running about, e.g., when you take the vacuum-cleaner into the sitting-room and leave the dusters behind or start to make a cake and discover you've run out of eggs.

Have a housework quiz

This will take a little time, but it is well worth while. Take pencil and paper and go from room to room in your home making a list of all the chores you usually do. Then consider each chore in turn and ask yourself these questions:

Why is it necessary? Does the result pay for the time you spend doing it? Or could this time be spared toward providing time for an enjoyable, relaxing hobby?

Take a hypothetical example. Mrs. B. spends half a morning each week making biscuits. If her family is just as happy with store-bought biscuits, she could use this time more profitably in some other manner.

What is its purpse? Does it contribute to the physical or emotional well-being of your family?

Washing their clothes, cooking nourishing meals, for instance, would certainly contribute to their well-being, but a highly polished floor which has to be buffed up every day certainly wouldn't. The time would be better used in taking toddlers to the beach, say, or having fun with your teenagers.

Where should it be done? The heavy laundry, for example. Could you afford to send it out?

When should it be done? For example, could you prepare cut lunches while dinner is cooking and save that nerve-racking rush the next morning?

Who should do it? Must it be done by you or could you afford hired help to clean windows, for example? If the job must be done at home, are you the logical one to do it or would another member of the family enjoy doing it?

Homemaking can be more creative and interesting when the whole family shares in it. This is especially true when each member is given a job he likes and is best able to do.

For instance, if your husband or elder son likes cooking, don't refuse him the opportunity. If you dampen his enthusiasm for one chore, how can you expect him to help you with another.

A visit to a well-run nursery school will prove to any doubting mother that even pre-school children can be helpful. You can teach them to put their toys away, and, if you have hangers and drawers within their reach, their clothes.

This help may seem slight, but it can make a considerable difference to the amount of picking-up—and stooping—you do each day. Little children also like to help mother shell peas, set the table, polish spoons, and do other simple tasks.

By seven or eight, both boys and girls should be responsible for making their beds and for one or two other daily and weekly chores.

Don't expect family teamwork to become routine at first. Your helpers will probably need suggestions and reminders, but not naggings. However, it's worth while to persevere, because in the end you will be spared energy for the things you alone can do.

Routine

When you've decided which jobs are essential and who is going to do them, the next step is to work out a daily, weekly, and seasonal schedule.

With a properly planned schedule you won't waste time and energy doing some chores more often than necessary. Instead, you'll know that each section of the work is getting its due share of attention. You'll learn to gauge the amount of time you need to do each chore comfortably and avoid that nerve-wearing feeling of being "rushed." You'll have a well-run, happier household, and spare time for yourself.

Another important effort-saver is to think and plan ahead so you don't waste time running backward and forward for things you've forgotten. If you're going to clean out the sitting-room, getting all your equipment together before you start is a case in point.

Apply the planning technique to shopping. It's extremely nerve-racking to discover you've run out of an essential ingredient when you're preparing a meal.

So keep a pad and pencil in a handy place—inside a cupboard door is a good spot—and jot down items as soon as you notice they are getting low. Plan meals ahead and add necessary items to the list.

Dramatic stripes light up a deep nigger-brown sweater.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972580

DON'T BE A HIKING HOUSEWIFE

● Even after you have reorganised your working levels, storage and schedules, and provided yourself with back-saving appliances, you can still waste energy by miles of needless walking.

YOU do it whenever you make an unnecessary trip, duplicate steps, or forget where you've put the cookbook. Over a year those wasted steps can amount to a formidable number of miles.

On this page and the next are three sets of diagrams. They were compiled by a time-and-motion expert after he had observed a typical housewife (we'll call her Mrs. Z) setting table and making a salad, making cakes, clearing table and washing-up.

The left-hand diagram in each set illustrates Mrs. Z's original time and energy-wasting method, with the criss-cross lines representing her hiking to and fro.

The right-hand diagram in each set shows how walking was cut down after she took the time-and-motion expert's advice.

It was mainly a case of rearranging storage, using a traymobile, and thinking before starting each chore. Yet the results were amazing, as you can see by the summary of savings below diagrams.

For example, by moving dishes from cupboard on left of kitchen near stove (see diagram this page) to a cupboard at right of sink and close to table, Mrs. Z saved herself 70 feet of walking every time she set the table—an astounding saving of 5.7 miles in a year.

She made further savings by using a traymobile in setting the table and by collecting salad ingredients from the refrigerator in one trip instead of several.

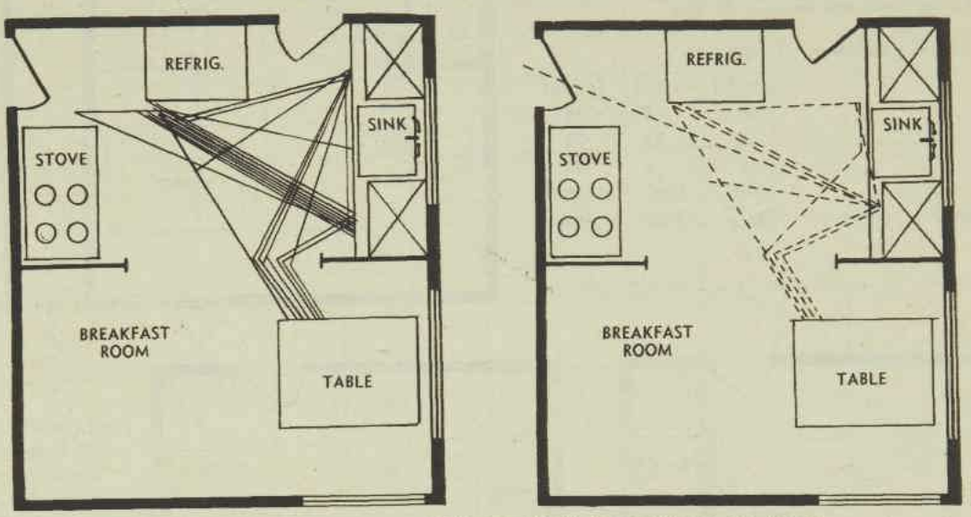
In Mrs. Z's original method of cake-making (diagrams overleaf) she made several trips from mix centre (near sink) to refrigerator for milk, eggs, and fat, and several trips more from cupboard near refrigerator for sugar, flour, etc.

By collecting refrigerator ingredients in one trip and by storing dry ingredients above mix centre, Mrs. Z reduced her kitchen hiking by ten miles a year.

Mrs. Z also used the traymobile when clearing the table (diagrams overleaf) to cut out unnecessary walking. The new china storage position close to sink saved walking to put dishes away, while a rack installed below the sink provided a drying area for teatowels. This saved Mrs. Z a walk outside the kitchen to hang out wet teatowels, collect dry ones.

By using these simplified methods Mrs. Z saved herself 408 feet of walking every time she cleared the table and washed-up.

Imagine the savings in time and energy if she (or you) applied these methods to all housework.



SETTING TABLE AND MAKING SALAD: Diagram above shows how Mrs. Z (as explained at left) cut down her miles of kitchen hiking mainly by transferring china from cupboard at left side of kitchen to cupboard at right of sink close to table, using traymobile when setting table, and collecting all salad ingredients at one time.

Summary of savings

	Method 1	Method 2	Savings
Details	75	54	21
Steps	127	60	67
Reaches	22	5	17
Distance walked	233ft.	110ft.	123ft.
Oxygen used	554c.c.	278c.c.	276c.c.

Continued overleaf

EASY DOES IT — Page 13

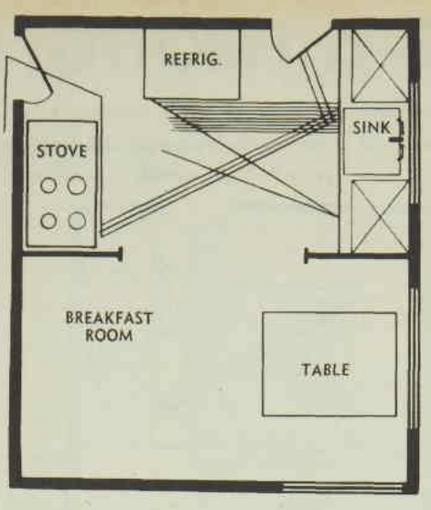
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972581

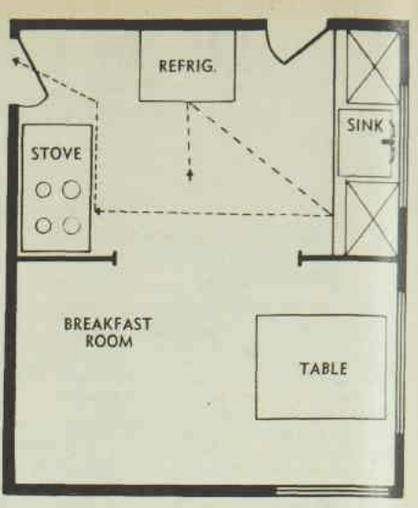
DON'T BE A HIKING HOUSEWIFE . . . continued

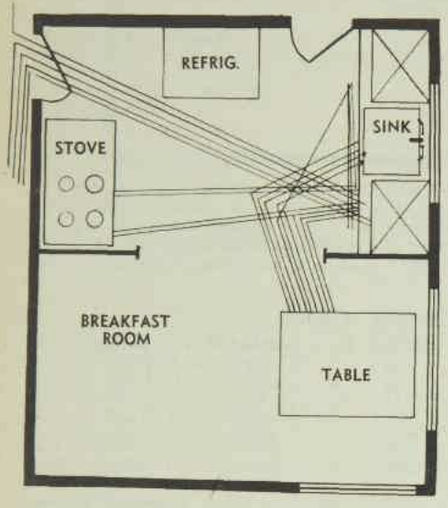
CAKE-MAKING: Diagrams at right show how Mrs. Z (as explained on previous page) saved herself unnecessary walking in her kitchen while making cakes mainly by re-arranging storage for dry ingredients close to her mix centre. Energy saved was about 75 percent.

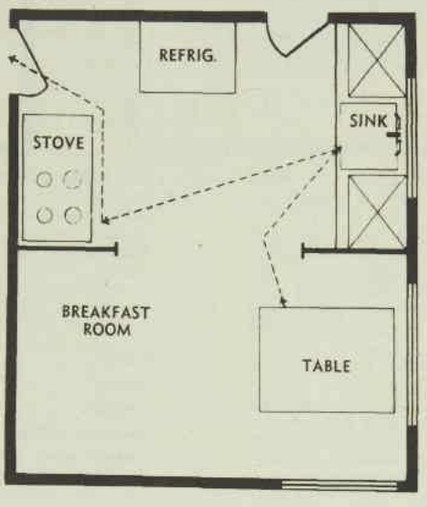
Summary of Savings

	Method 1	Method 2	Savings
Details	60	15	45
Steps	92	21	71
Reaches	24	4	20
Distance walked	169ft.	39ft.	130ft.
Oxygen used	822cc	158cc	664cc









CLEARING TABLE AND WASHING DISHES: Diagrams at left show how Mrs. Z (as explained on previous page) reduced energy output mainly by using a traymobile, changing positions of china storage, and installing teatowel-drying rack below sink.

Summary of Savings

	Method 1	Method 2	Savings
Details	149	108	41
Steps	266	44	222
Stoops	13	4	9
Reaches	9	7	2
Distance walked	488ft.	80ft.	408ft.
Oxygen used	7590cc	1984cc	5606cc

Dramatic stripes light up a deep nigger-brown sweater.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972582

Shorten the thread to lengthen your life

AFTER a long period of working alone (as most housewives do) you are about as capable of judging your housekeeping efficiency as trying to see the back of your head without a mirror. Like Mrs. Z, you need an interested observer.

For an accurate measure of the distance you travel in your kitchen—to prepare a meal, for example — ask one of your neighbors, a friend, or a member of your family to keep a check on you during the actual preparation.

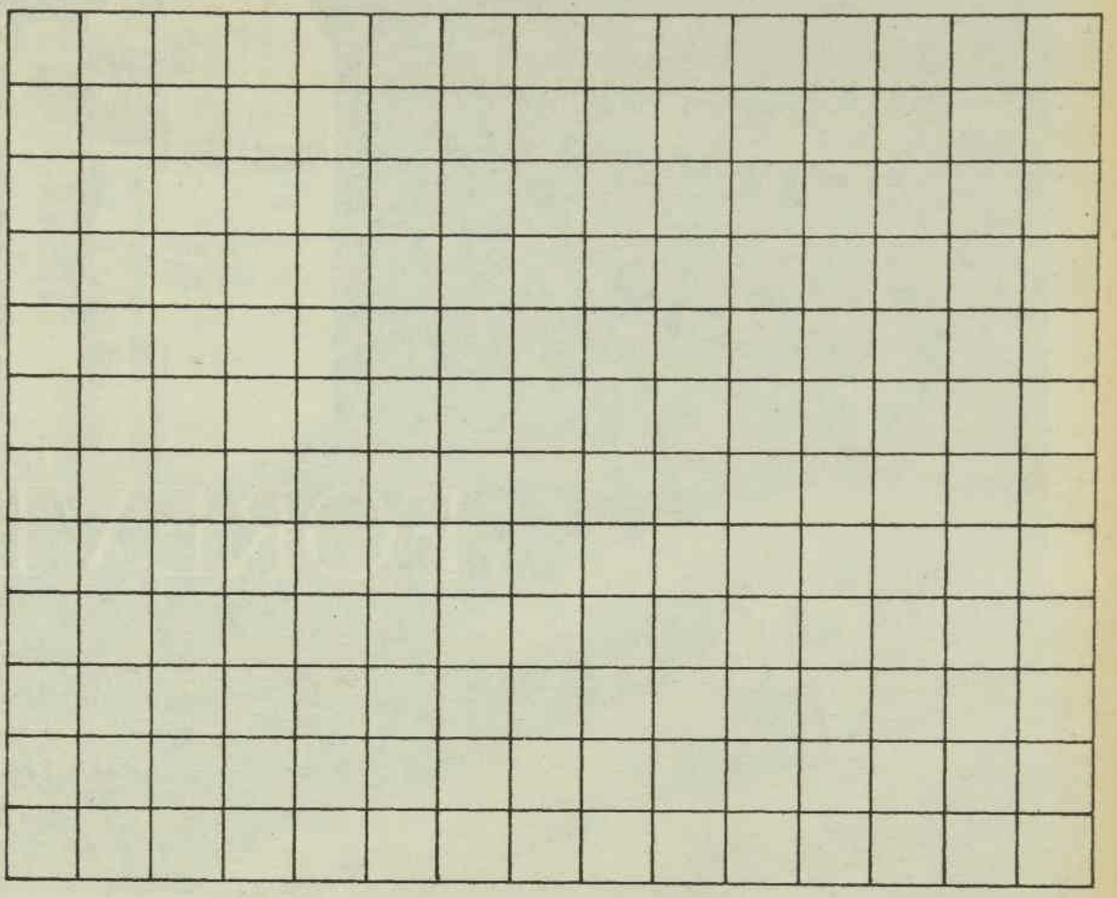
First, measure your exact kitchen dimensions with a yardstick or tape measure. Then mark the measurements on graph (right), letting each ½in. square represent 1ft. Now, on the same graph, mark the locations and dimensions of all your work centres and storage cabinets. This makes a complete floor plan of your kitchen.

Now stick pins into graph at places marked for range, refrigerator, sink, mix centre, and storage cabinets. Ask your observer to tie one end of a reel of strong thread to a pin stuck into the graph paper at the position of the kitchen door.

Then, as you walk from centre to centre while preparing the meal, have your observer duplicate your movements with the thread, weaving it back and forth round the pins. When meal preparation is completed, the graph paper will probably look something like the left-hand diagram of each pair on pages 13, 14.

Finally, loosen thread and measure it. Every half inch will represent one foot you have walked. You'll be amazed at the mileage!

By making a game of it—or shortening the string as you learn to waste fewer steps in housework—you'll be doing much more than playing a game. You may be lengthening your life.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972583

Rings by Bruce & Walsh, Jewellers, Sydney.



FOREVER...

the shine that reflects your love of home and family. Forever, from Johnson Wax products, the quality shine that protects and preserves the beauty in your home.

JOANNA JOHNSON WILL HELP WITH YOUR FLOOR CARE PROBLEM—JUST DROP HER A LINE AT THE JOHNSON WAX BEAUTIFUL HOMES BUREAU. BOX 96, P.O. ROSEBERY, N.S.W.

Dramatic stripes light up a deep nigger-brown sweater

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972584